THE

NIGHTCAP.

By Mr. MERCIER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street,
Corner of Bruton Street.

M,DCC,LXXXV.

THE

NIGHTCAP.

INTRODUCTION.

I Habituated myſelf to write every night before I lay down to reſt, what remained in my mind of the impreſſion of the day.—My pen was ready, and what I felt, ſaw, thought, heard, finally the reſult of my reading and converſation, every thing was put upon paper.

How delectable it is to converſe alone with one's pen, the night cap on the head!—One is maſter of his ideas, of his expreſſions—a man delivers his thoughts in his own idiom; no critic, no puriſt preſent; one writes copiouſly and luxuriouſly.

What can be more uſeful than to recal to one's ſelf what one has experienced, to pronounce what decrees we pleaſe on events, and, what flatters the vanity of an author above all, the reaſonings that are circulated? Ah! ye ſolemn Ariſtarchuſes, let me every night enjoy my pen one hour before I ſleep!

Sometimes the moſt laughable tales offer themſelves to my imagination; — then, like Democritus, I ſmile at human folly, and paſs ſentence for myſelf only, dealing out cenſure or praiſe; ſaying, Such a one, who ſpoke ſo big, in ſuch a pompous ſtyle, knew not what he ſaid; and another in the company was not noticed, was thorough maſter of the ſubject.

To conclude, during the ſilent night, my pen has prepared for my awaking a freſh enjoyment of the paſt day: — that day, loſt to ſo many others, is not totally annihilated for me.

As I am pleaſed with this method of writing, I intend to purſue it. — An author muſt pay himſelf beforehand, unleſs he means to be reduced to the ſtate of an injured creditor; for ſometimes one receives nothing from a trifling and ſcornful public, who ſo arbitrarily judge us, and who, whether they praiſe or depreciate, never rate us according to our expectations. — It is right to be ſatisfied in the form, the ton, the ſtyle, and even in the title one gives his book.

On thoſe principles, one cannot exclaim againſt the injuſtice and ingratitude of the age, who do not hear us; no interruption from envy or enmity, and contempt for the hireling ſcribblers; — one writes as one pleaſes, without reſerve, without conſtraint. — The public give their opinion after, according to their judgement. — Every one has been at liberty — every one may eſtimate his enjoyment.

Now

Now I maintain it, that if an author is to do as he likes, he would be the dupe if he did not exert his right of ſerving the public as he pleaſes, and not as they haughtily require.

How pleaſing is it, the head on the pillow, to ſay to one's ſelf, I have fulfilled my duty, and when I give the public a great deal more than I receive, they are indebted to me.—On the whole, they are indebted to me, and not I to them. I have provided for them pleaſing ſenſations; and what can they add to thoſe I have experienced in writing?

THE OCEAN.

THIS day, for the firſt time in my life, I have ſeen the ocean, where old Neptune of the antients, who have depicted him armed with a trident, wounds the ſides of the earth—the image is certainly juſt; the ocean ſeems to be the deſpot of the globe. Notwithſtanding this unknown ſtrength that breaks the fury of its waves againſt the ſands on the ſhore, it appears, at certain intervals, it has impetuouſly ſurmounted its limits, the traces of which are ſtill eaſy to be known:—they are imprinted in the minds of men, the terror of antient diſaſters, well founded by an uninterrupted tradition, and by viſible traces of profound ruins and devaſtations, which are ſpread over the ſurface of the earth. At firſt ſight, it appears dreadfully rent on all ſides by the terrible element which preys

upon, undermines, ſweeps away ſeveral parts, and ſwallows up in its abyſs, at different periods, more or leſs remote ſpaces of land which ſupported towns, and ſometimes kingdoms; it is, in a manner, only a weak cruſt that covers the large ſhells or timber work of the globe; it is torn to pieces by volcanos like a weak roof, and from the crevices the fire has opened, torrents pour forth their inundations, and cauſe thoſe enormous large breaches which dig hollows for gulphs and lakes, where the majeſtic foundations of mountains before reſted; their ſunken tops are transformed to iſlands, where a ſcanty verdure replaces the ſnow-capp'd ſummits.

But it is the eye only that views ages as inſtants, that can reckon the ſudden revolutions the globe has undergone; the equilibrium of water could not ſupport itſelf on a moving theatre, perpetually hurled from weſt to eaſt, and influenced beſides by the motion of the heavenly bodies. As ſlow as ages, this motion has not eſcaped the modern ſagacity of man. The earth has a viſible tendency to rectify its axis, which has undoubtedly been diſordered by ſome ancient revolution; — the activity of all thoſe great bodies ſurrounding and inceſſantly preſſing upon it, muſt diſplace the ocean, and ſucceſſively impel its billows over all the points they can cover.

Can we, then, wonder if the proud elephant, who baſks under the magnificent ſhades of Aſia, has left his remains in the now frozen deſerts of Siberia? — Mountains exhibit petrified

trified fiſh, and ſhells which preſerve their colour and ſhades; — ſandy deſerts preſent us traces of maritime towns; in a word, whole foreſts have been buried under ſtrata of ſtone, which time has formed over their tops. All inform us, the ocean, as ſovereign, diſpoſes of this earth as his dominion, over which he exerts at will his inevitable right. The hand of the bold Hollander, which has repelled the tyranny of the ocean, will not, alas! always be able to keep this furious deſpot within bounds. Oh! direful day, when its dikes will be levelled, when this magnificent, vigilant, laborious, wiſe, œconomical republic, will diſappear from the face of the earth; when the billows will eraze the moſt glorious monument of courage and induſtry! Avert this period, Divine Providence! But if the eternal laws thou haſt ordained cannot paſs without their effect, at leaſt ſuſpend them, and delay this deſtructive irruption.

The phyſical laws have an unſurmountable force in their progreſſion: what extraordinary and rapid effects would not this immenſe collection of waters have, when the diſſolving power, a power no leſs active, is joined to its maſs of weight.

Can the ocean, which is always on a balance, remain in a ſtagnated inactivity? It muſt inceſſantly waſh away our clay, and its greedy boſom ſeems to demand all the riches of the earth; the outlines of mountains alſo ſeem to tell us, here flowed that fluid which girt us with an equal preſſure. Every thing

preſents to our ſight traces of the eternal combat of two rival elements, which yet are made to be united.

You have ſeen the devaſtation the ocean makes, let us turn our eyes to its good offices; the band of mankind renders all climates tributary to each other for their reſpective gifts, two diſtant worlds are blended together;—the waves ſeem to waſh indiſcriminately every coaſt, and roll on every ſhore, only to invite man to truſt to their fluctuation, which will convey him in the twinkling of an eye to the oppoſite ſhore.—Again, contemplate the boldeſt, the moſt aſtoniſhing work of the daring genius of man, the moving bridge, the veſſel, the ſounding axe conſtructed in the port. At ſight of this frail machine, we are aſtoniſhed how they dare encounter all the dangers that await them on this perfidious element;—yet they will conquer it,—they will ſubdue the ſurge that threatens to ſwallow them, and the wind that threatens to daſh them on the ſhoals; they will manage thoſe deſtructive elements, the one by ſkilfully trimming their ſails, the other by the ingenious ſhape of their machine; the leviathan, organized by nature to dwell in the ſea, does not ſeem to be more powerful in the ocean than this inanimate machine guided by the weak hand of man. He flies victorious over the deep in as much ſecurity as the chariot that rolls on the ſolid level land.

But what preparations are neceſſary before ſhe is maſted, rigged, and fit to go to ſea! the flag

flag is hoiſted; how much knowledge required to ſhape the courſe! Is there under heaven a more intereſting ſight, and that places the dignity of man in a finer point of view?

If the philoſopher regrets ſeeing ſo ſuperb a ſtructure ſo frequently uſed for the purpoſe of covetouſneſs, and to carry fetters to the moſt diſtant regions, let him remember man's meanneſs accompanies his greatneſs. In order to conſole him, let him only fancy this veſſel crouded with a number of public-ſpirited men, led by the deſire of new diſcoveries, looking out for a new world and unknown regions, only to aggrandize the influence of knowledge; that he ſees philoſophers viſiting a new people, ſurpriſed at the aſtoniſhing ſtructure, and carrying to ſhores ſcarce thought of, the conſolatory arts, bringing back in exchange new and ſingular ideas, which aſtoniſh our moral ſyſtems, and derange thoſe with which we are moſt familiariſed.

If, on a reviſion of the diſaſters occaſioned by the active maſs of the ocean, one was aſked how it happens ſo many ſcourges ſhould be reunited againſt the habitation of man, where he dwells but for an inſtant; how nature is ſubjected to thoſe violent extremities which tend to the deſtruction of the ancient generation of her children; how the human ſpecies ſubſiſt after thoſe pending ravages, and how often they have been renewed from theſe ruins; finally, how an entire globe, peopled with twelve hundred millions of ſenſible, thinking beings, depend on the brutal action of the

elements of which he is the ſport? Pope will anſwer, *a bubble of water that burſts, a world deſtroyed*, are equal to the eye that ſees all.—Where does this globe fall? Into the hand that created it.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

THE picture of the laſt judgement is the moſt ſublime that ever was drawn by the hand of man;—it is ſo grand, ſo magnificent, ſo awful, it ought to make a part in the plan of the univerſe. All hearts laid open before the univerſal aſſembly of mankind, guilty thoughts, crimes unveiled in broad day light, and the wretch who uſurped the homage due to virtue cruſhed under the weight of infamy. The Judge of the Univerſe leaving to each of his creatures, as a puniſhment or a reward, the picture of his paſt life, a faithful living picture that the deceitful hand can no longer palliate with artifice or error; truth blazing forth with all its rays, piercing into the moſt ſecret folds of the human heart; the innocent, who ſtood condemned, triumphs in the face of the univerſe, whilſt the guilty, who eſcaped by the falſe opinion of mankind, hears his ſentence pronounced by the Judge who ſees all; falſehood has diſappeared from the earth; all darkneſs is diſſipated,—no more ſhades; a pure light which expands over the utility of the eternal decrees; an authentic reparation of the tranſient calamities the good man experienced;

perienced; a loud publication of what ſecret treachery imagined was buried in the ſilent grave. All crimes ariſing from the deep abyſs on the ſurface of the glaſs where Divine Juſtice preſides; the lightning of his glance puniſhes or rewards; the monarch on a level with the meaneſt of his ſubjects; the ſword of ambition and the ſceptre of pride alike ſhivered; the hand that offered the glaſs of water through charity, ſtriking out the proud one that formed the moſt ſplendid monument of genius.—What ideas more grand, more magnificent, more conſoling, more proper to encourage virtue, to deter vice, to draw a man nearer to eternity, which he forgets! Where ſhall we find in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, in any ancient or modern poet, a deſcription any way equal to the majeſtic grandeur of this.

FIRE.

WHAT is this element that, by the prodigious activity with which it is gifted, eſcapes examination and the obſerving mind? Soul of nature! it is at the ſame time the moſt violent, and the moſt rapid deſtroyer of its forms. Whilſt kept within bounds, it increaſes vegetation, it adorns the earth with fruits and verdure, it transforms ſand into diamonds, it nouriſhes the ſtrength and life of the univerſe; but when let looſe, it diſcompoſes all parts of nature, it throws the

elements into confuſion, and ſo alters them as not eaſily to be known again; even the chymiſt, whilſt imploring its aid in the bottom of his crucible, is aſtoniſhed at its ravages; its effects are terrible on the globe; it diſplaces foundations of mountains, it changes beds of rivers; and, to contemplate the mouths of volcanos, it threatens to ſet fire, at ſome time or other, to the planet we inhabit.

It is a portion of this element, more or leſs diffuſed in bodies, that fires the lion and cauſes his roaring; it is it makes the courſer bound, and fills his nerves and muſcles with a ſubtile flame; it inceſſantly puts the lively ſquirrel in motion; the young man's heart expands under the impreſſion of this ignious matter, which, being weakened in the veins of the aged, renders them cold and heavy. The brilliancy and energy of nature are due to this fire which preſerves and devours.

SLEEP.

NEWTON ſleeps! In an inſtant, that active and penetrating quality which gave life to the moſt abſtruſe ſciences, which unravelled the ſyſtem of the univerſe with ſo much clearneſs and preciſion, falls into darkneſs and confuſion, and no longer forms any other than a heap of confuſed and erroneous ideas. Inſtead of thoſe firm and fertile principles, it follows fleeting phantoms, and is given up to ridiculous perceptions. The mind of the man

man of genius, who purſued truth with ſuch aſtoniſhing ſagacity, is abandoned to the moſt inordinate irregularity. Groteſque figures replace the moſt ſublime geometrical lines; there is no longer any harmony in that head which aſtoniſhed his fellow creatures—even the motion and duration of time is loſt to it.—But a ray of the ſun opens Newton's eyes; he awakes, and inſtantly reſumes his vigorous faculties; they rally like diſperſed ſoldiers, who, at the firſt beat of the drum, are no longer ſcattered, but form one body. By what power is it the moſt enlightened order of ideas ſucceeds the moſt fooliſh viſions? How is it reaſon ſhines ſuddenly after ſo long an eclipſe, and which ſeemed ſo durable? What is that ſtate which deprives man of every mark of diſtinction without changing his nature, and which reſtores to him his ſoul and thought with a rapidity equal to that which carried them away?

ŒCONOMY.

DOMESTIC œconomy is not a ſhining virtue, but it is a ſolid one, and one of the beſt I know. It lays the foundation of buildings, as alſo of all great eſtabliſhments and enterpriſes for the good of the public.—It is the obſcure root that nouriſhes the pompous foliage of thoſe trees which rear their heads to the clouds.

Poverty is the conſtant ſpring of preying care, uneaſineſs, a diſordered mind, and painful

ful reſtleſſneſs; it is the ſtimulative to low and baſe actions. Œconomy, which drives far away all thoſe torments, which ſhelters us from thoſe ever-growing thorns, is at once the conſoling ſupport of life, and the ſafe-guard of virtue; it is a ſoft pillow where we ſlumber without dread of what is to happen, always in obſcurity, and therefore formidable. Upon the whole, œconomy is the moſt uſeful virtue to the riſing generation; it takes in two ages at once,—a privilege which ſeldom belongs to any other.

HORACE.

WHAT is the vileſt thing in the world? It is a courtly poet, who bends his genius to the language of ſlavery,—who by his verſes, both mean and ſublime, for ever brands his baſeneſs, forgetful of ſolid fame, begs a ſhameful penſion for a venal ſong,—who flatters an Emperor he dreads or deſpiſes, and endeavours to deceive poſterity, not being able to deceive himſelf—well!—this man, this deſpicable poet, is Horace;—artful, greedy, and pliant; he makes uſe of morality in order to corrupt it; veiling his meanneſs under careleſs epicuriſm; he poſſeſſes the vigour of imagination of a freeman, and the expreſſion of a ſlave. I am ſenſible he is acute, ingenious, and delicate, and that is the reaſon I am in pain when I read him: in my opinion he pollutes his wit. Aid me, Jevenal, aid me to ſhield me from the darts

darts of corruption! — Seduced by his wit I might cheriſh his manner. I will not admire him. No, the true ſatiriſt, who ſticks to morals, who humbles vice by naming the vicious; he is the uſeful man to the age he chaſtiſes, who is reſpectable to poſterity by tranſmitting morality in its utmoſt purity. They would grow negligent were it not for the avengers of public decency.

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT treaſure ſo comfortable as that of a good conſcience, which, as a faithful mirror, reflects nothing to us that can create uneaſineſs!

What a heart-felt and glorious delight to ſurvey all one's life in an uniform point, and not to have to reproach ourſelves the tears or misfortunes of others! There are undoubtedly weakneſſes inſeparable from humanity; but the recollection of thoſe faults does not deſtroy our interior peace, when one can ſay he has not offended himſelf or others.— The good man is abſolved in his own breaſt, and forms the deſign of riſing to greater perfection. — Compare this happy ſtate to the ſtorm that remorſe, fear, and dread drag after them, and you will ſee realized the true and terrible picture of the furies that purſue the profligate wretch, and overwhelm his ſoul with helliſh deſpair.

HYMN

HYMN TO SPRING.

SEASON of love and hope, receive my homage! Thy return manifeſts itſelf to the mute inhabi ants of the billows, as well as the roaring brutes of the foreſt, the country and the cities. The freſh, odoriferous, and harmonious air, that ſurrounds me, totally electrify me; a ſubtile flame invades my ſenſations; and thy preſence kindles in my ſoftened ſoul that celeſtial, that creative deſire, which impious fanaticiſm has too long inſulted.

How lively this horizon which my greedy eye ſurveys, and of which I am the center! Or rather my ſoul ſhoots rapidly like lightning on the different objects within its circumference; it reſpires, it ſavours, it feels them, it conſiders them in every ſenſe, even to the imagination of being quite indentified with them.

Ye tender flowers! is this the firſt time the phenomenon of regeneration is wrought in you? Endowed with both ſexes, you have no dread of the faithleſs or ſeducer; diveſted of alarms or impatience, you wait nature's impulſe without reſiſtance.

Ye lilies! adorable emblem of innocence, neither my breath nor finger ſhall polute your nuptial robe; the pure rays of the ſun alone are permitted to touch thy celeſtial whiteneſs without tarniſhing. Suffer me, at leaſt, to adore thee!—What a temple in the midſt of this calix—both ſexes bloom,—the depoſi-

tory

tory organs of the fruitful dew already feel an inteſtine commotion; a vortex of living atoms deſcend, as a cloud, on this ſanctuary; the myſterious ſignal is announced by an electric flame, and the ineffable work of creation is on a ſudden accompliſhed.

Whence comes this organized tube that creeps and devours thoſe leaves? Briſtled with ſilken thorns, and feet, yet ſhapeleſs—of what nature is it? What is its fate? Is it an hermaphrodite, or does it precede its conſort? But it wraps itſelf in a web that conceals it from my ſight: lurking behind this curtain, he is in a ſtate of enjoyment. — Wonderful metamorphoſis! Behold him darting in the airy plains, his colours more charming than the bird of Juno; his waving wings and his delicate horns are the lively image of Zephyrus; it is Zephyrus himſelf, careſſing every flower as he flies; and the flowers, jealous of his homage, unvailing their boſoms, and abandoning their nectar to his deſires.

What dreadful echo aſſails my ear? Every thing ſhudders in thoſe gloomy caverns. Is it war that threatens? Let us compoſe ourſelves— Every thing is now delight, every thing is luxury: — it is the lion, who roars with love at ſight of his mate, — it fires, it blazes from their ſparkling eyes. Happy athlets! they bound, they compreſs, they embrace, and their vigorous muſcles grow languid under the weight of pleaſure.

Ye coloſſal maſſes that ſuſtain the globe and the clouds, what daring hand has transported

ported you to the middle of the continent, whilſt on your tops the proud oak extends far his branches to favour the ſports and neſts of the timid bird? At your feet, the modeſt vine ſucks the ſpiritous liquor which is to be collected for Hebe's cup, and the gods await for.

God of ſpring! haſt thou ever penetrated into thoſe deep caverns, where reigns eternal ſilence, where death ſeems to have fixed his empire? Yes, guided by the flame of love, thou ſinkeſt, ſurrounded by the elements, into thoſe dark receſſes, then all is in motion, every thing ſeeks, draws, and combines itſelf; then is produced an infinite variety of minerals which adorn themſelves in the richeſt apparel; the ſilver riſes as a ſhrub, the ſpath, in a tranſparent pyramid; the lead and emerald in light columns; the ſparkling cryſtal and the brilliant pyrites, like Proteus in the fable, diſguiſed in a thouſand forms, and tinge themſelves with all the ſhades in the picture of Iris.

Let us adore that once-virgin land, now fertilized by the genius of man and the father of ſeaſons. What ſtreams of life circulate in its entrails! I ſee youth and beauty ouzing from its pores. To which of thoſe objects muſt I pay my tribute of love? Is it to the verdure which enchants my ſoul? Is to the vegetable that nouriſhes me? To the nightingale who enlivens me? To the lily that intoxicates me? To the linden tree that offers me his ſhade? Is it to the green turf that invites

vites me to ſleep? Oh dream of life! do not yet fly from me.

I will wander acroſs thoſe corn fields with the young partridge. What a treaſure! What a magnificent profuſion? — Never, no never, did plenty offer itſelf to mortal eyes with ſo ſeducing an aſpect. Emulous of the foreſts ſee how thoſe ears of corn ariſe! How they preſs on one another!—The more I advance—their fine and elaſtic ſtems recal to my enraptured heart—What do I ſee? Where am I? —Aſleep in this ſolitary place!—Yes, it is Delphina.—Love! Hymen! cover us with your wings.

THE WHALE.

CAN you catch the whale with a hook? ſays the book of Job. Will you make him your ſlave and your victim? Who can look on it without being ſtruck with terror? Who! The Dutch ſailor. He harpoons, cuts it up, and carries it away.

The majeſtic whale daily converts into his ſubſtance a million of herrings. Attentive nature furniſhes this aſtoniſhing conſumption. It opens all its ſources of fertility to multiply the ſpawn of this ſpecies which regenerates on the coaſts and ſurface of the ſea, as the graſs grows in the fields. This magnificent prodigality, after nouriſhing the weighty monſters of the ſea, enriches a republic.—Is it not curious to ſee the Dutchman, on the

the coaſt of Greenland, catching the herring which will be eat by the peaceable Pariſian?

The famiſhed Eſquimaux alſo attacks, fights, and conquers the weighty whale, the ferocious ſea dog, and the other monſters of the ocean. Notwithſtanding their ſtrength, their activity, and the ſtormy abyſs where they plunge, they expire and feed him who ſubjects the univerſe to his wants; his victorious induſtry ſeizes, ſubdues his prey on moving gulphs. He then drinks the whale oil; he devours the fiſh whoſe head broke mountains of ice; he ſhews he is not only the deſtroyer, but even maſter of the animals who inhabit the air, the earth, and the ſea.

The northern ſeas contain riches which are refuſed to the earth. What is the chain that binds the hand-worm to the whale, and the whale to the incredible production of the kraven, animated iſland, monſter which reaſon cannot admit, and whoſe exiſtence is yet confirmed?

SAILORS.

WHY are ſailors ſo ſoon tired of being on ſhore? It is, becauſe having been accuſtomed to the moſt violent effects of fear, hope, and joy, ſurrounded with danger, and conſequently impreſſed with the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively emotions, they experience in thoſe different agitations a variety they are ſtrangers to in an uniform life at land; they have at ſea the

the pleaſure of feeling themſelves more alive than elſewhere, becauſe they are perpetually at the point of death; their minds are in continual action, and engroſſed by the moſt important concerns. And it has been remarked, that military men and ſeamen are the boldeſt gameſters in the world; they cannot bear poor and trifling chances; the dice muſt give them an equivalent to the hazards on which they riſk their exiſtence.—No medium for thoſe men who, almoſt in a moment, paſs from the extremities of joy to fear.

THE BIRD.

IF we were permitted to be diſſatisfied with the condition of man, and were allowed to chuſe our rank in the animal creation, what do you think would be my choice? I would be a bird,—not a bird of prey, but a ſwallow, or a bird of Paradiſe. I repeat it, I would wiſh to be a bird, becauſe of the ſtrength and extent of its viſion.—How charmed ſhould I be to ſoar over towns and ſteeples! to view extenſive foreſts as verdured graſs plots! to gaze on the vaſt circumference of the firmament! to keep in view the gold and azure brilliancy of the clouds! to be able to elevate my body with aſtoniſhing rapidity, ſupport and balance it in the air in a pliant combined flight! to turn every way, to ſend forth ſoft and melodious vibrations!—Ah, what rapture to dart towards the pompous luminary of the

the day, to plunge, to frolick in his rays! My eye by its ſtructure would not be fatigued, but overjoyed; I would contemplate all the radiant colours, which to me would make the ſurface of the earth an enchanting landſcape. In a large tract I would make long voyages,—I would run over republics and kingdoms, paſſing ſeas and viſiting iſlands. Every night I would chooſe an elevated and ſhady repoſitory; I would ſet out in the morning with the dawn, and always in the luxury of the enjoyment of viſion, I would have before my eyes the rich perſpective of nature in its true colours.

THE GLOBE.

EMPIRES fall, generations are annihilated, ſeas change their beds, continents larger than Europe are overwhelmed, mountains are opened by ſubterranean fires, but the ſubſtance of the globe does not ſeem to feel it; it is a puncture on an orange; the form, the grandeur, are unalterable, and it is the ſurface only that is lightly ſcratched.

Mankind make a great buſtle about this ſurface; they are inceſſantly labouring to deſtroy the bent of nature which inclines to repoſe, to ſilence, to uniformity; ſhe would ſoon cover the globe with brambles, thick ſtuff, and unwholeſome foreſts, where all vegetables, heaped and confuſed together, would only open to fall into putrefaction, if man,

with his ſpade, his hatchet, his plough ſhare, did not give it a new form which conſtitutes its ornament and beauty. Then, by the various combinations which influence the atmoſphere, ariſes a more pure air which circulates freely, and preſerves coolneſs and life.

The progreſs of the univerſe, of the great whole, ſtaggers our thoughts on reflection. This great whole, in its immenſe and rapid courſe, by annihilating empires, overturns opinions, ſyſtems, deſtroys facts, changes appearances; and whilſt the courſe of nature ſeems equal to us, its progreſſion, which is meaſured by eternity, no longer will allow a diſtinction of time or place.

Ages are inſtants, nations individuals, works of genius periſhable parchment; every thing falls into the abyſs of infinite littleneſs, and the auguſt maſs of the univerſe ſeems truly independent of thoſe acceſſary ages that decorate it.

Newton imagined, that nature being ruled by mechanical laws, would, in time, become old, or that this immenſe machine would be diſcompoſed by the friction of its own activity. In that caſe, his own laws being thus weakened, would no longer ſo ſtrictly bind the ſuns and worlds. Attraction loſing its force, would no longer bind down the planetary ſyſtem. The motion being ſlower, would cauſe the moſt terrible phenomena. The ſun leaving its orbit, would ſink into the utmoſt depth of heaven, pale and obſcure; and the earth purſuing an uncertain courſe,

would

would ſoon experience cold and darkneſs in both hemiſpheres.

The wandering moon would no longer cheriſh the ocean, and contagion would ariſe from the immenſe corrupted waters; death would annihilate the animal race, and the earth rambling in the void ſpace, would exhibit a barren, depopulated aſpect.

This deſcription, though diſmal, has an appearance of grandeur and majeſty; the death of a ſovereign who had a glorious reign, has a ſomething ſolemn in it; his tomb impreſſes reſpect, and engages our attention; the diſſolution of the univerſe fills the mind with awe; and the extinction of the human race has leſs effect on us than that of a friend or a mother.

But could man remain inactive and inſenſible in the world, whilſt ſo many extraordinary events aſſail his ſenſes, and open ſo vaſt a field for employment? How could he be indifferent whilſt ſo many miracles were wrought? Let the animal confined to vegitate, to ſeek his food, ſleep; but can man ſay, time lies heavy on my hands, I do not know how to find employment?—a very extraordinary lamentation to proceed from a reaſonable being.

We muſt not look upon the world as a piece of inanimate clay, a rude heap of ſtagnated parts; a true circulation every where prevails; all things are animated in this great body. Nature operates in the deepeſt ſubterraneous caverns, as well as ſmiles, and is verdant on the ſurface. Mines engender, ſtones

grow, waters circulate; a mild heat, a generative quality inſinuates itſelf in the hardeſt rocks; the mine is organized, as well as the oak which grows on the mountain top. This maſs is not an indigeſted chaos where matter is heaped together, — it is a true animated body, where the ſea is, by its motion, a good repreſentation of the circulation of the blood in the human body.

This ſoul of the univerſe ſupports at once its beauty, its harmony, its duration; and man poſſeſſes within him a celeſtial principle ſuperior to the ſoul of the world. This is the reaſon why he ſees and admires this great whole; this is the reaſon why he endeavours to underſtand it; — from hence ariſes alſo the love of order, and thoſe laws which, however whimſical they ſometimes are, anounce, they ſeek to eſtabliſh the rights of each being. — Were it not for the tyranny of the paſſions, every man would be, perhaps, a Plato, or a Marcus Aurelius.

It has been too much the cuſtom, to delight in degrading man, who has raiſed ſuch durable and beautiful monuments on earth; — he is for ever reproached with his weakneſs, whilſt he perpetually endeavours to overcome it. Man's errors bear the ſtamp of his genius; he often ſtrays becauſe he combines too many ideas, and their frequency, their multiplicity, deprive them of the neceſſary perſpicuity. The ſphere of activity which animated the erroneous genius of the Cardans, the Paracelſuſes, the Alberts, was,

perhaps, as great as that of the Bacons, the Deſcarteſes, and the Newtons. — There are ſuch things as ſublime errors: — the more ideas we conceive, the more difficult they are to be united. Alas! the activity of human reaſon ſooner diſcovers his weakneſs than his incapacity.

Nature, following the eternal laws that has been aſſigned to it, pays no regard to human labours or ſyſtems, or even to man, whoſe exiſtence ſeems leſs eſſential to order and motion than the current of the moſt trifling rivulet, or the ſituation of the ſmalleſt hillock. —A rock is one hundred times more durable than a generation of men.

THE FIRMAMENT.

WHERE is the grand revelation? In the order and view of the heavens, it is there the Supreme Being manifeſts himſelf palpably.

Where is the book of the eternal? It is wrote in fiery characters; the ſtars are the ſplendid points of this awful book; truth is imprinted in the heavens. — How dare the impious man deny what the univerſe acknowledges and adores?

An inviſible power is above us, which accompanies, ſurrounds, and viſibly leaves every where the ſtamp of profound intelligence, and a variety of deſigns which increaſe *ad infinitum*. We cannot ſhun this grand idea, that a ſomething extraneous holds

holds us in dependence. Our birth, our organization, our ſenſations, our thoughts, all conſpire to tell us, a power inceſſantly in action, and perfectly enlightened, has created, diſpoſed, arranged, ſupports, animates, and preſerves.

Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Newton, of different countries and rank in life, acknowledged and adored the ſame God. Newton bowed his head every time he pronounced the name of the Supreme Being! There muſt be a certain blindneſs of mind or perverſeneſs of heart in him who does not imitate him.

Socrates or Anaxagoras was the firſt who acknowledged, from the order and motion of the univerſe, the viſible impreſſion of a pure and ſole Spiritual Being. He exploded the words chance and neceſſity, which only gave birth to abſurd ideas. Socrates had the honour to ſuffer martyrdom for the Divinity.—Never did a man die in a more glorious cauſe, or with more dignity.

Socrates will be ever revered by philoſophers and ſages:—they will adopt his maxims, and wiſh to end their lives as he did. They made the man drink poiſon who maintained there is only one uncreated God, omnipotent, juſt, and good; and the idolator was both judge and executioner.

There is an inſcription found on a ſtatue in Upper Egypt, which is only applicable to the Supreme Being:—"I am all that has been, "all that is, and all that will be: there is no "mortal has yet drawn the veil that hides me."

OPTIMITY.

A Dream.

I HAD been a whole day reflecting on the good fortune which attends the wicked, and the evil that purſues the virtuous man. Night had ſpread its wings: — but who can ſleep on the downy bed, whilſt the unhappy ſuffer — whilſt his plaintive groans reproach our repoſe, and awake in our hearts the invincible ſenſation of pity? It is not the philoſopher, or in other words, it is not the philanthropiſt; — his ſenſative ſoul is too cloſely connected with the fate of his fellow creature to be unconcerned like the wicked man. The virtuous man cannot be happy whilſt mankind are miſerable.

My feeble ſenſes gave way to ſleep, but my free and powerful thoughts ſtill purſued my meditations. I did not looſe ſight of the fate of the unfortunate; — my imagination was awake and intereſted in them. I was ſtill irritated, although in a dream, at the view this wretched earth offered me, where inſolent vice is triumphant, and timid virtue ſcorned and perſecuted.

I experienced thoſe torments which a man cannot reſiſt who is not wrapped up in the ſingle point of his own exiſtence. I walked ſorrowful in a ſlow pace acroſs the beautiful plains of Azora; — but tranquillity, which reigned over the ſmiling face of nature, did not penetrate my heart. Scenes of injuſtice,

juſtice, crimes, tyranny, all ruſhed in my thoughts. —— On the one hand, I heard cries of famiſhed indigence diſperſed in the air; on the other, the mad and bluſtering exultations of barbarous and inſenſible beings abounding with ſuperfluities. All the miſeries which lead the human race, all the griefs which conſume and deſtroy it, crouded on my memory; I ſighed, and the ſoft, but bitter, ſhaft of pity wounded my heart deliciouſly, and briny tears flowed down my cheeks. — I gave way to my complaints, and was ſo imprudent to murmur againſt the Almighty Hand that rules the world. I exclaimed, — Oh God! let not mine ears any longer hear the ſighs of miſery and the groans of deſpair; let not mine eyes behold man deſtroying his fellow creature; no longer let me witneſs the ſparkling ſword of deſpotiſm or the odious chains of ſlavery; or give me another heart, that I may no longer ſuffer with an unhappy world. Alas, thou haſt given life to ſo many innocent creatures, who did not ſolicit it! Was it only to ſee them come into the world, ſuffer, and die? — Sorrow ſweeps over this afflicted earth like a furious hurricane, whilſt pleaſure is as rare and light as the inconſtant wing of Zephyrus.

I was going on with my complaint, when I felt myſelf elevated in the air by an unknown power: the earth ſhook, the heavens ſent forth their lightning, and my terrified ſight traced the immenſe ſpace beneath. I perceived I had ſinned; and exclaimed: — *Mercy,*

Oh, my God, ſhew mercy to a poor weak creature who adores thee, but whoſe heart is too ſuſceptible to human miſery! Inſtantly my feet were firm on an unknown land; I was in a profound obſcurity, where I remained ſome time; at length a ray more rapid and penetrating than lightning diſſipated the darkneſs that ſurrounded me. A genius, adorned with ſix brilliant wings, preſented itſelf before me; I knew him by the celeſtial luſtre which ſhone around his head, by the divine characters imprinted on his luminous countenance, to be one of the angels of the Moſt High.—*Liſten*, ſaid he, with a countenance that inſpired me with courage, *liſten, and no longer cenſure Providence, becauſe thou art a ſtranger to its ways:—follow me.* I followed him to the foot of a mountain, whoſe ſummit reached the ſkies. I aſcended, or rather climbed. Figure to yourſelf enormous rocks, ſuſpended one above the other, which threatened every inſtant to fall and cruſh the plain. In vain the eye ſought a plant or tree in the midſt of this frightful proſpect, which had a reſemblance to animated nature; nothing was to be ſeen but a range of rocks, half calcined by the thunder claps. Trembling, I followed my conductor; and the roaring of lions and tygers, more dreadful from the echo, ſtruck me with terror; at each ſtep I was obliged to ſupport myſelf on my aſſiſtant angel, and on each ſide. — Oh, dreadful ſight! wretched mortals were endeavouring to ſcale thoſe high rocks, and hanging on their points, but ſoon overcome by

by their efforts, tottered, called in vain for help, fell cruſhed to pieces, and became the prey of tygers, who fought for their mangled limbs in the valley.

I dreaded the ſame fate awaited me, when the angel ſaid to me: — *Thus Providence puniſhes man's raſh audacity. Why will man penetrate into what is impenetrable? His firſt duty is to acknowledge his weakneſs. Every thing turns inviſibly under the hand of God; God vouchſafes to pardon you; he does more, he enlightens you.* — At that inſtant he touched my hand, and I was on the ſummit of the mountain. What an enchanting ſurpriſe! the declivity we deſcended was an agreeable and magnificent garden, where verdure, the harmony of birds, and the perfume of flowers, enchanted the ſenſes; a ſuperior charm animated the moſt indifferent being. My divine conductor ſhowed me at ſome diſtance a temple of a moſt aſtoniſhing ſtructure; the way that led to it was ſo intricate, it was impoſſible to get there without a guide.

At our approach, the gates of the temple opened; we entered, and they were ſuddenly cloſed by an inviſible power, with a noiſe equal to thunder. — *No one can open them, no one can ſhut them, but the omnipotent voice of God,* ſaid my illuſtrious protector. Awed with reſpect, I read the following words, wrote in letters of gold: — *God is juſt, his voice is hidden; who will dare fathom his decrees?* I caſt my eyes on the magnificent height of this temple; — this glorious building was ſup-

ported by three columns of white marble; in the middle an altar was erected; inſtead of the image of the Divinity, an odoriferous ſmoke aſcended, whoſe iffluvia filled the temple. On the right a black marble table, and oppoſite a glaſs of pure cryſtal. The angel ſaid to me: — *It is here thou art to learn, that if Providence ſometimes ordains the good man to be unhappy, it is to lead him more certainly to happineſs.* Cold terror no longer froze my ſenſes, a pure, mild, ineffable joy ſucceeded which filled my ſoul. I ſhed relenting tears; my knees bent, my arms raiſed themſelves towards heaven, and I could only ſilently adore the Supreme Bounty. A majeſtic voice, but diveſted of terror, ſaid to me: — *Ariſe, look, and read.*

I caſt my eyes on the glaſs, and ſaw my friend Sadak; Sadak, whoſe conſtant and magnanimous virtue had often filled me with wonder, who had learned to defy indigence, and even make it reſpectable. I ſaw him ſeated in a room with bare walls; he leaned his languiſhing head on the laſt moveable was left him, his body ſhivering with hunger, and yet more cruel deſpair. One only tear ſtole from his eye, but it was a tear of blood! — Unhappy man, he dared not weep. Four children called to their father for bread, — the youngeſt, feeble and languiſhing, ſtretched on a handful of ſtraw, had not ſtrength to utter a word, — he was breathing the laſt of an innocent life. The wife of this unfortunate man, exaſperated by miſery, forgetting her

her natural tenderneſs and ſweetneſs of temper reproached him for the exceſs of their diſtreſs. Thoſe cruel complaints rent his heart and increaſed his torments.—Sadak riſes, turns his eyes from his children, and, in that weak condition, creeps abroad to ſeek aſſiſtance.—He meets a man, to whom he had formerly rendered the moſt important ſervices;—this man was obliged to him for a genteel employment he poſſeſſed. Sadak acquaints him with his deplorable ſituation; he deſcribes his famiſhed children ready to expire in his arms.—His friend, abaſhed to be compelled to know him, looks around with an inquiſitive eye, to ſee if he was not obſerved ſpeaking to one who bore the badge of indigence;—he gets rid of the poor ſuppliant by vague promiſes, cold civility, and retires with great expedition.—This was the tenth time he thus inhumanly treated him to whom he was indebted for all he poſſeſſed. Sadak, in deſpair, rambles on, meets one of his creditors, who ſtops him, treats him with the foulеſt language, gathers a mob around the miſerable man, publicly threatens him, and is ready to ſtrike him, more from contempt that anger. At laſt, I ſaw him wandering from door to door, ſtretching a ſuppliant hand, ſometimes repulſed, ſometimes receiving alms given to importunity. He buys a loaf, takes it home, divides it among his children, ſheds tears of joy in allaying their hunger, and on his knees, gives thanks to Providence for the rich bleſſing ſhe ſhowered upon him.

I exclaimed with grief, aſtoniſhment, and dread. My eyes, replete with tears, turned to the black-marble table, and an inviſible hand wrote upon it theſe words: — *Make an end of contemplating Sadak, and condemn, if thou dar'ſt, Providence that rules all things.* I turned my eyes again to the glaſs, and again ſaw my friend Sadak. — But how altered! how different was the ſcene! It is no longer the poor, neceſſitous but tender, virtuous, compaſſionate Sadak, full of honour and humanity;—it is Sadak in plenty, become opulent by an unexpected legacy;—it is Sadak, who, corrupted by affluence, no longer cheriſhes the virtues he poſſeſſed. Sunk in luxury, he is moroſe, gives his orders with haughtineſs, and no longer in diſtreſs, forgets there are unhappy wretches in the world, and that he was of the number. I read immediately, with a reſpectful admiration, what the myſterious table taught me. *Virtue often ſuffers, becauſe it would ceaſe to be virtue if it had no ſtruggles. When awful Providence ſends misfortune on mortal heads, her ſiſter, Patience, accompanies her, Courage ſupports her, and by this gift Virtue wants no other aid, and is even happy when misfortunes ſeem to overwhelm her.*

I turned my inquiſitive eyes to the glaſs. But what an affecting object ſtruck my heart! I obſerved my country, my dear country, the happy town that gave me birth! Oh, heavens, what a ſight! In a moment a formidable army had overſpread the

plains, had ſurrounded its ſtrong works, had prepared the infernal machines of deſtruction for its ruin. The ſword is drawn, vengeance and rage have lighted their torches.—Oh ſtately city, thou ſhakeſt, notwithſtanding thy bold defenders. The enemy thirſts for the plunder of thy treaſures. Yet you ſtill oppoſe him with courageous reſiſtance. Vain efforts!—They mount — they ſcale thy proud towers; blood flows, death flies, the flame rages; — thou art no more,—a thick ſmoke, a heap of ſtones cover the place of thy ſcite. My unhappy countrymen, who eſcaped the flames, wander in the woods;—but direful famine awaits them in the deſert;—it ſlowly devours them, and prolongs their ſufferings and death.

I exclaimed, Juſt God! ſhall a million fall the victims of one ambitious man, children be murdered at their mothers breaſts, the gray hairs of the venerable old man be dragged in blood and duſt, innocent beauty become the prey of the foul murderer, a whole city diſappear, becauſe the covetouſneſs of a monſter thirſts for its wealth! — *A country filled with prevaricators*, replied the table, *deſerves the chaſtiſement of a Divinity too long deſpiſed.— Thoſe who were not guilty are torn. From the danger of becoming ſo, and if the hand of Providence has ſtruck them, it is to preſerve them from a more terrible fate than the ſuffering a tranſitory death;—their refuge is in the clemency of an eternal God.*

The palace of the miniſter Aliacin, whoſe gilt pyramids almoſt reached the ſkies, was

too magnificent to eſcape my attention. How often has my heart been filled with indignation at the ſight of this happy monſter, who, with a venal ſoul, a barbarous heart, depraved morals, a deſpotic mind, had, as it were, chained fortune to his chariot! His elevation was due to his meanneſs, his treaſures the reward of treachery. He had ſold his country for gold.—An entire province groaned under his oppreſſion. Sometimes he laughed at the weak murmurs of a people inured to ſlavery; at another their ſtifled ſighs he called revolt. Each day he committed ſome wicked attempt,—each day crowned his audacity.

Yet the inſide of his palace, with its ſilken furniture, diſplayed only hiſtories of generoſity and virtue; the buſts of the greateſt men of antiquity adorned the dwelling of the moſt flagitious wretch; and thoſe ſilent marbles, which ſhould have reproached his heart, were heedleſſly paſt over. I dwelt on this wretch, inveſted with power, ſurrounded by flatterers, dreaded by enemies, addulated by the public, but ſecretly curſed. Thouſands of rare curioſities adorn his cabinet,—the price of each only an act of iniquity.

He was cloathed in purple, at the coſt of thoſe who were naked,—and the wine he drank in a cup ornamented with precious ſtones, might properly be called the eſſence of the tears he had cauſed to be ſhed.

He roſe from his pompous table, and lay at the feet of a concubine the orphans patrimony. He attends her to the window, and there

there calmly beholds a brave and worthy citizen, who has dared to remonſtrate againſt the abuſe of his power put to death.

This good man is ſtrangled; and within an hour a courier arrives to inform the miniſter, the ſultan, to reward his great ſervices, preſented him a conſiderable tract of land. The monſter ſmiles, and become more powerful, meditates how to be more formidable.

My hatred to this odious tyrant was ſo great, I turned about ſeveral times towards the table impatiently, as if to haſten the ſentence it was to pronounce, — but nothing appeared as yet wrote on it. I turned my ſorrowful eyes again on the wondrous cryſtal. I perceived Aliacin entering a private ſtudy. What a ſecret ſatisfaction penetrated my heart!—Nature, the wretched, and even the earth are revenged. This powerful man, that ſeemed the happieſt of mortals, reads a letter, turns pale, trembles, ſmites his forehead with the ſame hand that cut the innocent throat. Diſtracted with unconquerable deſpair, he goes, he comes, he rages, rent more through fear than remorſe. He tears, he tramples on the marks of his dignity, and, in his rage, weeps like a child. I endeavoured to find out the cauſe of this frenzy; when one of his favourites, more baſe than his maſter, enters his ſtudy, and informs me the cauſe of his deſpair. One of his confidants, a ſpy at court, had juſt wrote him a freſh ſtorm was gathering againſt him; that he was on the point of loſing his place and credit if he had not the addreſs to ward the blow.

blow. This abandoned favourite inſtantly adviſed his maſter, in a firm tone, what any other would not have dared with impunity. This horrible advice pleaſed the barbarian.—He commanded his daughter to be brought into his preſence. — Nouremi appeared. — She was beautiful and virtuous. Oh God! with what horror did ſhe hear her father intended to give her up to the ſultan's laſcivious embraces, as an immolated victim to his inſatiable ambitious views!—She falls almoſt ſenſeleſs at her father's feet;—the tears of beauty, of nature, of innocence, find utterance.—A ſevere look commands her to obey; — ſhe obeys and dies.

Was Aliacin happier? I ſaw him in the boſom of repoſe, ſtretched on the bed of down, or plunged in the delicious bath. One would imagine he was couched on thorns.—He is in terror for his life, — he riſes, — his trembling knees bear him round his palace;—he finds his ſlaves aſleep, and envies their peaceful ſlumber. The day appears:—ever uneaſy,—ever ſuſpicious,—he ſhudders as he eats,—he turns pale when he drinks,—uncertain whether he conveys death or nouriſhment to his breaſt. He dreads even the carcaſes of the women over whom he tyranniſes, and whoſe ſlave he is. If any one is raiſed to an employment a thouſand ſerpents gnaw his heart; it is the rival who is one day to diſplace him, — he is the formidable man who is to be ſeated in his poſt.

Full

Full of reſpectful expectation, I conſulted the table of the awful judgements of the Eternal, and read: — *Truth is terrible to the wicked; it is inceſſantly preſent to their eyes: it is it that cauſes all their torments; this dreadful glaſs is ever before them, where they ſee their bad actions and the deformity of their ſouls.*

Suddenly a rumbling noiſe, like diſtant thunder, was heard; I turned and ſaw the palace of Aliacin. His gardens, his pyramids, his ſtatues, himſelf even, all had diſappeared. — In the room of this manſion, where every luxury had been collected, — nothing was to be ſeen but a receptacle of filthy ſnakes, crawling in muddy marſhes: Such is the foundation of palaces raiſed by foul deeds. The following words, engraved on the black marble, acquainted me with Aliacin's fate: — *He is ſwept off the earth like the vile duſt, and future generations will doubt if he exiſted.*

This dreadful picture will never be eraſed from my memory, and from that time I fetch a ſigh whenever I ſee a man in power. The world admire his elevation, and I view him expoſed to the arm of Divine Juſtice. My eye grown more attentive, flew again to the glaſs, and I beheld Mirza and Fatmé, two noble and tender lovers, juſt in their prime, when the enthuſiaſm of virtue diſplays itſelf. That day had united their hands, and a mutual tenderneſs promiſed a ſeries of happy days. The ſoft intoxication of bliſs blazed in their countenances, their hands were twined, and

and their ſighs mingled with enchanting ſoftneſs.—Fatmé was poſſeſſed of virgin beauty—its chaſtity, its graces, and its fugitive ſoft carnation luſtre. The moſt beautiful boſom encloſed the nobleſt heart. Silenced by love, his ſoul plunged in inexpreſſible rapture, Mirza embraced his Fatmé, and broken ſentences were the only feeble interpreters of the emotions of his ſoul. Fatmé rewarded her lovers tenderneſs with an enchanting ſmile;—ſhe bluſhed, and this adorable bluſh was the effect of the pureſt love. As their ſilence expreſſed what the tongue could not, my heart was enraptured at the bewitching picture of virtue crowned by love. How could the friend of man ſee two hearts happy and united, without feeling exquiſite pleaſure and applauding their happineſs.

Thoſe lovers congratulated themſelves on their union, as they had the power of jointly doing a great deal of good.—They were rich and pleaſed with being able to relieve a multitude of unfortunate beings.—Their wedding day they wiſhed, that ſenſible hearts like their own ſhould enjoy the ſame felicity;—they married young girls to their lovers, when fortune was the only obſtacle to their union. Mirza wanted every heart to be in uniſon with his own;—his ſublime ſoul would ſpread over all nature an univerſal and unalterable voluptuouſneſs.—"Dear Fatmé," ſaid he, "in "the height of bliſs we can ſay—We are not "the only happy beings; we are now in en-"joyment; for at this inſtant ſome one is ſhowring

" ring bleſſings on us; we have brought down
" the hymeneal torch on dreary cottages; in-
" nocent hearts are opened to joy; conſoling
" love has effaced the image of miſery; and
" we, ourſelves, ſhall ſee their children ſmile
" at our approach.—My dear Fatmé, their ca-
" reſſes will be our moſt pleaſing recompence."

Thoſe tender and virtuous perſons, already formed the plan of an uſeful and beneficent life: their children were to be educated in the holy maxims of wiſdom; they were to be taught above all things, ſimplicitly and goodneſs of heart, becauſe they are the foundation of all virtues; they intended to impreſs in their flexible and tender minds humanity and commiſeration, becauſe a man ſhould have feelings. This charming and reſpectable couple, giving way to the tranſports of their hearts, anticipated the joy of ſeeing their children inherit the generous blood that flowed in their veins. In this happy ecſtaſy, inſpired by love, virtue, and happineſs, they fall on their knees before the Supreme Being.—" Great God!" exclaimed they, " give us children worthy of
" thee! let them be humane, that they may walk
" in the paths of thy juſtice; or if they muſt err
" from the holy laws we cheriſh, ſtrike us rather
" with ſterility, and do not ſuffer them to have
" an exiſtence they would diſgrace in our eyes
" as well as thine!" Their ſuppliant arms were entwined, when lo! the ceiling of the room cracked and gave way.—Fatmé fainted, Mirza could have eſcaped;—but how could he abandon his dear Fatmé? He would carry her off

in

in his arms; the wall totters, falls, cruſhes, and buries the lovers. The world loſes its greateſt ornament, and mankind the example of the brighteſt virtues.

I hid my face to give a free ſcope to my tears. I wiſhed to be buried under theſe melancholy ruins with Mirza and Fatmé. Sometime motionleſs, I did not dare look on the table;—I lifted at length my trembling eyes, and read: — *Man's blind underſtanding ſees nothing but the preſent moment; Providence alone ſees into futurity; the moſt ſudden death has been the reward of Mirza and Fatmé's virtues; they are taken into a ſtate of happineſs of which this world has no conception, and has ſaved them alſo from the miſery of bringing forth an unworthy offspring.*

I concluded, I never ſhould hereafter decide on any thing, ſuch a weak atom, ſo limited an underſtanding, as not to be able to comprehend my own exiſtence. Looking again on the incomprehenſible glaſs, I had new cauſe of aſtoniſhment. I perceived Agenor, unhappy young man, abandoned to all manner of exceſs, and the moſt complete libertine of a diſſolute town. — He looked pale, emaciated and violently diſturbed;—he walked with haſty ſtrides to and fro in his chamber, often putting his hand to his forehead in a paſſion, and, in a low tone of voice, ſending forth imprecations. For ſome ſhort ſpace he ſeemed irreſolute—but ſoon gave vent to rage: he flew to his deſk, drew out a paper, containing a powder, which he put into a cup.—

cup.—With eyes inflamed, Yes, ſaid he, this poiſon ſhall be my laſt reſource; it will ſave me from the diſgrace that awaits me. The faithleſs Roxana ſacrifices me to the baſe Dabour; my father will no longer contribute to my pleaſures; my creditors daily threaten me with a priſon: I will at once be revenged of Roxana, my father, and my creditors.—He lifted the cup to his mouth, and I was unconcerned to ſee the world rid of a furious debauchee,—when ſuddenly he ſtopt.—What, cried he in a hollow ſuffocating tone, ſhall I die without being revenged!—Perfidious rival! I will ſtain the earth with thy blood;—I will ſacrifice thee to my reſentment, and thy death ſhall ſatiate my fury! So ſaying, he laid down the cup, takes his ſword, and goes out. Scarcely had he reached the ſtreet, when his father, venerable old man, enters his ſon's room. Alas! he would have been happy without this ſon.—His countenance diſcovered that poignant anguiſh that ſtrikes a parental heart.—He came to remonſtrate with this ungrateful ſon on the obligations of honour, duty, and probity.—He hopéd to touch his heart and recal him to virtue.—His wrinkles, his ſilver locks, the tears that bathed his face, all inſpired pity and reſpect.—The ſight would have melted the moſt obdurate heart. This unfortunate old man, fatigued and thirſty, perceived the fatal cup,—drinks, drops down, and expires in the moſt dreadful convulſions. I ventured to expreſs my ſurpriſe to Supreme Juſtice, and with its inviſible hand it wrote

the

the following words on the dreadful table:—*Agenor's father, by his guilty negligence, was the cauſe of the loſs of his ſon; it is then but juſt that Agenor ſhould be the inſtrument of his diſtreſs.—Fathers! know the extent of your duty and tremble! He that tolerates vice commits it.*

Scarce were theſe words wrote than they diſappeared, and thoſe replaced:—*Conſider the whole, that you may not err.* I obſerved inſtantly in the glaſs a large iſland, divided in two parts by a river; the right was a charming plain, covered with beautiful palaces and magnificent gardens,—it was inhabited by men richly dreſt; the left a barren deſert, full of wretched huts, whoſe indigent tenants led an obſcure and toilſome life. This iſland might be looked on as a picture of the globe. The right-hand ſide was called the country of happineſs, of ſinging, dancing, of feſtivity;—public diverſion ſeemed to be their only buſineſs. Voluptuouſneſs ſparkled in the eyes of the ſoft beauties who accompanied them; they ſuffered themſelves faintly to be won towards the ſolitary ſhades. Yet I obſerved, the greateſt part of them thought themſelves happieſt who were taken notice of by the people on the other ſide. In the moſt ſplendid entertainments their gaiety was exceſſive; but their hearts being open to me, I could ſee them devoured by gnawing worms.—They ſeemed, as it were, at the feaſt of the gods drinking nectar, and hell was in their breaſt. Although in the midſt of plenty, their deſires were far from being ſatisfied; they had but one

one mouth to taſte their food, and their wild but active imagination ranſacked the earth and ſeas to furniſh new diſhes to palates vitiated by perpetual cloying. Among all this pretended happineſs, there were ſome who quitted ſuddenly thoſe pleaſures to run after a certain *ignis fatuus*, accompanied with the noiſe of drums and cannon. They returned all over blood, ſometimes maimed, and then they would be called heroes. Others made the greateſt efforts to get to the top of a ſeat that was taken up, whilſt they could have found a more commodious place a little lower. They tortured themſelves in a ſtrange manner.—Sometimes they were ridiculed, and were generally put in the laſt rank. Nothing diſcouraged them;—they climbed again, and ſucceeded, either from addreſs or importunity; then they had ſcarcely time to ſit, being entirely taken up in repelling the ambitious man, who in his turn endeavoured to uſurp their place. Farther on I ſaw ſome hair-brained mortals, who ran here and there without employment or buſineſs, ſcattering pieces of gold moſt laviſhly, and finiſhing all by ſetting fire to their palaces, to pleaſe for an inſtant a capricious concubine. Then, as faſt as poſſible, they fled to the deſert country of the unhappy. In this miſerable abode nothing was heard but plaintive cries; all the inhabitants walked bent under the load of a wen of fleſh which hung behind their neck. They gazed on the country of happineſs with an envious and ſorrowful eye. What did they gain

gain by thoſe fruitleſs deſires? they made the wen much heavier. If they drew near thoſe fortunate men they were aſſailed with the moſt taunting ſarcaſms; they vied with each other againſt the wretched wen carriers. It was not an eaſy matter, but it was not abſolutely prohibited the inhabitants of the unhappy country to ſwim acroſs the river and ſettle in the country of happineſs; but after trying the climate for ſome time, they generally returned voluntarily, being better ſatisfied to carry a heavy wen than always ſtruggling againſt their own conſcience. If any complained his wen was heavier than his neighbour's, he was at liberty to make an exchange; but he uſually repented and took again his firſt load. Thoſe excreſſences did not appear to me at firſt ſo inſupportable as the bearer told me. It ſeemed to me in general, that if in the country of happineſs they exaggerated their pleaſure through vanity, in the country of the unhappy they exaggerated their grief through weakneſs, for the paſſion of courting pity is very antient and ever ſubſiſts. I obſerved the aukwardneſs of theſe laſt increaſed the uneaſineſs of the load; thoſe who knew how to carry it lightly appeared ſatisfied and active; cuſtom had made the weight almoſt inperceptible; but thoſe who did not endeavour to preſerve a juſt equilibrium tottered at every ſtep, and made their exerciſe much more painful. The inhabitants of the country of the unhappy had another advantage, they truſted themſelves implicitly on the river in the greateſt ſtorms; their wens always

always ſupported them. — Although toſſed about, the rougheſt weather made no impreſſion on their ſituation; on the other hand, the inhabitants of the country of happineſs often ſaw the plains of their charming country ſpoiled by the inundations of the liquid element, themſelves ſwept away by the current, and not being able to keep above water, ſinking with the weight of their rich dreſſes. I likewiſe took notice, that in the fortunate country they were leſs ſkilful, leſs induſtrious, leſs humane, leſs charitable, than in the country of unhappineſs.

My inquiſitive eye ſought ſome other comparative object, when I obſerved a lowering gather over the iſland; thunder roared, dreadful flaſhes of lightning burſt the clouds, and tremendous hail beat on the earth.

Every thing was in a conſternation, when ſuddenly the ſea ſwelled, its impetuous waves touching the ſkies, beſieged the double iſland, which was ſoon ſwallowed up with all its inhabitants. I ſaw nothing in the glaſs but a pale and doleful obſcurity which covered an immenſe heap of water, from whence ſome confuſed ſighs proceeded. At that inſtant, a ſupernatural light filled the temple; the odoriferous cloud which aſcended from the altar was changed into a fiery column; and the dome of the edifice ſuddenly diſappearing, a luminous throne attracted my view deſcending ſlowly to the majeſtic grumbling of thunder. Affrighted, I fell before the Divinity of this awful place. — A divine arm vouchaſed to raiſe

me,

me, and I ſaw ſtanding by me the angel who had been my conductor; his voice inſpired me with courage; I read thoſe words in flaming letters on the myſterious marble:—*Death makes all men equal; it is eternity aſſigns to man his true lot. Juſtice is ſlow, but immutable; the juſt man, the good man, is in the place prepared for him, and the wicked in his. Mortals! the balance of an eternal God leans to the abyſs of eternity.* Then the glaſs became perfectly clear, and I ſaw a tall and beautiful woman, cloathed in celeſtial majeſty, ſeated on a half column; in one hand ſhe held a balance, and in the other a flaming ſword. Millions of men of all ages, of all nations, ſurrrounded her. She weighed the virtues and vices, forgave defects the offspring of weakneſs; patience and reſignation were rewarded, and indiſcreet murmurs were puniſhed. I ſaw, with inexpreſſible joy, the tears of the unhappy dried under her beneficent hand. Thoſe people bleſſed their paſt evils, the ſource of their preſent happineſs; the more they had ſuffered the greater was their recompence, They entered the eternal manſions, where the God of goodneſs is placed to exerciſe his clemency; the firſt, the greateſt, the brigheſt, the moſt adorable of all his attributes. All thoſe the Eternal had deſigned to animate with his divine breath, were born to be happy. The ſpots that the ſoul is ſtained with, by the baſe ſlime of the body, diſappear before the ſplendour of the true Sun: his brightneſs abſorbs thoſe paſſing ſhades. The Creator of this

vaſt univerſe is a tender father, who collects his children after a long and melancholy pilgrimage, and does not arm his hand againſt their paſt faults. Thoſe whoſe opened hearts were to juſtice, to ſoft pity, who had ſuccoured the innocent, relieved the poor, received a double degree of glory. An immortal canticle of praiſe, ſung by the whole race of mankind, announced the reparation of all things.

The term of grief, of fear, of deſpair, was for ever at an end; the beautiful days of eternity opened; the figure of this world vaniſhed; not a ſigh to trouble the celeſtial harmony of univerſal felicity. This good God, whoſe magnificent hand is imprinted on all nature, who has even embelliſhed the place of our exile, embraced in his boſom all his creatures: the father and children were no longer but one family. A thundering voice was then heard; *Go, weak mortal! confined and audacious ſpirit! go, learn to adore Providence, even when it would appear to thee unjuſt. God has pronounced one only decree: it is eternal, it is irrevocable; he ſaw every thing before he pronounced it. Finite beings! your ſyſtems, your vows, your thoughts, entered in his plan: humble yourſelves, live in hope, and do not accuſe his work.* The temple then ſeemed to tumble on my head. I awoke, uncertain whether what I had ſeen was an apparition or a reality. Should I yet be filled with indignation at the proſperity of the wicked? ſhould I ſtill murmur at the unhappineſs of

the good man; or ſhould I not rather patiently wait until the great curtain ſpread over the univerſe ſhall be drawn by the hand of death? It is that can make us live, by diſcovering immutable, eternal truth, which ordained the courſe of events for his greater glory, and the greateſt happineſs of man.

The FEAR of GOD.

THE fear of God is a neceſſary conſequence of a view of his power. One cannot contemplate in idea the greatneſs of this Being, which every thing proclaims, without feeling a dread, compounded of reſpect and fear. One cannot know oneſelf ſurrounded with the preſence of the Almighty God, without profound emotion; that is to ſay, without being at once amazed with the immenſity of his attributes, and the meanneſs of our own being. We are as it were annihilated before this God, terrible and ſtrong, notwithſtanding the viſible teſtimonies of his goodneſs and clemency.——This power, which nothing can reſiſt, makes us ſhudder; and it is probably to be rid of this inward fear, the atheiſt proudly ſhakes off the yoke: like the children, he ſhuts his eyes in preſence of this open eye on nature, and thinks he is not ſeen.

But at the aſpect of this hand that upholds worlds, this ear that is open to every ſigh of the wretched, a ſecret dread invades the ſoul; then

then one muſt deny the Godhead, not to ſhudder before it.

Every adorer will then exclaim with David, "In admiring thy works, I am made to fear thee, O God!" This is not the fear of the ſlave or the guilty; it is the impoſſibility of contemplating without fear, without aſtoniſhment, without dread, the immenſity, the glory, and the power of him who created the univerſe.

The ancient writers bear the impreſſion of this precious and ſalutary blending of fear and reſpect manifeſted in man, not only when the God of thunder diſplays his vengeance, but even when he ſignaliſes his bounties. The writer's colouring breathe every ſentiment of a Majeſty, whoſe ſplendour he cannot bear, even in its mildeſt aſpect.

There is, then, in the heart of man, an inſeparable union of fear and reſpect due to the Divinity, which has raiſed temples, and ordained expiations all over the face of the earth. That is the univerſal tenet.

But is God really hid? It is the blind or ſtupid eye that firſt pronounced this ſenſeleſs word. The Divinity is always preſent around us; we ſee his footſteps every where. What mark ſo viſible, as the extent and beauty of the creation; than the ſpark of life which flaſhes every inſtant, or the light of reaſon which ſhines on the countenance of man!—Nothing is wanting to enlighten us, but a heart; if it has ſenſation, it elevates itſelf to the good and majeſtic Being that formed it.

It is inflamed, it is affected, it adores, and nothing is comparable to the ecſtaſy this mild and ſublime contemplation of the author of nature excites.

Conſidering him as preſerver of beings, and laviſhing to each one a proportion of pleaſure, the Supreme Being is ſtill more adorable than under that of Creator. Beneficence claims a greater right to our homage than grandeur.

Only think, mortal! thy head is a hundred times more wonderful than the ſun: it knows not itſelf, and thou doſt; it knows not what it is, and thou haſt meaſured it: it enlightens the univerſe with material fire, and thou canſt aſpire to a more elevated rank. The planets are abſolutely blind inſtruments; and thou art allowed to know the ſprings nature uſes. Thou knoweſt how to employ thyſelf, thou feeleſt thy independence of mind and ſervitude of body; thou feeleſt thy ſtrength and weakneſs; thou knoweſt thy rank in the univerſal ſyſtem.

And wouldſt thou not be ſtruck with Newton's ſyſtem, when he ſees in each ſtar a ſun balancing the planets, when he perceives the order that proportions their motions to the diſtance of their centers, when the univerſe, thus enlarged, has diſcovered to them, that the mind which unravelled thoſe ſublime relations is more auguſt and leſs periſhable than even thoſe ſuns, which, notwithſtanding their pomp and ſplendor, are merely material, and have no idea of where they are placed.

RUINS.

RUINS amaze us!—Why! whence ariſes the ſenſation that leads us to contemplate thoſe remains where time has made ſuch havock? Could it be the idea of ſo many ages ſlid away and annihilated, over which, as one may ſay, we walk, trampling under foot thoſe magnificent relics? Is it the picture of the ſtrange revolutions that the inſurmountable courſe of years brings on earth; or is it the ſatisfaction of ſurviving the generation of all thoſe potentates that death has ſucceſſively drove from their places? Now demoliſhed and laid open, one ſees, and not without ſome degree of intereſtedneſs, a herdſman with his cattle, under this broken portico, near that majeſtic column that is thrown down, and ſupports the cottage of a poor wood-cutter, who formerly would not have dared approach the outer court of this ſame palace. This contraſt creates an emotion; we feel it, and it cauſes great reflections to ariſe.

In walking over gardens in England, we find, they have laid open the ruins they have built on, by the aſſiſtance of mines, that the bold and capricious caſt of a maſs, diſordered by the action of powder, may be more naturally preſerved. Still one is not much affected at ſight of theſe ruins; and why? becauſe we ſoon perceive the artifice, and that they were created yeſterday. Yet all has been imitated, even the venerable and grand taint

that time has imprinted on ruined monuments; but reflection is ever whiſpering to us, it is a fictitious and deceitful colour, the work of man. Then half our pleaſure is deſtroyed; we paſs on, our admiration ceaſes.

In the midſt of ſo many ruined, disfigured, half-defaced monuments, it is curious to contemplate in Rome thoſe prodigious obeliſks, conſtructed in Egypt three thouſand years ago.

The POPE.

A Philoſophical Pope, like Benedict the XIVth, ſhould have ſaid to himſelf ſometimes, "Here I am, ſucceſſors to the Ceſars, ſeated in the ſame town where they reigned, head of a religion which they never imagined would reach over the face of the earth. They ruled by arms; and I, like them, keep the world enſlaved: they ſent their edicts to all the globe, and I ſend my bulls. I hold the bands of all the opinions that have ariſen in the courſe of ſeventeen ages. How vaſt is my power! I am aſtoniſhed at it. Kings govern by force, by cannon, by great military bodies; and I, who dare call myſelf *infallible*, know how that is.

"The one kiſſes my feet, another begs I would abſolve his ſins; this one intreats me to canonize a dead perſon, that he may invoke him afterwards. I am in a manner ſurrounded

rounded with phantoms, and my dignity appears to me as a dream."

If a Pope in the Capitol is a cauſe for aſtoniſhment, how much greater is the wonder to ſee a Capuchin friar preaching in Mexico; a negro learning his catechiſm; an European monarch ſending his orders two thouſand five hundred leagues, executed as punctually as an order iſſued from Verſailles is at Paris!

But does not a milliner of St. Honora dreſs a lady's head at Martinico? Are not the words and muſic of a comic opera ſhipped to enliven the idlers of St. Domingo?

And during all this, the ſavage attacks the ſhark, the moſt dreadful of animals; triumphs over him with weak arms; whilſt we can ſcarce defend ourſelves, with our guns, ſwords, and lances, againſt a wolf who ravages the country.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE neceſſity of friendſhip is the precious ſource of all human virtue; ſweet neceſſity, preſcribed by that Firſt Cauſe which made it the comforter of the univerſe. One man only has wrote againſt friendſhip *; he wiſhed to exhibit it as viſionary; his conduct contradicted his writings.

* Helvetius.

Friendſhip is real; and if there be one only man who will affirm that he has felt but for a moment the pleaſure of diſintereſted love, his opinion is calculated to deſtroy all the contrary ſophiſtry. The ſame ſenſation is doubtleſs more or leſs refined, more or leſs durable; it is embelliſhed with different ſhades in ſuperior minds, and its action is regulated by their different degrees of nobleneſs.

Shall I hazard the thought! Friendſhip exiſts among villains. Hands ſtained with blood graſp each other in a ſtrict and monſtrous union. Collected together by foul deeds, they ſwear fidelity to each other; ſincere tears flow from their ferocious eyes; their horrible compact exhibits the outlines of an immaculate, though diſfigured, ſenſation; they ſupport, they comfort each other, and generoſity blazes, even in the dark receſſes where they whet their poignards.

Behold! one of them taken and condemned to the puniſhment he deſerves, he does not betray the tie of mutual confidence. A compaſſionate courage ſtill ſubſiſts in his degraded and guilty mind; he refuſes to name his accomplices, he wiſhes to preſerve them from the tortures he dares with ſo much intrepidity. He loves them then; he thinks himſelf bound by the ſervices he has received: at the foot of the ſcaffold he does not belie his conſtancy; and ſtruggling between anguiſh and fear, he does not betray any cowardly or perfidious weakneſs; a remnant of virtue breaks forth in this wretch, cruſhed under the executioner's bar;

bar; he expires with his ideal glory; he deſcends to the grave, pleaſed not to have violated, in ſpite of torments, the covenant of ſecrecy and friendſhip.

How I love to indulge the thought of indiſſoluble ſympathy!—And why ſhould there not be an intimate connection between men of ſenſations? I will allow there is no relation between inactive and mute matter; but that hearts, formed for each other, ſhould not fly to meet; that they ſhould not gueſs, that they ſhould not recognize one another, cannot be adopted by any one who has felt the attractive and repelling force of love and averſion.

Voltaire has defined friendſhip to be the marriage of two ſouls. That is well expreſſed. He who only lives for himſelf, cannot be happy; he who would concenter all in ſelf, will be alone; whoever lives alone, is deprived of the delight of ſentiment; for ſentiment is only the re-action of two hearts united.

Friendſhip, like love, owes all its energy to ſtrength of mind; ſuch a ſacrifice that ſuch a one cannot conceive, is executed freely and with rapture by another.

Pyrrhus's attendants, conſoling him for the loſs of a friend, among other arguments, repreſented the inutility of grief. "I know it," replied he; "but he died before I could re-"turn him the pleaſure he gave me."——A noble ſentiment, and well expreſſed!

Ajax, when with Philoſtrates, ſpoke thus to Achilles: "Which of thy heroic actions

made thee forget danger moſt?" "Thoſe," replied he, "I undertook for a friend."—"And which," ſaid Ajax, "was the eaſieſt?" "The ſame," replied Achilles. "And of thy wounds, which was the moſt painful?" "That which Hector gave me." "Hector! I don't know he wounded thee." "He mortally wounded me—he killed Patroclus!"

It is ſaid, friendſhip may require, but not extort. That propoſition is falſe. Friendſhip ſhould extort; it ought even to be haughty, becauſe that right is reciprocal. Abſtracted from that, friendſhip is but a mere connection.

I know nothing but foul deeds that can put a bar to friendſhip: but for our friend, we ſhould bid defiance to taunting and ridicule.

In an Engliſh comedy, one ſays to another, "You pretend to be my friend?"—"Yes."—"How will you prove it?"—"My purſe is at your ſervice."—"Very well! what if I was in love with your miſtreſs?"—"I would give her up to you."—"Suppoſe a man gave me the lye?"—"I would fight for you."—"And if any one railed againſt me?"—I would ſpeak well of you to thoſe who ridiculed you."——"If that's the caſe, thou doſt love me."

On WAR.

A Viſion.

I WAS on the frontiers of a province, overſpread with an army of one hundred thouſand men: their order; their manly, well-regulated

lated march with the loud and piercing ſound of warlike inſtruments, their ſtern obedience, every thing combined to render it an awful ſight. I was at a loſs what motive could collect ſo many men to diſcover the ſame ſtandard. If they are led on by virtue, ſaid I, if going to ſtrike ſome tyrant, and cut him from the earth; if their march is intended to protect the liberties of an oppreſſed people, they merit our gratitude and reſpect; they are the ſacred defenders of the rights of humanity.

On a ſudden, this multitude halted, and diſperſed here and there. My imagination being warmed with the thoughts which ſuch a prodigious heap of combatants raiſed, I followed, and endeavoured to diſcover their ſentiments by their geſtures. How great was my ſurpriſe to ſee thoſe men, natives of the ſame country, cloath'd in the ſame uniform, draw their ſwords againſt each other with the utmoſt fury! I ran towards one of them, but was too late: he drew his ſword, reeking with his comrade's blood, from his bleeding heart. I exclaimed, "Oh, wretch! what have you done! your companion, your brother!"—"He is very worthy of being ſo," anſwered he in a firm tone, "he has died like a brave fellow!"—"But what had he done to thee, that thou couldſt treat him ſo cruelly?"—"Nothing. He was a young recruit; we had ſome words; and it is the cuſtom among us to pay entrance by ſome unequivocal proof of bravery: he has done the buſineſs as he

ſhould; this affair will do him great honour, and we ſhall be ſorry he let himſelf be killed. Had he forced his parade a little more, he would have put by the thruſt, and we ſhould have been very good friends together. — "Good God!" anſwered I, with aſtoniſhment, "what ſtrange barbarity! but, you are an undone man! make your eſcape; his comrades, his officers, will be obliged to revenge his blood."—"Poh! I only follow their example; and whoever would refuſe, would be deemed a coward. Our glory is to face death at all times; and you may well think, he who is not afraid to face his adverſary, will not dread the preſence of the enemy: thoſe things are only to try a man's mettle."—"This courage is, to be ſure, very uſeful to the nation!"—"Oh! this affair is nothing. See yonder thoſe two companies fighting together; what fine thruſts!"—What is the cauſe of this ferocious phrenzy! have they put on the ſame uniform only to cut each other's throats?"—"Not at all; it is the colour of their facings, and the difference of their buttons, is the cauſe of their enmity."—"But they march together under the ſame colours; they fight for the ſame cauſe."—"Yes; but in the mean time they decide their own private diſputes: they certainly hate one another more than the enemy they are going to engage; and every officer is a rival and jealous of his ſuperior. We ſhall ſoon turn our arms againſt ****, and then we ſhall ſee fine ſport."—"What! you are then going to another part of the world, to deſtroy man-

mankind to death! but if you go on thus, you will deſtroy yourſelves, before you ſee the enemy."—"What is that to us! we live only by death; and one muſt be killed for another to get forward; that is all I know of the matter."—"What a ſhocking trade you follow, my friend! why cut one another's throat! why ſhed your comrade's blood! why harden your ſoul, without reaſon! Have you never experienced commiſeration, or pity? You go in cold blood to make orphans and wretched mothers weep. Ah! were you to attend to the feelings of your heart, it would undoubtedly condemn you."—"I know nothing of all thoſe fine ſpeeches; but I will tell you the truth. I led an idle ſort of life until I was five feet ſix inches high; my appetite was equal to that of any oſtrich, and I found much difficulty in making a proper proviſion for it. A man in a laced coat, with a cockade in his hat, and a cane in his hand, took meaſure of me, and rung in my ears a peal of about thirty crowns in a purſe. I would be glad to know who could withſtand ſuch a bait! Your fine lady of my country might have come bath'd in tears, and throw herſelf at my feet, imploring my aſſiſtance, ſhe would not have made half ſo moving an impreſſion. The day I liſted was the pleaſanteſt of my whole life: I never before abſolutely had a bellyful; I had wine, girls; I had plenty of good cheer, and made the houſe ring. But the following days were ſomewhat different: I began to feel the burden of ſlavery;

very; I deſerted ſeven times in four years, but made nothing of it. Victory or defeat were to me both alike, and as little attached to one government as to another, and loſing nothing when loſing all. Our fate, you know, is the ſame after twenty victories; the ſoldier ſeldom obtains any military diſtinction; the Commanding Officers reſerve to themſelves all the glory as well as all the profit. I was obedient to the call of each potentate that ſolicited me. I will give thee bread, on condition thy blood ſhall flow for me at the leaſt ſignal I give.—Then I ſold my blood as dear as I could.

"I do not mention the hard labour I have undergone, the long and painful marches I have made in the midſt of winter, how often cold and hunger have united to depreſs me, how often I have been forced to ſleep on the ground, periſhing with a ſharp north-eaſter. I have, however, reliſhed more than once the delicious pleaſure of revenge.

"One day, after two months fatigue, entering a town taken by aſſault, after breaking open the doors of twenty houſes, carrying off every thing I could find, I caſt my eye on a very pretty young woman, her hair all diſhevelled, hiding herſelf with a child in her arms. My eagerneſs for plunder for a moment gave way to a luxurious appetite.—Every thing is allowed in a town taken by aſſault.—I run two of my comrades through the body who were juſt going to raviſh her.—I ſtabbed the infant becauſe his cries were trouble-

troubleſome.—I raviſhed the mother, and then ſet fire to the four corners of the houſe."—"You make me ſhudder."—"Pho! the human ſpecies is like the graſs of the field; you mow it down, it grows again; one night is ſufficient to repair all the damage. We did not leave one ſtone on another; our orders were ſo. I paſs over many other heroic actions familiar to us brave fellows. But I muſt tell you, I twice ran the gantlet with great intrepidity; my own comrades turned butchers, and made the blood run from my broad ſhoulders. But I had my revenge; and my officers, who were quiet ſpectators, have more than once praiſed the vigour of my arm. At length I returned to my old colours under favour of the general amneſty; and although I am not better here than elſewhere, yet I hope to make my way."—"What way, pray?"—"Zounds! this is the beginning of the war, and we will take care to keep it up. You ſee that regiment finely cloathed, with a new ſuit of colours! In a month, perhaps, there will not be above one in a hundred left of them; then I ſhall enter in that regiment, and my pay will be raiſed three ſous a day."—"What! is it poſſible you can thus think?"—"Not I only, but all my comrades too, as well as our officers, who all wiſh to be promoted; and you know ſome one muſt ſucceed the dead."—I looked on this man with horror; I made him a ſmall preſent, and recommended humanity

very forcibly to him.—He ſmiled, and walked on.

I met, on my way, a company marching with drums beating, who ſeemed ripe for mutiny. Ever deceived by the ſuggeſtions of my heart, I imagined they were execrating the war. "Undoubtedly, ſaid I to them, humanity pleads ſtrongly in your hearts the cauſe of the unfortunate people you are going to deſtroy?"—"Not at all, replied one of them; we are ſent into a wretched country, barren and naked, where there is nothing to plunder but the peaſants' meſs of broth; and leaving a plentiful one, where we could get every thing we wanted. But our Commander is in diſgrace with the Miniſter, and we muſt ſuffer for it."

I retired, fully reſolved to aſk no more queſtions. When I got home, I endeavoured to conſole myſelf with my books; I ſought a remedy for this ancient ſcourge that afflicts the earth. I opened Grotius's famous treatiſe; I read this great work; and the phlegmatic ſtile with which it is wrote, the barbarous examples that are accumulated with ſuch incredible patience, his gloomy, long, and uſeleſs definitions, totally diſguſted me; I was forced to bear it from one end of the book to the other.

Never was a finer ſubject ſo wretchedly treated. What, this globe immerſed in blood! the trade of murder honoured as the height of magnanimity; the crime which is puniſhed in an obſcure villain who awaits you at the corner

ner of a wood, applauded in him who commits it with the muſic of drums and trumpets; this unjuſt and abominable piece of folly, which is generally moſt fatal to the innocent, inſtead of lighting in this philoſopher's mind the torch of awful truth, inſtead of filling his ſoul with rapid and powerful indignation, inſpires him with arguments to legitimate the commiſſion of the moſt horrible of crimes with order, and moreover, to ſtrengthen them with paſſages as diſguſting as they are pedantic! Is it ſuch authorities we want! All human authorities muſt be deſtroyed that claſh with reaſon and humanity. Inſtead of tracing the ſubject back to its firſt cauſe, inſtead of uſing the knife and cauſtic to the mortification, he makes uſe of palliatives; he covers this monſter of war with a purple robe; he covers his face with a maſk; he places a diadem on his head; and, whilſt human gore is trinkling down him, he proſtrates himſelf, and only ſees the royal purple*. Where is the man, ſaid I to myſelf, who will ſtrip this giant of the apparel which ſeems to ennoble him, and expoſe this hideous ravenous monſter devouring of children, the weak, the innocent, and greedily ſnuffing up the odour of death and ſlaughter over all empires and the vaſt tract of the globe?—I threw Grotius in the fire, wiſhing the preſent age might not paſs away without producing a

* There is a Legitimate war, a defenſive war, which reverts to natural right.

work

work to examine this important matter to the bottom.

Oppreſſed with gloomy melancholy, I threw myſelf on my bed, in order to forget what I had ſeen, and ſtill more what I had read. Sleep had no ſooner invaded my ſenſes, than I imagined myſelf in an open country, in a foreign climate. Above eighty thouſand men had there made themſelves ſtraw beds under cover of light and portable cloth. No proſpect ſo magnificent, ſo aſtoniſhing, had ever met my eye before. Here are, ſaid I, mankind in their primative ſtate and liberty; the threatning ramparts of towns do not hold them in captivity. But on examining thoſe men a little cloſer, I obſerved they carried murdering arms; I perceived a range of thirty cannon pointed geometrically; myſelf even, dreſſed in a red coat, a knapſack on my back, I was transformed into a ſoldier; a long tube of iron which belched out death was in my peaceful hands, and the infernal bayonet hung at my ſide. The drum beat; I threw down my arms like a philoſopher, as did formerly Horace and Demoſthenes. I was ſuddenly laid hold of; I was called a perjured raſcal and coward; they reproached me with the oaths I had taken the day before. "Yeſterday," ſaid they, "while you was drunk, you promiſed" — "I promiſed! who me! Ah! certainly, gentlemen, I muſt have been very drunk when I promiſed to deſtroy my fellow creature." I was preparing to make a fine oration, to prove I ought not to fight, when

when I was forced to march, dragged along by example and the obedient crowd. In this I reſembled many others, who made a great parade of valour. The thunder of mortals, which deſtroys more men in one day than the thunder of heaven deſtroys in ages, gave the ſignal for battle. I ſaw the heavens inflamed and darkened by turns by volcanos of flames and torrents of ſmoke. The fatal lead whiſtled and flew from all parts; the Commanders, with great vociferation, encouraged and preſſed on the files of ſoldiers; all, with blind obedience, crowded to ſprinkle with their blood heaps of carcaſſes. Being obliged to fire, I pointed the muzzle of my firelock in the air, chuſing death rather than to hit a ſenſible being. I turned pale with horror; thoſe who reproached me with cowardice endeavoured to drown their own with ſtrong liquor which made them mad. What a ſight! I think hell could never exhibit a more abominable one. Doleful cries, burſts of cannon, the rumbling of this dreadful thunder, deadning the ears and hardning the hearts; men lying dying and mingled with horſes; others dragging themſelves along half dead, with horrible ſhrieks which affected no one; eyes motionleſs and deprived of ſight; pale and bloody corſes covered with diſhevelled hair; ſuppliant wretches calling on death; all manner of ſcenes of ſorrow, of ſufferings, of cruelty; all the portraits of rage, of fury, of deſpair; all manner of wounds, all kinds of death, all torments united; nature and huma-

humanity contumeliouſly inſulted in a thouſand ſhapes, and without remorſe; the birds in the air flying away in affright; the crows excepted, who expreſſed their joy by their croaking, following their track, and waiting their prey. Heavens! what ſcenes of madneſs and terror! I advanced over heaps of carcaſſes, whilſt an expiring wretch in his anguiſh tore my leg with his teeth, when a man on horſeback in armour, more fiery than the horſe he rode, raiſed me by my hair, and was preparing his ſcymeter to cut off my head; a red hot ball cut me in two, and ſcattered far from him my mutilated members.

No one was ever ſo well pleaſed at being annihilated. I ſoon loſt ſight of the field of ſlaughter, and thoſe mad men who, in their heroic folly, dealt about death to be afterwards killed themſelves. I could no longer diſtinguiſh this earth but as a point feebly enlightened. I paſt rapidly through a humid darkneſs. Leaving the frightful and diſcordant noiſe of battle, I found myſelf in a calm and univerſal ſilence. The weak ſport of the air, — I began to be uneaſy at my fate, when I ſuddenly perceived my ſteps firm on a more ſolid baſe. I perceived I had aſſumed the form of a ſkeleton of amazing whiteneſs; but I had no idea of horror at this new metamorphoſis.—And really I cannot ſee any reaſon why one ſhould be frighted at their own bones: the timber work of a fine houſe is, perhaps, as beautiful as the exterior ornaments which embeliſh it.

My

My white ſkeleton was then, among a number of others, as naked as myſelf. Our bones, hitting againſt each other in the crowd, made a ſtrange kind of claſhing which reſounded to a great diſtance. I could not overcome a ſecret ſhock at ſight of this ſorrowful abode. I did not much admire my companions in miſery. All their motions were rough; and although reduced to the moſt miſerable ſtate, they ſtill walked with a high head and haughty air. Some ſparkling clouds rolled over our heads, and ſent forth zig zag darts of thunder. The lightning which broke from this threatning ſky, ſpread a gloomy and frightful glaze.

A voice, as mild as celeſtial, reſounded in my ear, and ſaid, "Thou art here in one of the vallies where juſtice deſcends to judge the guilty dead; this is called the *valley of murderers*."—"Oh God!" exclaimed I, "is it poſſible! my heart is pure, my hands are innocent. I was taken by ſurpriſe, dragged into the crowd of murderers; but I have not been guilty of any murder."—"Recover thyſelf," replied the voice, "there are ſome innocent ones, like thee, mingled with thoſe barbarians; but I am here to comfort them until the great day, and thou art in this valley only to enhance the guilt of thoſe who wanted to force thee to be a partner in their crimes. Juſtice, the eldeſt daughter of the Supreme Being, comes to enlighten this place once in ſix thouſand years; thou haſt no more than five hundred years to wait."—I expreſſed, in a lively

lively manner, my ſorrow and impatience. The voice replied, "You imagine, perhaps, you are to go on, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, as on the globe thou didſt inhabit. Not at all; for ſince I began to ſpeak to thee fifty years are elapſed." At thoſe words hope reanimated me. I then made my obſervations on thoſe walking ſkeletons; their hardneſs of heart ſeemed to have communicated itſelf to their bones; they joſtled rougly againſt each other. I gave ear to a kind of confuſed murmur, and could diſtinguiſh the frightful and hollow noiſe of the rapid courſe of ages, that the hand of time hurled into the immovable lake of eternity. On a ſudden, this impetuous torrent ceaſed flowing. Nature, made as it were, a pauſe; a hundred dreadful claps of thunder burſt the clouds, and inſtantly a bloody rain impetuouſly fell on the guilty: it was all the blood which had been ſpilt ſince the beginning of the world, which fell on each murderer. At that inſtant, I ſaw all thoſe ſkeletons covered with ſanguinary drops, which they vainly ſtrove to wipe away. "Do not you be uneaſy about thoſe drops," ſaid the conſoling voice to me, "they fall on murderers only. Each drop is the emblem of a murder. This blood is their ſhame and puniſhment; it imprints remorſe, pain, and deſpair in them; — ſhudder for them! — the dreadful moment is at hand."

Immediately the clouds diſperſed; a bright day deſcended from the celeſtial roof, and became

came gradually ſo reſplendent, that all this multitude, tinctured with the criminal marks they bore, fell flat on the ground, and ſeemed to wiſh to be hid in the bottomleſs abyſs. I, myſelf, though I preſerved my whiteneſs, emblem of my innocency, could not reſiſt a reſpectful impulſe; I fell down proſtrate. Bright juſtice appeared in the ſky, but not with that angry countenance, the ſword, the balance, we give here beneath; robed in a blue mantle, ſpangled with ſtars of gold, ſhe held in one hand a ſceptre of a whitiſh fire, whilſt the other, with ſorrow in her countenance, preſt her forehead at the thoughts of the crimes ſhe was obliged to puniſh.

On this affecting countenance, God himſelf had ſtamped all his majeſty; the noble features of her face, although ſomewhat ſevere, inſpired confidence, and ſeemed to pity the unhappy guilty whilſt ſhe condemned them. What ineffable beauty! What a contraſt of grief and love! What frightful remorſe in the hearts of the murderers from having inſulted this majeſtic goddeſs! Surrounded with all her glory, ſeated on her awful throne, the remembrance of her holy laws, either violated or diſregarded, brought forth an univerſal groan. She wore the ſun of truth as a crown, which enlightened all this vaſt ſcene with the ſplendor of its rays. Time came and laid his glaſs at her feet; and repaſſing the ſand of years, they run through a ſecond time with inconceivable rapidity. Each one revived with horror the moments of a life for which he

he was to render an account. On the left hand of Juſtice, a weak tremulous voice ſerved as intrepeter to the guilty, and uſed every effort to juſtify them. This feeble voice was called Policy, reaſon of ſtate; every thing ſhe ſaid bordered on inſanity, inhumanity and extravagance. Another voice, much ſtronger and more eloquent, that was on the right, overpowered its frivolous pretexts ;— that was humanity. At the ſound of this unconquerable voice, the murderers were ſtruck with terror ; they acknowledged their crimes, and the full knowledge of the truth cauſed their torment.

This multitude, trembling before the throne of Juſtice, ſought in vain for ſhelter. All thoſe potentates, once ſo famous, were naked and trembling like the others ; ſeveral thouſands of men accuſed one only, and made him reſponſible for all the murders they had committed. The voice on the left pronounced ſo often the name of Alexander for an excuſe, that juſtice commanded he ſhould appear alone. I then ſaw a ſkeleton of middling ſtature, the vertebre of the neck a little awry, and all over red with blood, come trembling from the croud where he had hid himſelf. The murmuring that was heard as he came on increaſed his confuſion. Naked, diminutive, and bare, he was an object of compaſſion. " What," ſaid Juſtice, " this is he then who commanded you to commit crimes, and whom you have obeyed in preference to equity, humanity, and your own conſcience ! Look upon the

the meanneſs of your idol; it is itſelf ſenſible of its own nothingneſs. By what enchantment did you become ſanguinary ſlaves, whilſt all things told you, nature did not form you to wait on the furious pride of this deſpot?

As for thee, who haſt ſacrificed my laws to the mad luſt of thy ambition, thou now appeareſt horrible to the accomplices of thy guilt; but that is not enough,—I will ſhew thee to whom thou mayſt be compared. She inſtantly made a ſign with her ſceptre, and another ſkeleton, much about the ſame ſize as Alexander, placed itſelf beſide him.—It was not quite ſo bloody; but its bones were broken in ſeveral places. I obſerved the blows of the iron inſtrument of his puniſhment had even effaced the principal ſpots.—"Look, "Alexander," ſaid Juſtice, "Look upon "thy competitor;—this robber wanted only "power and ſtrength to equal thee, and he "would have made uſe of the ſame means as "thou to ravage the world. His courage "was as great as thine; but being conſtrained "by obſtacles, he was obliged to murder his "fellow creatures by night. Thoſe who at-"tend to ſee my laws put in execution were "fortunately able to bring him to the ſcaffold; "there he confeſſed his crimes, and acknow-"ledged he deſerved the moſt ſhameful pu-"niſhment.

"Wretch! where is the difference between "this robber and thee; it is a pity the chaſtiſe-"ment did not fall on thy head. Power ſuppor-

" ted thy iron arm that cruſhed mankind; thou " deſtroyedſt my laws by firing of towns; thou " didſt oblige terrified mortals to erect altars " to thee; thou didſt ſtab the boſom of " friendſhip; the ſcandal of thy victories " have led Kings aſtray, who, taking exam- " ple by thee, have been unjuſt. Approach, " cruel Cæſar, thou who wept before the " ſtatue of this murderer, ambitious of de- " ſerving ſuch another. Nothing could ſtop " thy career, neither the genius of Rome, nor " the tears of thy country. Armed with a " poniard, thou ſtabbedſt her whilſt ſhe invi- " ted thee to her arms. Thou deſtroyedſt the " wiſdom of ſix ages of glory, in order to " eſtabliſh on their ruins horrible deſpotiſm. " Get thee gone, thy name begins to be as " deteſtible as thoſe of Tamerlane, Attila, " Charles the XIIth, and Gengiſkan.—Wiſe " men have proſcribed their odious and de- " ſtructive genius; it is only the blind multi- " tude who are ſtill ſeduced, and who, in " their low ideas, cannot diſcriminate be- " tween the powerful criminal who eſcapes " puniſhment, and the obſcure guilty who " ſuffers juſtly.

" Princes, conquerors, generals, warriors, " whatever pompous titles you bear, vile am- " bitious wretches, bloody men, ſhudder!— " You have accuſtomed mankind to deſtroy " each other; you have made war an habitual " ſcourge, and ever growing trade; you have " dared to embelliſh murder with the pompous " name of glory; it is you, undoubtedly, will " be

" be anſwerable for the crimes you have made
" them commit; — but who ever comes to
" offer you the hand ſtained with blood, he
" that could put a ſtop to cruelty, or avoid
" being an accomplice in it, or has been a
" volunteer to ſerve your wrathful purpoſes
" for baſe intereſt, he, I ſay, will be as guilty
" as yourſelves. By what authority dare a
" mortal inflict death? Does not his exiſtence
" belong to God who created him? Deſtruc-
" tion is an outrage againſt the Divine Being.
" Shudder, cruel murderers, in my preſence!
" Nothing can excuſe you; the blood of your
" brethren cries aloud for vengeance. Even
" he who is ſtained with only one bloody
" ſpot, ſhall be tormented ſeveral ages by the
" devouring fire of repentance. You will
" ſtill even ſob with ſorrow, when the cle-
" mency of a merciful God will vouchſafe to
" abſolve you; for I muſt tell you, that ſtain
" is indelible.

" Your motive was to merit the admiration
" of future ages. Well, you are condemned
" to ſuffer until that happy period when an
" enlightened people will execrate war and
" thoſe who light the horrible torch. Alex-
" ander! thy name muſt be held in deteſtation
" over all that country where thou wouldſt
" be deified; all thoſe who followed thy ex-
" ample muſt be ranked among the profligate
" villains before thou canſt expect any for-
" giveneſs. May this time not be ſo diſtant
" as the reparation of thy crimes would re-
" quire! — Suffer patiently; you already be-

" gin to be deteſtable; thy exploits already " begin to be looked upon as barbarous and " unjuſt; wiſe men have ſtampt with diſgrace " thy impetuous imitators."

Another ſkeleton came forward from among the crowd, as if to throw itſelf at the feet of Juſtice, and the voice on the left became its interpreter. " Ah, Supreme Juſtice!" it ſaid, " I am covered all over with blood that " torments me, and thou knoweſt I never " killed any one." The voice on the right replied: " Thou never committedſt murder; " but, wretch, thou haſt ſung the murdering " heroes, thou haſt excited them to ſlaughter " by immortalizing their names; thou haſt " immortalized their criminal conqueſts; thou " haſt called them lawful triumphs; and by " daringly placing the laurel on a barbarous " brow, thou haſt not bluſhed to exhibit " glory in the midſt of towns deſtroyed; tem- " ples and palaces ſet on fire. Should the " butchering of mankind be a ſubject for a " converſation of the Gods? Should the har- " mony of genius be made ſubſervient to the " wicked attempts of ambition? Does the " wrath of Princes deſerve to be enobled? " Ah, thou ſhouldſt have ſhed tears over the " fate of ſuffering humanity; or rather, thou " ſhouldſt have employed that genius which " nature had ſo profuſely endowed thee with " in ſupport of its ſacred and eternal rights: " thy verſes, then, would have been more " ſublime and reſpectable. By debaſing bat- " tles, rendering them odious to all mankind,

" by deſcribing them to poſterity in all their " frightful ſhades, we ſhould have beheld " this ſanguinary glory overthrown, and ſtript " of all its deceitful rays; humanity would " have embraced thee in its arms with tears " of joy; the homage of all mortals endeared " with ſenſation, and the approving eye of " heaven would have been thy reward. Let " thy poem be read, admired, for its harmo- " nious numbers, whilſt thou expiateſt here " the abuſe thou haſt made of the moſt pre- " cious talents."

I will confeſs, with ſorrow, I ſaw Virgil, Horace, Ovid, thoſe rare and fine geniuſes, but baſe flatterers of arbitrary power, follow the ſteps of this afflicted ſhade. They were puniſhed, as the chanter of Achilles, for having fawned on the monſter who ſigned the proſcriptions, for having abuſed the world with verſes as deſpicable as they are ſmooth and flowing, for having been the firſt in giving the ſhameful example of deifying the diadem on whatever head it bound. All thoſe ſhameful hiſtorians, who diſguiſed the truth, the crowd of flatterers, who adviſed the crime they did not dare to commit; thoſe who formed the minds of tyrants, or who, ſtill more guilty, have corrupted the method of ſpeaking to the human ſpecies, all thoſe wicked wretches, were treated as if they had ſhed human blood: for they may be ranked among the moſt cruel enemies of mankind; and Ma-

chiavel, with his pen, was ſuch another as Nero on his throne.

Juſtice, with a majeſtic voice, then ſaid: "Appear now, always ye beloved heroes, who "only combated to aſcertain the repoſe of the "world! All you whoſe uſeful courage has "protected the weak and ſheltered the inno-"cent; you who have been as ſuperior to "your paſſions through wiſdom, as you have "been to your enemies through valour. Draw "near, humane warriors, as brave as feeling, "reſpectable ſupporters of the people, who "drew the ſword only to put a ſtop to the "murderous hand that came to deſtroy them! "You ſigh over this impure blood you were "forced to ſpill; but your concern will be "inſtantly at an end; it is a tribute due to "nature; ſhe will forgive you when I pro-"nounce your juſtification." Then appeared Seſoſtris, the Epaminondas, the Scipios, the Marcus Aurelius, Charlemagne, and Henry the IVth; they were ſpotleſs; the luminous rays of the Sun of Truth ſhone around them, and cauſed the bloody drops that covered the guilty to appear much more horrible. Juſtice gave a ſignal, and the latter were plunged into a deep abyſs, there to be purified by remorſe. I found myſelf among the ſmall number who could raiſe pure hands towards heaven. My joy was great; for I ſuffered as much, being near thoſe murderers, as if I had been covered with blood.

Among thoſe heroes I perceived that virtuous man who, embracing the cauſe of the human

human race with a tender and ſublime affection, formed that charming project of perpetual peace which will always be the chimera of great minds. He was looked upon as the moſt honourable writer of all ages. A profound ſentiment of beneficence enflamed his great and feeling mind. The diſtreſſes of mankind grieved his generous heart; he wiſhed to aboliſh ſlavery, deſpotiſm, vice, and unhappineſs from the world, and, above all, to tear from the hands of Kings that terrible power of the ſword which they uſe for the purpoſes of unbridled ambition. His works appeared as reveries during the ſlumber of life; but here they wore a luminous ſtamp that attracted the eyes of Juſtice.

This philoſopher was ſeated between Henry the IVth and the adored Duke of Burgundy, holding in his hands the univerſal plan of the felicity of nations. He conſulted thoſe great men, whoſe ſincere and profound humanity was diveſted of oſtentation, vanity, or weakneſs; but alas! nature refuſed them length of days. My ardent ſoul was on the wing to be united to this unſpotted being which cheriſhed harmony and order only for the good they promoted in the world. What joy! what happy moments! I had the felicity to be entertained by him on matters equally profound and intereſting. He ſtill had that enthuſiaſm that unfeeling ſouls condemn, and which is, notwithſtanding, the only root of all great actions.

Suddenly a diſcharge of artillery ſtarted me from ſleep; it was to celebrate the news of a victory. The people, who only view the preſent moment, were in great joy. But as I fly from public rejoicings, the noiſe of inflamed ſaltpetre, the intoxication of a blind populace, I ſtole from the crowd, and in a lonelome cloſet wrote this viſion.

SELF MURDER.

HOLD, murderer, hold! thou intendeſt to put a period to thy life. When death approaches in a natural pace it is tranquil; the ſprings of life are gradually diſordered; we fall into the darkneſs of the grave as into a lethargic ſlumber; but when it is violent, art thou aware of the ſufferings that accompany it?

Thou wilt anſwer me, it is the buſineſs of a moment. Thou art miſtaken; the ball that ſhatters thy ſkull muſt tear to pieces the membranes which incloſe thy brain; the laſceration of thoſe membranes muſt cauſe the moſt horrible convulſions; thou mayſt ſuffer, in what ſeems but an inſtant, torments whoſe duration are immeaſurable. If time is to us but a conſequence of ideas or ſenſations, the anguiſh that accumulates them in a dreadful inſtant prolongs the duration by the multitude of painful ſenſations; and the rapidity of the circulation of the animal ſpirits, that are ſuffering, may equal in a minute the ſpace of

of ſeveral hours. Thou mayſt ſuffer, in a time that to thee appears ſhort, all the torments that can afflict a whole life.

Why, then, ſo much precipitation? Let nature operate. — Think thou art ſick, and that, as all things change around us, the cure of the diſeaſe will ſoon come. — Wait — thy courage is ſenſeleſs. — I do not ſee the neceſſity of deſtroying thyſelf, while patience may diſpel all thy gloomy thoughts. The motive for ſo great a ſacrifice is uncertain. Why, then, wilt thou abandon hope. Conſider thyſelf as in an alienation of mind, becauſe there is no kind of connection between death that deſtroys thee and the event that may ſave thee.

Futurity is unknown to us; ſuicides have a very rude kind of impatience; they deſtroy themſelves at the very inſtant they, perhaps, might be happy. Suicide, then, has the appearance of folly, precipitation, and a ſtrong deſire of repoſe. In one ſenſe, then, it carries a great appearance of weakneſs; for ſuicide can no longer ſtruggle with misfortune; it lacks heroiſm. It ſeems not to have analiſed human life, and not to have formed its conduct on a ſure foundation. Its morals are undoubtedly contracted and uncertain.

The idea of ſuicide is, then, a fever of the mind, an impatient diſorder; — the ſuicide ſhould be treated as a mad man.

The only hope of ſuicide is, then, annihilation; for if he believes in a God, he ſhould ſubmit to whatever puniſhments he pleaſes to inflict; he ſhould adore the order

eſtabliſhed by Divine Majeſty. He forgets he received his exiſtence on condition of ſufferance and expectation. Beſides, if ſometimes an innocent man has ſought death as the leſſer evil, the guilty have made it too often their aſylum againſt conviction, juſtice, and impending vengeance.

PRINTING.

IT is the greateſt gift that Heaven, in its clemency, has beſtowed on man. It will ſoon alter the face of the univerſe; printing will furniſh, from its confined limits, grand and noble ideas which it will be impoſſible for man to reſiſt; he will adopt them with reluctance, and the effect is already viſible. Printing is yet in its infancy, and every thing has a marked propenſity to perfection; the ideas are ſounder, deſpotiſm more civilized, and humanity more reſpected. Every where they ſeek, they ſcrutinize, they examine, they work on the deſtruction of the old temple of error; every one's attention is turned towards the public and general good; all things carry the ſtamp of utility. In order to conceive this truth, one muſt not confine one's view within the walls of Paris; we muſt take in all Europe, obſerve the numerous and uſeful eſtabliſhments raiſed every where; paſs the ſeas, look on America, and contemplate on the aſtoniſhing revolution preparing there.

It is, perhaps, in America that mankind is to be new moulded, that they muſt adopt a new and ſublime legiſlation, that they will bring to perfection the arts and ſciences, and be the repreſentatives of the people of old. Aſylum of liberty, Grecian ſouls, bold and generous minds, will ſpring or be transferred there; and this great example exhibited to the world, well evinces what man can do when he puts his courage and underſtanding in one common ſtock.

The means of univerſal happineſs are already pointed out; nothing remains but the devolopement, and from thence to the execution is but a ſtep. Such an idea conceived thirty years ago we find realized in our time; think, then, on the power of human reaſon. When genius has aſſiſted with the thunder of her majeſtic voice, what nation does not liſten to it ſooner or later, and does not rouſe from lethargic ſlumber? Glorious art, thou alone canſt dare the ſovereign's power! Thou art the antidote to the fatal poiſon that was to enſlave us all. Printing, thou art an invention viſibly the offspring of Heaven.

A deſpot, ſurrounded with guards, with fortreſſes, protected by two hundred thouſand men, deaf to conſcience, will be ſtruck to the quick by the daſh of a pen; that ſhaft will pierce him in the midſt of his greatneſs. He would wiſh to ſmile, and diſguiſe the wound he receives; but a convulſive rage ſhakes his whole frame. Vain is his power—he is puniſhed. Yes, he is puniſhed, as are

his children alſo, by inheriting his deteſtable name, unleſs they retrieve it by a good reputation.

Dread then, ye tyrants! dread the virtuous and impartial hiſtorian! He will eſtabliſh an avenging tribunal, which will, however, only be a prelude to that of poſterity.

The work of ſeveral ages and the revolution of years will enlighten that which is ſtill hid in darkneſs. No uſeful diſcovery will ever more be loſt.

The preſs will immortaliſe books inſpired by the genius of humanity; and all thoſe accumulated labours, and all thoſe different ideas, wrought by reflection, will form a code of laws for nations. If even nature ſhould not produce any more fine geniuſes of which ſhe is ſo ſparing, yet the aſſiduous ſolicitude of common underſtandings will raiſe the edifice of philoſophical knowledge.

The mind of man may be exhauſted, but not that of mankind in general, ſays a certain poet. The human mind ſeems to proceed with a giant's pace, becauſe the ſparks ſent forth from all parts of the globe can reunite in one focus, by the aid of printing, which collects thoſe ſcattered rays. Poſterity will then be aſtoniſhed at our ignorance concerning objects which time will have cleared up in all its combinations. Thus one may venture to aſſert, it would be better to live one thouſand years hence than in the preſent age. I have too good an opinion of man to think he would not yield when preſt and ſurrounded by truth.

Philo-

Philoſophy is a pharos which diffuſes its light to a great diſtance.—It has not an active property; it only cauſes its light to ſhine; the wind muſt fill the ſails to drive the veſſel on; it only points the way. And philoſophy has never yet occaſioned diſturbances, ſeditions, or baſe attempts; it is only the expreſſion of ſublime reaſon which ſpeaks to the world, and has no power but where it is adopted. But man is enlightened involuntarily; it is not in his power to reject truth, when it is cut and formed like the diamond, and put into action by genius.

An opinion was ſpread which, like a peſtilence, over-run the globe; it kindled fires in Europe, maſſacred in America, embrued Aſia in blood, and made devaſtation even to the poles. The plague has had its term; it did not carry off more than two thirds of the human ſpecies; but this mad barbariſm reigned twelve hundred years, and debaſed mankind even beneath the inſtinct of brutes. Philoſophical writers are the hereficent beings who have put a ſtop and broke this moral epidemic, more dangerous than the moſt dreadful ſcourge.

When I meet a privileged book, I would lay, without opening it, the work is ſtuffed with political lies. The Prince may ſay, this piece of paper is worth fifty pounds, but he never will be able to compel mankind to believe him.

What is moſt to be admired in the printing art is, that thoſe excellent works, that do honour

honour to the ingenuity of man, are not beſpoke, neither do they pay the expence; on the contrary, it is the natural liberty of the generous mind that unfolds itſelf in the face of danger, and makes a preſent to humanity, in ſpite of oppreſſion. This it is that makes the man of literature ſo much eſteemed, and ſecures to him the gratitude of future ages.

ON LOVE.

A Viſion.

THE gloomy month of November had given the gray-headed tribe notice of the approach of winter; the great luminary of the earth reſumed his palid looks, and a long night rapidly ſucceeded the day. Farewel, ye ſmiling plains, ye ſhady groves, ye murmuring ſtreams! The hoary ſeer, mounted on ſtorms, briſtled with rime and iſicles, drives expiring autumn away. To town then, to that tumultuous town, where all the paſſions are put in fermentation, and ſeem to corrupt the air we reſpire with their impure breath.

I quitted with great reluctance the charming country, where I had ſpent ſix months moſt agreeably. About the middle of my journey, I ſtopped one evening at an inn, where I intended to paſs the night. I ſat warming my benumbed hands near a large fire, when I took notice of a young perſon coming in, of an

an engaging mien; her geſture and deportment gave a grace to the ſimplicity of her dreſs; ſhe held in her arms a bundle, which ſhe preſſed ſoftly to her boſom. She placed herſelf beſide me, unfolded her bundle, and produced the moſt beautiful babe I had ever beheld. This ſcene, although ſo natural and common, gave me a moſt lively ſenſation from the grace and dignity of the repreſentation. Being a reſpectful admirer of maternal tenderneſs, I could not avoid obſerving her with ſingular attention. The moſt delicate features were drawn with a kind of elevation in the outlines of a countenance at once both ſoft and affecting; the vivacity of her ſparkling eyes was tempered with modeſty; her voice was ſteady, though ſhe ſeemed a little agitated; taking her all together, ſhe was a picture that engroſſed my whole attention. Yet being excited by a tender concern, more than a curious propenſity, I ventured to aſk from whence ſhe came, and if ſhe had yet far to walk with ſuch a load. She replied in a ſoft tone, "It is not a load; my infant is too dear to me to be a burden in my arms; they will have no repoſe, until I have reſigned him to the arms of a father tenderly beloved.—Heaven grant the happy moment may not be far! But if fate ſhould ſtill detain him from me, hope will inſpire me with reſolution to expect him." Thoſe words uttered with vehemence, gave me a ſtrong deſire to learn more. I queſtioned her with that circumſpection and reſpect, which invites the ſoul by integrity,

integrity, without any other kind of violence. Her open heart being at firſt a little perplexed by her ſincerity, heſitated at each reply; but at length, whether my manner of ſpeaking had inſpired her with confidence, or whether ſhe found a ſecret alleviation in acknowledging what I ſeemed deſirous to know, ſhe ſpoke thus:—"You will readily perceive by my accent, I am not a native of this province; I was born at ****. I loſt my mother too early; I was ſoon at the age when every thing has a ſeducing aſpect, and one begins to be ſo themſelves. Among a number of admirers who ſought to fix my affection, there was one I could not refuſe: when I fixed my eyes on him, I imagined I ſaw the ſummit of happineſs in the purity of his mind. My heart was inflamed, we were ſoon agreed, and our union was completed; being obliged to conceal our loves, it only became the more violent. My father was in eaſy circumſtances, but of a tyrannical diſpoſition. My lover was young, genteel, ſenſible, and virtuous; but his fortune was by no means equal to mine. My friends would not conſent to our marriage: a rich man, who had nothing engaging in him, without merit, demanded me for his wife, as one would aſk for a jewel which would ſtrike one's fancy: the match was thought to be ſo advantageous, that two days only were granted to my tears to take a reſolution. Say what you will, a young timorous girl, accuſtomed to ſubmiſſion, cannot refuſe to be led to the altar, by an imperious father.

father. I perceived I had not reſolution ſufficient; I conſulted my lover, who was dearer to me than the world, and told him, "I ſee nothing but death that can relieve me from the orders of a father, who tyrannizes rather than commands. What ſhall we do?"—"Let us fly," ſaid he, preſſing me in his arms, "if you love me; our flight is now abſolutely neceſſary. Other countries preſent an aſylum againſt tyranny; let us ſet off; in the wide extent of the globe, Providence will take care of its induſtrious children.

"The Almighty endued us with hearts formed for each other; to his providence, then, we muſt truſt. Come, then; my arm muſt hereafter direct your ſteps." The irreſiſtible magic of his voice drew me on: love not only lent us his wings, but his imprudence alſo; in our delirium, I believe we ſhould have gone to the fartheſt part of the globe, if the want of money had not ſuddenly put a ſtop to our proceedings. We looked on each other with ſurpriſe; being already in debt in this ſame place, it was no longer poſſible to get away. I then carried this child, who has attracted your eyes, and is the delight of mine. What a ſituation for a mother, what a ſituation for a huſband! I call him my huſband, for he is ſo in effect; our mutual oaths aſcended before the auguſt tribunal of the Almighty: he only was witneſs to them; but neither of us is ſo baſe as to break them.—My huſband, in his diſtreſs, recollected he had an uncle, whoſe benevolent humanity he had

had often heard praiſed. He was poſſeſſed of a lucrative employment not far from this country. "Canſt thou conſent," ſaid he to me, "to let me ſet out alone, to endeavour to influence the heart of a relation to aſſiſt us; for I am overcome with grief and ſhame to ſee the ſtate to which I have reduced thee. What I could now earn by labour would not be ſufficient. Remain here as an hoſtage, and fear nothing."—"Go;" I replied, bathing him with my tears; "who me, doubt thy heart! No, never; thy hand will never give me the mortal ſtroke."——He ſet out. For theſe three months I have not had any news of him. Another would have ſuſpected his fidelity, but I am far from entertaining ſo horrible an idea: my huſband is not dead, for Heaven is juſt; I do not know where he is, but I expect him daily. I was obliged to ſuffer the pangs of labour far from his dear ſight, who could have alleviated them; he has not yet had his infant in his arms, he has not embraced him. Oh, Heavens! what anxiety muſt not he ſuffer! In whatever condition he is, he muſt ſuffer; and the bare idea of his afflictions increaſes mine. It is true, I want for nothing here as yet; the people of this houſe are much concerned at my ſituation; they have never ſuſpected either my honour or probity; but the birth of this child accumulates my debt. What a ſevere fate, to be under obligations to the compaſſion of ſtrangers! To what a ſtate of deſperation ſhould I be reduced, if unſupported by religion! I weep

weep as I kiſs my child, when I think the firſt nouriſhment he ſucks in, he receives as a favour: I tremble leſt the miſery that attends his dawn may accompany the reſt of his life. Gracious God! protector of innocence, take pity on him. When my huſband ſet out, he conjured me not to leave this place, but wait for him here, and above all, not to be uneaſy even at his abſence, if it ſhould be long; I believe his word as I would a voice from Heaven. I have long concealed this ſorrowful ſecret in my heart: you are the firſt to whom I have ventured to diſcloſe it. People are ſo apt to turn their backs on the unfortunate, and are ſo cruelly induſtrious in diſcovering ſuppoſed faults; the compaſſion of ſome is ſo contumelious, ſo barbarous.——But I obſerve they begin to tire of the aſſiſtance I receive; I am aſked why I have no news from my huſband; whether he will return ſoon? I know not what to ſay. Every one is ſurpriſed at my reſolution; but no one knows my heart."

I ſilently wiped away a falling tear. She went on in a more animated tone—"Ah! if he was alive, he would be here; but this dear child, in whom I embrace him, in whom I ſee him, this is the tie that binds me to hope and life." Finiſhing theſe words, ſhe kiſſed it tenderly, caſting on it one of thoſe unutterable looks which ſo forcibly deſcribe the energy of nature. She modeſtly ſlid the infant's head under her handkerchief, to let it ſuck the delicious milk of her lovely breaſt, which

which was amazingly fair. I was ſomewhat diſturbed. How charming did ſhe then appear! I have ſeen the majeſty with which Kings are ſeated on their thrones; that of a mother, in this auguſt duty, is much more worthy our veneration.

Suddenly, a young man, a little confuſed, entered haſtily; he flew to the arms of this tender mother, who gave a ſhriek; he held her long cloſe preſſed to his heart. It was not neceſſary to aſk who he was. Struck dumb with tenderneſs, with aſtoniſhment, ſhe preſented him his ſon. This child he had not ſeen before. He could not contain himſelf any longer, when he took him in his arms; he raiſed his eyes to Heaven, and tears trickled down his cheeks; he expreſſed the ſentiments with which his heart was replete, by ſharp inarticulate exclamations of joy, almoſt reſembling grief. Hurried away by the rapidity of his motions, he by turns preſſed the mother and child to his boſom: the tears of this innocent creature ſhook his whole frame; he anſwered them with his kiſſes. He could not diſengage himſelf from this part of himſelf, which was dearer to him than life; and all the byſtanders felt the moſt lively emotion at this affecting ſcene. I ſhared in the luxury which intoxicated them. As they wiſhed to be at liberty to converſe together, they went to their chamber. The young man ſupported his wife, whoſe ſtrength ſeemed exhauſted with exceſs of joy: his watchful eye did not quit his ſon an inſtant, and his protecting arm guarded

guarded his innocent head from even the ſhadow of danger. I ſaw them retire with regret; they deprived me of the delicious pleaſure I taſted in contemplating their mutual tenderneſs.

I was ſhewn into my chamber, which was next to theirs. I could hear their voices diſtinctly, as the door was badly ſhut up, and only covered over with tapeſtry. An involuntary inclination overpowered me to give an attentive ear to what they ſaid; the young man ſpoke in an animated tone, ſo that I did not loſe a word. "My deareſt life," ſaid he, let us abandon ourſelves to the pleaſure of love, ſince it is the only one that is left us, and has deprived us of every other advantage. Wilt thou be able to ſupport reſolutely the fate that awaits us? Doſt thou think thou haſt ſtrength enough to hear what I have to ſay?"—"Speak boldly," ſhe replied; "two hours ago I was the moſt unfortunate of women, now I am the happieſt; thou art alive, and thou loveſt me; my child ſleeps between us, our eyes meet on his cradle; a new exiſtence animates my ſoul; what can I have more to wiſh for! If cruel parents refuſe to give us ſupport, we will aſk it all over the earth; we will work for maſters, whoſe tyranny will at leaſt be content to enjoy the fruits of our labour. We may love in freedom, live, work, and die together."

"Oh God!" replied the young man, "are riches given to people only to make them unjuſt! I went to my uncle, in whom I expected

to

to have found a father; he was already prepoſſeſſed againſt me by thine. At the firſt ſalute, he charged me with having violated the moſt ſacred laws, with having diſhonoured his name; of having been guilty of a crime that deſerved death. I could ſcarce recover from my aſtoniſhment: I imagined he was delirious. He added, ſhe whom I dared to carry away, ſhould never be my wife; that thy father had ſworn it, and that himſelf had promiſed to interpoſe his authority to deliver thee to him.

"This ſpeech was uttered with every ſymptom of indignation and contempt. Although touched to the quick, I concealed the violent agitation of my mind; I deſcribed our affection to him as it really was, pure innocence, imprudent perhaps, but ſtill virtuous. He impoſed ſilence on me, in a threatning tone; and told me, I had no other method to purſue than to deliver thee up without delay, and to withdraw myſelf for ever from the juſt vengeance of an irritated father. I anſwered that his anger blinded his reaſon, and extended the limits of parental authority far beyond their real boundaries; that matters might be very readily ſettled without noiſe or violence; that if I had committed a fault, yet it was an excuſable one; the cauſe was love; that it would obtain forgiveneſs in the eyes of every ſenſible being, having been neither raviſher, traitor, or ſeducer. As he would not liſten to me, I was going to take leave of this cruel relation, when the perfidious wretch had me ſeized,

ſeized, and dragged to priſon, where I was cloſely confined; the terms on which I was to regain my liberty, and no other, was to reveal the place of thy retreat. In ſpite of every kind of perſecution, and the moſt artful inſinuations, I was ſilent. My reſolution increaſed with my ſufferings; but I was ſuffering for thee; and that idea alone made my reſtraint eaſy. My perſeverance changed thy father's anger to fury: he came to the priſon; I ſaw him, he put on an appearance of moderation, he even dared to promiſe forgiveneſs to us both, if I would deliver thee to him. This was telling me a cloiſter was to be thy doom; but the lover's eyes, who fears for what he loves, are too penetrating to fall into ſuch a ſnare. I anſwered him haughtily, "Your daughter is no longer yours, Sir; you tyrannized over her; at this inſtant you are meditating how to deprive her of her liberty; you are planning how to make her miſerable. She has choſen me for her huſband; I will defend her choice until death; I am anſwerable for her liberty, her life, and her felicity. The rights of a father, who breathes revenge, muſt give way to mine. How dare you oppoſe a choice that inſures her happineſs? How dare you pretend to have authority over inclinations which even the heart which gave them birth cannot reſiſt? I will die, rather than deliver up to your blind rage ſo dear an object; yes, I will prefer death to the diſcloſure of that important ſecret.

"For

"For ſome time I was left undiſturbed: the man appointed to bring me my food, ſeemed much concerned at my ſituation; he offered to ſerve me, and endeavoured to induce me to confide a letter to him I had wrote; but I never could be prevailed on to direct it.

"To convince you," ſaid he, "of the ſincerity of my attachment to you, I will this night, if you pleaſe, furniſh you the means to eſcape, provided you will be cautious." I embraced him in my arms, as my deliverer.—He kept his word, and the night following I began my haſty journey towards thee. I walked three days, without taking any repoſe; and if fatigue oppreſſed me, love aſſiſted me with ſtrength. But every thing is now forgot, that I repoſe in thy arms, my deareſt life, and that I am once more bleſſed with the fragrance of thy breath. Still I muſt inform you, my love is not without uneaſineſs. Perhaps I give way too much to a fatal foreboding; but I dread they winked at my flight, in order to follow me, and be certain of the place where I concealed thee. If it ſhould be a ſtratagem! Oh, good God!—Not far from hence, I ſaw a poſtchaiſe, with the blinds drawn up; I took notice of it the very firſt day of my journey; it followed the ſame road I took.—Let us fly, my dear angel, let us fly from this place at the dawn of day, and ſeek an aſylum where Providence may protect us againſt our perſecutors.—"But how ſhall we leave this," replied the young bride, "as we are ſo much in debt, and cannot diſcharge it? Honour, probity,

probity, will keep us here in durance. Can you tell me, my dear, how to reconcile them with our preſent diſtreſſed ſituation?"—"Yes, certainly; but I fear you will never conſent to it.—Speak—my fears are all for thee. If you was to be carried off from this, we ſhould be loſt to each other for ever, and my deſpair would know no bounds. Fly with my ſon; conceal thyſelf in ſome place where thou mayſt remain unknown; I will remain here until the debt is diſcharged; I will ſell, if neceſſary, my cloaths, and the remainder of my effects. —Perhaps the friendly hand of ſome generous and compaſſionate mind, will be touched with our misfortunes; then I will fly to thee, never more to part; but my firſt care muſt be to withdraw you from your father's purſuit; he would bury you for life in a houſe of ſorrow and deſpair. My blood runs cold at the thought!—Yet, if thy heart cannot determine on parting, remain; we will die together."—"No, ſaid ſhe; that would be the means of your deſtruction; mine ſhall ſuffice. I do not flatter myſelf to be able to ſoften an incenſed father; he would tear me from thy embraces. I will fly to ſecure our liberty and our happineſs." At theſe words, the young man preſſed her to his breaſt, and they replied to each other by ſighs; and a voluntary grief, which was not without its merit, threw them inſenſibly into a ſoft ſlumber.

My heart was ſo affected, that it throbbed violently; I ſhed relenting tears at their fate. My ſoul immerſed in ſoft melancholy, I ſaid

to myſelf—What is this ſympathetic emotion, whoſe impulſe, as rapid as uncontrolable, unites two beings ſo cloſely; makes the moſt timorous ſex bold, and the fierceſt heart languiſh? Oh, invincible power of beauty! thy influence is unqueſtionable, there are no rebels to thy laws! Let us not deceive ourſelves; the gray-headed woman, bending under the weight of years, ſtill more pitiable in being deprived of the neceſſaries of life, would not have excited ſo lively a ſenſibility in me. I endeavoured to define this active paſſion, whoſe aſtoniſhing effects every thing recalled to my memory. Is it given to man for his happineſs or miſery? I compared the examples of criminality and virtue it introduced into the world. By degrees I fell aſleep, overwhelmed in a torrent of reflections; but ſoon wandering into the illuſions of a dream, my feet no longer touched the earth; I felt myſelf carried into the clouds, in a chariot drawn by doves, who billed each other in the airy expanſe, and an object, as raviſhing as wonderful, ſuddenly attracted my notice.

A woman of tall ſtature, and indefinitely beautiful, crowned with ſtars, fleeting in the midſt of a pure air, above the earth, which ſeemed embelliſhed by her looks, and deliciouſly ſoaked in milk, of a dazzling brightneſs, which ſhe plentifully diffuſed. Her boſom adorned with ſeveral fruitful breaſts, arranged in the moſt perfect ſymmetry: held in one hand a flambeau, whoſe light was extracted from the firſt rays of the Sun. She moved

moved it with majeſtic grace, and millions of little ſparks, in form of darts, rapidly fell from it on all parts of the earth. In the other ſhe held a thread, inviſible to the mortal eye; this thread, which nothing could break, paſſed through all hearts, and held all matter on earth chained with knots harder than the diamond. The ſlighteſt emotion proceeded from this grand principle, and the moſt aſtoniſhing revolutions were the effect of this ſingle ſpring; by its aid ſhe unravelled the courſe of events with regular and conſtant harmony, which ſhe conducted with magnificent eaſe; her ſpotted robe encompaſſed the globe, and exhibited a wonderful variety of colours, infinitely ſhaded. She was all-ſufficient in herſelf, and enjoyed her own charms. Her looks were replete with maternal care and tenderneſs; I readily diſcovered her.—Oh, Nature, ſaid I, is it thou I have ſo long ſought after? is it thou to whom mortals are ſo ungrateful? Is it thee, beauty moſt perfect, they are every moment inſulting? She caſt a ſmile on me, replete with kindneſs, and ſaid, "All mankind are my children, but thoſe children are inconſtant and rebellious. They forget their mother; and the farther they ſtray from me, the weaker their ſight to perceive me. I lead them gently by this thread, ſtill hiding my ſupporting hand; for their pride would be hurt. I tender them flattering baits, to induce them to obedience; and I puniſh them only for their good, when they wander too much from my amiable laws:

they murmur inceſſantly againſt their mother; yet ſhe loves them not the leſs. I watch over all their real wants, but withdraw my aid from their fictitious ones, which inflame and diſorder their imagination. Thoſe ſparks thou ſeeſt proceed from the flambeau of life, are carried into the hidden bowels of the earth; I inceſſantly tend upon the motion, the exiſtence, the diſplay of all beings; thoſe brilliant fires are ſo many reproductive ſhoots, the inexhauſtible ſource of joy, of pleaſure, of happineſs, and immortality. If, my ſon, I do no better, believe me it is not given to me to do more."

She made me a ſign, and I caſt my eyes on a concave glaſs, of a large circumference, that lay at her feet. What was my ecſtaſy! I could perceive, through this celeſtial microſcope, all the earth in one ſingle point of view; I could diſtinguiſh each part in the utmoſt minuteneſs; the human ſpecies ſhewed itſelf, as it really is, one only and ſame family; all thoſe ſmall inflamed darts which were emitted from the creative flambeau, had an active fertility. Pleaſure animated matter, and it grew viſibly under this happy hand, Plants, flowers, trees, bending towards each other their lively and amorous buds; the greater bodies ſcattered in the expanſe, were obedient to this univerſal motion; atoms purſued each other; every deſire followed its nutriment; every ſpark inflamed its object, and devoured it as its prey. Metals, enlivened in the mine, extended their branches, and ſilently united them;

them; the hardeſt flint incorporated with the ſtone it enlarged; the birds, with extended wings, ſought voluptuouſneſs in the azure ſkies; the inhabitants of the watery element felt the ſubtile flame in their briny plains; and amidſt the burning ſands, the haughty lion, with briſtled mane and ſparkling eye, follows his mate, roaring with pleaſure; whilſt in the deepeſt cavity of the hollow den, the tygreſs, ſuckling her young, reſembled a tender careful mother.

This inexhauſtible flame, always the ſame, and yet always divided, multiplied without end the prodigious heap of beings; but this exceſſive population would have been dreadful, if the hand of deſtruction had not put a ſtop to this inexhauſtible current. Nature ſighed at ſeeing one half of its children ſacrificed to the other; ſhe turned away her eyes from the devouring hand which hurried them to the tomb when they were ſcarcely come into life; but ſubmiſſive to the will of the Almighty who created her, ſhe adored him, without endeavouring to dive into it. Individuals deſtroyed each other, but the ſpecies ſurvived and ſeemed immortal. "Make good uſe, ſaid ſhe to me, of the precious moments granted to thee; do not let thy view wander fruitleſsly over this multiplicy of objects, of which the human eye cannot comprehend the coherence: fix it on man as the moſt accompliſhed as well as the moſt ſingular of my children; it is he ſhould intereſt thee in preference to all others. One

would be inclined to think him the center and end of this world, having rendered every thing ſo ſubſervient to his neceſſities or pleaſures. Fix on ſome one object, for your time for obſervation is but ſhort."

I glanced my eye rapidly over the ſcene, and in a vaſt country, to us hitherto unknown, I ſaw a naked Indian, free, but not bound to it, having nothing but God and nature above him, enjoying the benefits that offered themſelves, without analyſing them, content with the preſent, and not creating to himſelf imaginary phantoms; his body was ſupple and robuſt, his eye lively and piercing, his ear attentive; in his deportment a certain air of haughtineſs, of which we have no kind of idea in our degenerate climate. A ſpark of the creative flambeau had flown to his breaſt; inflamed with this fire, he wandered to the top of a mountain; there he anticipated the dawn; he looked up to Heaven, contemplated Nature, and demanded of each that voluptuouſneſs whoſe inflaming principle they had placed in his heart. Caſting his eager and impatient eyes around, he diſcovered in the remote part of a dale the deſtined object: quick as lightning he flies, and purſues the fugitive beauty; ſhe is ſoon fatigued. Tired and fainting, ſhe falls on the moſſy bed; he graſps her in his arms, and her feeble reſiſtance declares the ſecret deſires with which ſhe herſelf is conſumed. It is not the phrenzy of the imagination that unites and inflames them; it is not a furious paſſion that is known by

by its exceſſes or diſorders; it is rather an energetic and chaſte impulſe of nature, which wiſely conſummates the miracle of the reproduction of mankind. Voluptuouſneſs was never more lively or pure; it depoſited the beneficient flame of love in a grateful and ſenſible heart. The baſhfulneſs of this ſwooning beauty does not conſiſt in the diſſimulation of a reſiſtance as ridiculous as it is involuntary, but in that moderation that denotes happineſs. She enjoys without fear or remorſe: from henceforth ſhe follows his ſteps, whom ſhe acknowledges for her conqueror and maſter. It is not the fetters of ſlavery that make her a captive, it is the knot of love and pleaſure; they wander freely over a fruitful land, which is not bartered to the demon of property. The young ſavage ſeems more graceful and majeſtic beſide his companion; his eye is milder, his countenance more ſerene. The time being come, when ſhe muſt bring forth with anguiſh the fruit of the voluptuous union: this moving ſcene is performed on the banks of a rivulet; ſhe overcomes all the mother's pangs to enjoy only her pleaſures. The ſavage's heart is affected with a new ſenſation, ſuperior to all he had yet experienced; he receives his child in his vigorous arms, who already teſtifies his father's health and ſtrength; he acknowledges him to be his offſpring; and it will be as impoſſible for him to part from him, as it would be to give up that exquiſite paſſion for liberty, which he idolizes, without being ſenſible he may one day loſe it.

"Thou ſeeſt, (ſaid Nature to me) the children who have moſt faithfully adhered to my laws; others, leſs rational, endeavoured to realiſe the whims of their fancy. They were aſhamed of their nakedneſs and happineſs; they rejected my good offices, they formed a fantaſtical code.—If I ſhould abandon them to their own laws——but, no; inſtinct, their firſt guide, inſtinct, which, in ſpite of them, inclines them to good, watches, notwithſtanding their proud folly, to the preſervation of the ſpecies."

I looked again in the myſterious glaſs, and ſaw men of poliſhed manners. They almoſt all reſembled each other; their ſtature was ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable, and all their motions appeared conſtrained. The ſame hand that adorned the outſide, filled the inſide of their heads, and thought was ſubſervient to faſhion. They thought themſelves wiſe, yet they were unhappy. The two ſexes, differently dreſſed, walked towards each other with remarkable gravity; concealed from each other at firſt with great care the effect of the little ſparks; ſpoke together for a long time of quite other matters, than what they wanted to ſay, and after reciprocally deceiving one another, vanity finiſhed the buſineſs begun by lying. Each one engaged on their ſide other perſons to conſent to the union they intended to form. They met together, they conſulted, they ſcrupulouſly debated on the fortune; and if the inequality was ever ſo trifling, the agreement was broke off. Often, for a concluſion, they

they would ſend three hundred leagues to Peter to know if James could conſcientiouſly be united to the one he loved: Peter would take the money, and write his conſent; then it was nothing but feſtivity, without end; ſinging in the morning, dancing at night, and they left the new-married couple alone, when deſire was often gone. See, ſaid Nature to me; after all their follies, here they are returning to me, as they all will; they put off their dreſſes, which are troubleſome to them. But this active flame I ſent them to make them happy, being blunted in its direction, has no longer the ſame ſtrength; it is extinguiſhed during thoſe long debates. I looſe by it a ſtrong and vigorous child, and in its ſtead have one begot by uneaſineſs and conſtraint; their race dwindles, declines in beauty and in vigour; their minds are as feeble as their bodies; they are ſcarcely brought into the world, but they imprint the badge of ſlavery on them. Bandages and fetters are prepared; they are put on with demonſtrations of joy, as they welcome a new comer to priſon to ſhare the common diſgrace. What chimerical ideas they have formed! what a deſtructive genius! Troubleſome remorſe, gloomy reflections, perpetual agitations, thoſe are the works of thoſe haughty men. It is not long ſince they exerciſed the barbarous folly of ſtoning to death thoſe, who, yielding to the power of the darts with which I inſpired them, united together, without the conſent or permiſſion of any one. Now they are ſatisfied at

and deſpiſing thoſe, who, at the ſame time, they ſecretly envy. They delight in treating one another with the greateſt tyranny; they have ſpun the thread of their laws ſo fine over every part of the earth, that it is to be met with every where, and one muſt be very ſkilful, or very happy, not to break it. That was the certain method of promoting vice; and they have improved on it, by prohibiting a thouſand lawful and innocent things. How is it poſſible to look on thoſe numerous ſeraglios, without ſhuddering; peopled with eunuchs, the gloomy perſecutors of the moſt perfect beauties, who languiſh in all the horrors of deſpair, which will only end with their days! They look for a feeble alleviation, from a pale and enervated deſpot, which only irritates them, whilſt a ſeraglio of men would be more ſuitable to each of them. In other climes, there are other ſeraglios, where they ſeem to adore their yoke; where a ſigh towards me is an act of impiety; where in long canticles they boaſt to the Creator of their ſelf-denial, by refuſing to perpetuate the race of mankind. They muſt believe him to be very miſchievous, to dare addreſs him thus. But I have my turn; and I chaſtiſe them ſeverely; they call on me in vain from their ſolitary beds, drenched with their tears,—Oh, Nature, Nature!—I paſs on, and their repentance revenges their contempt of my power.

"I extend my indignation alſo on thoſe debauchees, who, ſubſervient only to their ſenſes, inflame their imagination with lafcivious

vious poetry. Unhappy wretches! they do not know that pleaſure, to be reliſhed, ſhould be ſimple, natural, and eaſy; they are only acquainted with the torment of impotency; the voluptuous draught is not made for their lips, inflamed with a mortal poiſon. I alſo proſcribe all thoſe who make it a practice, and delight in rending a credulous heart, and thoſe infamous corrupters of innocence, and thoſe who make a deteſtable abuſe of my gifts, and thoſe monſters who furiouſly inſult my laws. I reject all thoſe perverſe children—I will one day accuſe them before the Almighty Creator, and they will be puniſhed; for every thing that is exceſs, proceeds not from me.

"There are others who would ſet bounds to my fertility. They calculate wrong the kindneſs of Providence, of which they are diffident; they are afraid of bringing into life a being, which, according to them, would not find room enough on earth, nor this earth ſufficiently plentiful for their ſupport. How wretched are their laws, ſince it is ſo difficult to dwell among ſuch men, united in the bands of ſociety! But although they have ſpoiled every thing, why cannot they perceive how inſulting this intereſting ſpeculation is to me, and how criminal in the eyes of the Creator? All things call on them—What art thou? how doſt thou exiſt? Is it thou that ripens the fruits of the earth? Doſt thou know by what magic this pippin thou haſt ſet in it will grow; riſe four times thy height, cover thee with its ſhade, and delight thee with its fruit?

Is it thou who haſt adorned it with leaves; is it thou that giveth life? What occaſion then, for ſo much ſpeculation? Go, keep the road that Nature has pointed to thee; let her anſwer for the reſt.

"If thou art ſtill ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch admirable order preſerved amongſt ſuch a confuſion of falſe opinions and melancholy extravagancies, remember it is to my vigilant bounty this good order is due. I do not abandon my children, although they raiſe altars to folly; my induſtrious tenderneſs redoubles my care. I diſguiſe myſelf under the maſk that ſeduces them; I amuſe their weakneſs; I borrow their language, I humour their whims, the better to lead them to the end I propoſe. I hide even my power from them; I always hold their hearts in my poſſeſſion by this indiſſoluble thread, but I act without violence. I perceived they delighted in illuſions, the ornaments of the imagination; I made uſe of them to rivet their happy chains; I melted down all the ſentiments of the human heart into this primitive propenſity, ſince they will not enjoy their pleaſures without allay. Eſteem, friendſhip, ſelf-love, vanity, and even fortune, have united to augment the dominion of this paſſion; it was free and dallying, but it is now become, it is true, ſerious and terrible. Art has aided to augment its aſcendant; then it has cauſed conflagrations; but I have preferr'd ſome diſaſters to the annihilation of the ſpecies. But the buſineſs was to preſerve it, under the double oppreſſion of ſuperſtition and tyranny: by

by my ſkill, its inviſible effects have bid defiance to the fierceſt deſpot; and a young, baſhful, and modeſt girl, under the yoke of conſtraint, ſpeaks more feelingly to a young man with a glance of her eye, than if, at entire liberty, ſhe was to cling round his neck, and abandon herſelf to all the tranſports of his paſſion.

" Now they engrave their fantaſtical laws in braſs and ſtone; and in their enthuſiaſtic pomp, think to ſubdue me, and heap prejudice on prejudice, I laugh at them; I will inſinuate myſelf into their trifling ſports, their ceremonies. In vain will they dreſs me in twenty different colours; I will pull the inviſible thread. This is my ſanctuary; there will I command in ſpite of them; they will not be able to put me from them, without being annihilated themſelves.

" And doſt thou think this ſolemn bond thoſe lovers have juſt exchanged and ratified, would not be broke as ſoon as made, were it not for my aid, and the pleaſure I prepared for them did not afford the means of perfecting their union? It is the band of voluptuouſneſs, and not that of the laws, which preſerves their affection, whilſt the laws oſtentatiouſly arrogate to themſelves the glory."

Whilſt Nature was ſpeaking, my eye, ſtill fixed on the glaſs, flew from one object to another; I meditated, with inexpreſſible emotion, the aſtoniſhing effects of this vivifying flambeau. Thoſe men who made the univerſe dread the power of their arms, who

ſeemed

ſeemed as demigods to the affrighted world, their hands imbrued in ſlaughter, and graſping the thunder bolt, fell at the feet of a timorous beauty, humbling the haughty inſolence of their looks, to beg a ſingle glance. Thoſe hearts, inured to murder, ſigh'd; ſometimes the addreſſes of the maſters of the world were rejected. A ſhepherd prevailed over a monarch; virtuous beauty preferred the lover to treaſures; and deſpotic tyranny retired confuſed at the appearance of the invincible barrier where their immenſe power expired.

But, alas! when this fire fell on perfidious wretches, accuſtomed to crimes, then rage called forth all the furies of hell; they formed dark conſpiracies; they ſharpened the ſteel; they prepared poiſon; they introduced the fire of hatred and revenge, amidſt the peaceful darkneſs of night; hovels were burned, palaces reduced to aſhes, and the horrible monuments of jealouſy frightened even thoſe that cauſed them.—Oh, Nature! why doſt thou ſhake this ſacred flambeau on ſuch baſe and cruel ſouls?—She made me a ſign, and I ſaw in the concave glaſs ſerpents, tygers, panthers, inſects full of venom, the moſt frightful animals, re-producing their likeneſs in their hideous embraces. Nature turned away her awful countenance, and kept a profound ſilence.

And yet all great enterprizes, all productions of genius, had this vivifying fire for its principle; it forwarded the progreſs of the mind, it enlarged the circle of ideas, it made

it ſurvey with aſtoniſhing rapidity a career, where we ſhould have ſlowly crept on, without the aſſiſtance of this grand incentive. All ſacrifices bordering on heroiſm were familiar to it; all elevated enterprizes were natural to it, and the univerſe could not exhibit a more beautiful ſight than a virtuous heart, warmed by this divine flame. All the virtues of ſociety ſprung from this precious ſenſation, as from a refined ſource; it was then diveſted of that turbulent activity which renders it deſtructive; it was mild, moderate, and deſtroyed the afflictions of life, to let rule in its place that interior contentment which is the moſt certain teſtimony of happineſs.

But what pleaſed me moſt was, to ſee the primitive equality of mankind reſume its antient rights in the moſt civilized countries; Kings deſcended from their thrones, and laid by the ſceptre, the crown, and royal mantle. Dignities of all kinds were looked upon as uneaſy burdens, detrimental to voluptuouſneſs. Tiaras, diadems, mitres, rich robes, and helmets, preſident's caps lay ſcattered about, and were often trod under foot, in a fit of amorous dalliance; I ſaid to myſelf,—They came naked into the world, and into the earth they will return naked; they put off all ornaments, to abandon themſelves to the ſecret impulſe of nature; and you would not be on an equality, oh, ye mortals! Ah! this tranſitory dreſs, with which ſome of you adorn yourſelves, is only the badge of folly, which you

you prudently lay by when you would be happy.

I could not conceive how they could again put on this uneaſy reſtraint, they had juſt thrown off with ſo much delight; but cuſtom had made it an indiſpenſable duty, and they were obliged to keep up, through pride, what they had adopted in their firſt phrenzy. They carried their injuſtice ſo far, as to accuſe Nature with the ſhackles they had put on, whilſt ſhe endeavoured to remove the obſtacles that oppoſed their felicity.

Voluptuouſneſs, then, with a ſmiling countenance, and eaſy air, approached her mother Nature. She diſcovered her daughter by her chaſte eye, her countenance, which diſplayed a lively modeſty. She delivered her, in my preſence, a gold cup, and ſaid,—"Go down among mankind; let them imbibe pleaſure in your bewitching cup; let them quench their thirſt, but not intoxicate themſelves: even proud Ambition ſhall be your ſlave, and Heaven grant ſhe may remain ſo!"—Voluptuouſneſs deſcended on earth, and man dared all evils to repoſe a while in her arms. It was for her he learned to fight, to conquer or to die; he undertook the greateſt difficulties to obtain a ſmile. Who could reſiſt the attractions of this amiable Sovereign! But why reſiſt them! every thing was languid in the world, if by a beam of pleaſure ſhe had not introduced motion and life. Soul of animated beings! ſhe conſtantly repelled the abſorbing hand of death; it was ſhe ſupported the immenſe

menſe creation. The unſociable miſantropiſt purſued his image in the reveries of his gloomy melancholy; he wept and blaſphemed, while he adored this queen of the univerſe. A gentle voice was heard in the air, ſaying,—Mortals, do not reſiſt her ſoft attractions; it appertains to the ſenſations of man, to his intimate and abſtruſe exiſtence. Confeſs, ye wiſe Atrabilarians, confeſs her ſweets are mild; what Nature loves muſt neceſſarily be good; pleaſure is the balm of life, pleaſure elevates the mind to a ſenſe of gratitude to the Creator of the univerſe. Canticles of reaſon are cold; but when the heart fructifies and adorns them, they are then ardent, and pierce the ſkies; they bear the incenſe of a worthy homage to the majeſtic feet of the Eternal. Amiable and ſublime Legiſlatrix, ſoft Voluptuouſneſs!—Command, but be not tyrannical; do not permit thy gracious laws to give birth to intoxication, but deliberate ſentiments. Thou haſt not come down from Heaven to earth to ſtupify, but to ennoble mankind; do not violate thy glorious intent; thou wouldſt deſtroy thyſelf, and be thy own executioner.—This was the voice of Moderation; ſhe embraced Voluptuouſneſs, who then appeared brighter. She ſeemed to enjoy a peaceable and perfect happineſs, unmixed with diſquietude, uneaſineſs, or paſſion; pleaſure was no longer that mechanical impulſe that fatigues rather than ſatisfies the ſenſes; it was as durable as it was moderate; its calm delights did not enrapture the ſoul, ſo as to hinder its

its ſublime functions, and no law was violated; Nature diffuſed her bounties to the happy mind that reſpected her.

I exclaimed, ſuddenly retiring back with horror,—Oh, tender, Oh, careful mother! what a horrible turn! what do I ſee! what are thoſe livid flames that fall from thy flambeau! how can they be ſo bold as to mingle and tarniſh the ſplendor of the brilliant flames of Voluptuouſneſs? Oh, Nature! how is thy beauty faded! Heavens! how many unhappy wretches periſh by abandoning themſelves to their ardency. Does this impure flame proceed from the infernal gulphs! for it brings all its torments with it: the man who is infected with this impoiſoned vapour, deteſts his exiſtence, perpetuates it with horror, and tranſmits his deſpair to all his unfortunate progeny. He ſhudders whilſt he embraces pleaſure, and he yields to it for his miſery.—Why do you grant ſucceſs to his performance, and give life to innocent beings, who will one day curſe with juſtice both thee and their father? I ſee the youth, in the age of imprudence, impetuoſity, and pleaſure, unknowingly receive this poiſon in his veins; he innocently communicates it to his tender lover; they periſh in the flower of their youth; they expire in ſolitary torments, with the preſſure of ſhame added to that of anguiſh. It is true, there are other ſcourges; the plague at leaſt declares itſelf, and is but of ſhort duration; famine leaves us ſome reſources, and does not deſtroy hope; the flame of war ſtops; volcanos thunder

thunder before they vomit their flames; but this, more horrid, ſeems immortal; it has ſpread all over the face of the earth, under the perfidious allurements of Voluptuouſneſs. Devouring and hidden fire! it undermines the entire race of mankind; it ſilently infeſts with its deſtructive venom; it deſtroys pleaſure, which is more than life; it corrupts our only conſoling advantage, mingled among a croud of evils; it ſtrikes the innocent, and with it future generations. Happy ſhould we be, if it ſuddenly led us to death;—but no; the pure milk thou diſtilleſt, turns into a ſlow poiſon in thy own breaſt, and thou nouriſheſt thy children with this woeful and murderous food.

"My ſon," replied Nature, "do not enhance the miſeries, which are the greateſt cauſe of my ſufferings. God has permitted evil to ſhed its bitterneſs in my boſom, and I felt it at the ſame time torn by this ever-renewing tormentor. I had hid this contagion in iſlands almoſt inacceſſible; the daring imprudence of man has ſurmounted all. You may judge my amazement, when I ſaw the greedy European carry deſolation into the boſom of America, wanting to mingle his barbarian blood with the ſame innocent blood he had ſpilt in torrents! For this he was puniſhed, and America revenged. The progreſs of the contagion was as rapid as horrible. I thought myſelf undone, and lifted up my eyes towards that abode, where ſevere juſtice and ſmiling mercy, with arms entwined, ſupport together the

the Eternal's throne in all its majeſtic brightneſs. He vouchſafed to make a ſign to Hope, and that forerunner to happineſs came, and ſupported me in her arms; her balmy words penetrated my wounds."—"Tender daughter of the Eternal," ſaid ſhe to me, "confide entirely in his clemency; the Almighty's plan is immenſe, and it is not given thee to know all; courage and ſubmiſſion are thy duties and virtues. If the ardent fire of grief purifies thy fleſh, it is the operation of an inſtant; it is an imperceptible minute, in compariſon of ages, that ſlide away. Nature, thou art in the ſight of God, as a child before its mother; ſometimes ſhe ſeems to abandon it for a moment, to ſee which way it will go; but if it ſmiles, extends its feeble hands, as to its only hope, ſhe then catches it in her maternal arms, and then preſſes it to her boſom with redoubled ardour; ſhe for ever after calls it her dear child, her well-beloved child, who recognized her, who confidently and tenderly ſmiled on her. In a little while, let me tell you, you ſhall be initiated in all the ſecrets of the Supreme Being; you ſhall read the plan of the creation in his enlightened boſom; you ſhall no longer be obſtructed by either ſhadow or cloud, and thou wilt even poſſeſs the Divinity. The phyſical evil is the hammer that ſtrikes on eternity, to beat out the ſpring of moral good."

A jaring and plaintive noiſe, which came from the adjoining room, where the two unhappy

lovers were, whoſe adventure had ſo much affected me, awoke me ſuddenly. I haſted thither. What a moving and terrible ſcene! A man, who I ſoon found to be the father of the young woman, in the greateſt rage, endeavouring to ſtrangle her; her lover held him vigorouſly, with all his might, though with decency. Sometimes he implored, then ſtruggled; he was both the protector of this diſtreſſed woman, and a ſubmiſſive and ſuppliant ſon. The whole houſe was raiſed with the noiſe; ſeveral people, urged on by the enraged father, endeavoured to overpower the young man, while the other ſpectators, moved and affected, joined in his defence: but at the appearance of an officer, who produced a formidable order, and the angry countenance of a man who claimed the rights of a father over his daughter, every one gave way, and force ſucceeded.

The lovers were torn from each other's embraces. They ſunk from the pinnacle of deſpair into a ſullen ſilent ſorrow; they ſeemed annihilated, and like two victims dragged to execution.

The young child, half awoke by the noiſe and tumult, lay ſtruggling in the cradle. I was ſuddenly ſeized with an extraordinary emotion, being ſtill full of my dream, and the image of nature. I took the infant in my arms, and preſenting it to this inflexible father,—Sir, ſaid I, in a firm tone, here is an infant, who wants a father; it is your blood that flows in its veins, and beats in that little heart,

heart, which will one day bleſs the hand that cheriſhes its weakneſs, or curſe the one that abandons it. This is he in whom you are to revive, and who will one day be your greateſt glory or reproach: look upon this innocent babe that your barbarity would deprive of every aſſiſtance; would you wiſh him to curſe you! Your daughter's crime is to have yielded to an impulſe which has ſubdued you more than once, and you have not been able to conquer. She has brought into the world, without your conſent, perhaps without her own, a ſon, who ſhould not be guilty in your ſight; it depends on you, then, to repair this fault, by legitimating this ſon, who will reſpect and cheriſh you. Shall barbarian prejudice force you to ſacrifice every thing dear to you in this life! As to this young man, he loves, and is beloved; he tenders you a virtuous hand; what greater riches do you require? Confeſs it; the ſmile of this infant has more real charms and value than the greateſt treaſures; its mother is your daughter; what other title ought the father of this child bear than her huſband! he is worthy of it, as he has fulfilled its duties; ſet a proper value on his reſolution, and high-ſpirited feeling ſoul, that loves you, notwithſtanding your ſeverity.

The father, ſtruck more with the aſpect of the child than with my remonſtrance, contemplated him ſtedfaſtly. It had thrown off part of its clothes; and whether it was the effect of the minute, or a fortunate accident, he fixed

his eyes on his grandfather with the ſame tender earneſtneſs as he did on his mother; he even held out ſmiling his two little hands to him. I ventured to put him in his arms, and ſaid,—Behold his aſylum! he is in the boſom of nature, and ſhall not depart from it; this breaſt muſt not be ſhut againſt his cries. Could he ſpurn him from him! his countenance began already to betray the emotions of his heart; he vainly endeavoured to conceal it. In his confuſion, he could not help kiſſing the child; the afflicted mother, attentive to all his motions, ſeized the inſtant; ſhe flung herſelf at his feet; and ſupporting her child with one hand, while ſhe preſſed him gently to her father's lips, with the other ſhe graſped his hand, and bath'd it with a torrent of tears. The young man, at a little diſtance, put one knee to the ground; and I, ſtanding with extended arms, and tears in my eyes, excited the already relenting father to pity and compaſſion. It was not long before he put up his hand to wipe away a falling tear; and his ſilence preſaged ſome grand event.—— "Thou haſt conquered," ſaid he ſuddenly to his daughter; "I did not expect this thunder-clap; it is from Heaven, which over-rules all. His holy name be for ever bleſt! Riſe up; my anger is paſt; I forgive you, and I feel my tears mingle with thine.—This child —Ah!—leave me, you ſoften me too much—take your child, he is now mine—love me both of you." He ſpoke, and kiſſing the child with redoubled tranſport, gave him back to his

his mother. The young man then ventured to approach, took him by the hand and kiſſed it with a reſpectful air; and I, giving way to the force of example, fell at his knees, as if I had been his own ſon, or as if he had pardoned me. He did not raiſe us up; he wept bitterly a long time, hiding his face, now and then returning to the child's cradle, whom he gazed on with wondrous and relenting eyes. The witneſſes to this affecting ſcene, aſtoniſhed, gave way to the different emotions of ſurpriſe, tenderneſs, and joy.

Love and gratitude were never more ſtrongly marked by lively and tender expreſſions; the victorious triumph of nature, peaceable and melting, was as great as the furious rage that had burſt forth an hour before. This hard-hearted and inflexible father ſeemed abaſhed at the exceſſes to which he had abandoned himſelf; his confuſion between a ſon, a daughter, and a grandſon, would form a portrait which would require a better pencil than mine. Thus the innocent action of an infant diſarmed an enraged man of his wrath, which any other would in vain have attempted to work upon.—Oh, Nature, Nature, ſaid I to myſelf, this is one of thy ſtrokes: thou haſt pulled the ſecret thread that unites the hearts of thy children, and they have obeyed thee! We muſt return to thee to be feeling, to be humane, to be happy. The father could not ſatiate his eyes with his dear child, who had diſarmed his anger; twenty times did he return to careſs him; the mother's heart enjoyed

enjoyed the ſight, without loſing a ſingle circumſtance. He anticipated the pleaſure of preſenting him to all his family. The mother wiped away her tears, but they were the tears of gladneſs. The young man ſilently embraced me; and I, overjoyed at the victory obtained by Nature, ſet out, enjoying the delicious pleaſure of having ſeen every thing changed according to their wiſhes and mine *.

A DIALOGUE

Between a PHILOSOPHER *and his* GARDENER †.

Paradoxil.

WHAT's the news with thee, Maturin?

Maturin. Good news, Sir! The good wife is lately brought to bed of a chopping boy, who is to be baptized this night; and this buſineſs being well over, I feel I ſhall work better to-day than uſual.

Par. Why then I find you are well pleaſed, Maturin?

Mat. Lord, Sir! who would not be ſo in my ſituation? If I had time I would dance by myſelf.

* A player, called Armand, in a piece, entitled, *The Call of Nature*, has appropriated to himſelf the plan, the character, and expreſſions of the author.

† The author expoſes the different ſyſtems on generation, by exhibiting the ridiculouſneſs and futility of them.

Par. But how canſt thou be ſo merry, when thy child is juſt come into a ſcene of miſery and trouble?

Mat. Oh! let him not be more unhappy than his father, and all will go well. — If he has troubles, he will alſo have ſome pleaſure. Can one be without the other? If he is not lazy, if he works, he will not be ſorry to have been born. For my part, I am not ſorry to find myſelf here.

Par. What! you are happy?

Mat. And why not, pray? Yes, I am happy.

Par. Poh! you only fancy ſo.

Mat. But why not? I feel, I hope, what I feel. Do you want to make me believe I am miſerable? No, no, I am very well ſatisfied, eſpecially now the good woman is delivered; for I am relieved from a burden. I don't complain of what I cannot help; I chuſe rather to enjoy what God Almighty ſends me, than to be murmuring and grunting to no purpoſe; that is the reaſon I married, becauſe it is a great ſatisfaction to have a pretty little woman who loves and careſſes one, and a greater ſtill to kiſs the child ſhe nurſes on her lap.

Par. Doſt thou know how thy child came into the world?

Mat. Odds bobs! he came in like all others; the King's children don't come otherwiſe; it's all one: and, zooks! when I think on it, it's a good leſſon for your proud folks.

Par.

Par. But that's not what I would ſay.—How doſt thou think thou haſt been able to beget a being like thyſelf?

Mat. That's a very ſtrange queſtion! when I plant a tree, I put the ſhoot in the earth, and then go about my buſineſs; it grows when God gives it a bleſſing. It is not thoſe that make the fineſt arguments are the wiſeſt men.

Par. But what idea haſt thou of the myſtery of generation?

Mat. Since you ſay it is a myſtery, I cannot know any thing of the matter. It has pleaſed God to conceal his ſecrets from us, ſince he executes them before our eyes, and we cannot ſee into them.

Par. But ſtill what doſt thou think on this ſubject?

Mat. I know nothing, I think nothing: I only know when to plant a tree, but I do not know how it grows. It is the ſame with children, I ſuppoſe: after having been fond of one another of a night, one muſt ſend of a morning for the midwife, and the child cries. How thoſe children came into the world, is beyond our conception; in ſhort they do come; that is the principal buſineſs; what ſignifies the reſt to us?

Par. How! what ſignifies it to us? Doſt thou not know, then, if this ſcience was thoroughly known, it would furniſh us the means of bringing the human ſpecies to greater perfection; and inſtead of ſo many ſilly fools, we ſhould have nothing but people of genius and philoſophers?

Mat. But if every one was a wit and a philoſopher, there would be no more block-heads; then who would there be to admire learned men and philoſophers? Truly, ſir, they would be finely taken in. But they are a good ſort of people neceſſary to have about us, like you, my dear maſter; for obſerve me, you are a very good man: and give me leave to tell you, I like your actions more than your ſpeeches.

Par. Pſha, if I am not better, the reaſon is, I am not yet enlightened enough. But I wiſh you would tell me freely your thoughts on generation.

Mat. Why, I tell you, I have none; it is your buſineſs, that know all about it, to tell me. But, between ourſelves, it would be better to get a child than rack your brains how it is got. — But, ſince you have got ſo much knowledge, let us hear, tell us all your doctrine. In the mean time I will go on with my work, not to loſe time. — Now for it. How do you ſettle the fabricating of man? Have you ever been in the manufactory?

Par. Why, pretty nearly.

Mat. What the devil! what's that you ſay?

Par. I have opened ſome two or three hundred goats after copulation, and, by the aſſiſtance of the ſcapel, I have purſued, in the ramifications of the veins—

Mat. What! you have made thoſe cruel experiments! you are become an executioner to be learned! Inſtead of ſparing thoſe poor animals, you have committed a ſlaughter

ſlaughter that has anſwered no purpoſe. — By Jove! I am glad of it; for it is not by deſtroying that one will diſcover the cauſe of life.

Par. I am pleaſed with thy good ſenſe. It is with regret I made this philoſophical ſlaughter, but the deſire to know nature—

Mat. Remain in ignorance rather as I am, and do no harm to any thing. Zookes, if you was ſuffered to go on with the curioſity that excites you, perhaps you would begin to embowel our —— excuſe my freedom — and only to ſee better.

Par. Oh! always ſpeak thy mind. I like that words ſhould be as free as thoughts; and I prefer thy converſation to that of many of the learned.

Mat. Well, then, liſten to me, — you are a very good man while you are not curious.— You would not hurt a child. — But when the demon of knowledge poſſeſſes you, you are more cruel than all the huntſmen together. — They are in the right to ſay all over the village you are a little cracked. — You laugh.— I ſaid nothing of it to any one; but I know the ugly experiments you made with thoſe glaſſes that make every thing ſo large. — Fie upon it! the operations of the black art are not ſo diabolical. All the ſecrets in the world are worth nothing when compared to the ſhameful means of acquiring them. I have often bluſhed for you.

Par. Well, faith, friend Maturin, I never thought of bluſhing: I have ſeen all thoſe things

philoſophically, as a ſcrutinizer of nature; and every thing that has exiſtence is formed to be ſeen and conſidered by man.

Mat. Come, come, that is not the way to become learned.—Go ſee where——But you will be puniſhed for your curioſity; you will know nothing. Here you are in the world; what the devil ſignifies it how you came here?

Par. I wiſh to diſcover the origin of ſo extraordinary an animal as man. The inſtant of caſting a ſtatue is that which impreſſes for ever its grace and beauty. If we knew well the mould of the human ſpecies, we might ſhape it; and art, which in every thing elſe wonderfully aſſiſts nature, might ſecond her in this circumſtance. If thou didſt but know all that has been thought on this ſubject, it would ſeem to thee very curious, and would certainly make thee have a better opinion of thoſe experiments.

Mat. Well, relate them all to me: I ſhall then be as knowing as you, and ſhall have nothing to reproach myſelf with.

Par. That is a very ſubtil diſtinction, Maſter Maturin; you will know every thing and pay nothing.

Mat. You make arguments; that's your trade; I grow cabbages; you eat my cabbages, let me taſte of your arguments.

Par. That is all right.—Well, my friend, you muſt know it was a mere chance that thou and all the human race never had exiſted.

Mat.

Mat. Ah! Ah! Egad that's very comical.—The world had a great eſcape then! But how happened that?

Par. We muſt proceed regularly. Liſten to me. There are millions and hundreds of millions of ſhoots more innumerable than the ſands of the ſea, which being formed to expand themſelves, periſh and never come into life. Thy ſhoot, fortunately or unfortunately, I do not know which, has expanded.

Mat. I am not ſorry for it.—

Par. Thou art grown, thou haſt underſtanding, whilſt ſo many millions of others have ſunk into nothing. All proceeds from the firſt man, and even the univerſe was originally, but a favoured ſhoot among ſo many thouſands of others.

Mat. What! did the world grow as I did? How! do you believe that?

Par. Yes, the world may have begun by a ſhoot no bigger than an egg.

Mat. (laughing) This ſame philoſophy is a very comical thing!—But the hen that laid this egg?

Par. The ſun, the moon, the earth, the ſea, preſent and future generations, all thoſe things, I tell you again, depended, as thou didſt, on ſmall beginnings.

Mat. (laughing louder) But the hen, I ſay the hen?

Par. Very well; thou, for example, were in thy father; and thy father was in thy grand father; and thy grand father and father were in thy great grand father; and thy great great

grand father and thy great great great grand fathers and thou were in the loins of our father Adam when he walked in the garden.

Mat. What, then, I was walking with him? By Jove, then, I have followed my father's trade—I am a gardner too.

Par. Right. But what was thy dependance then, thee and the whole human ſpecies?

Mat. Oh, heavens, I was ſo ſmall then!

Par. Why, you wretch! do you think yourſelf bigger now? What is thy form of five feet four inches on the globe? Thou wilt ſcarcely have appeared before thou art ſwept away. The firſt ſtep thy child takes puſhes thee towards the grave. There is no reſt in nature; as thou walkeſt through life thou art haſtning to death; an irreſiſtible power drives thee on; thou ſuffereſt through thy ſtate, and thou dieſt through neceſſity.

Mat. A fine conſolation, truly! and is this what you call philoſophy? it does not wear a roſe-coloured complection at leaſt.

Par. Do you want to be deceived?

Mat. No.

Par. Well, attend to truth.

Mat. Let us for once, then, ſee her countenance.

Par. Thou art like the flowers thou didſt dreſs.

Mat. Who me?

Par. Yes. Thou art a walking plant; they ſhoot forth, they grow, they periſh in thy

thy garden by the ſame laws that make thee live.

Mat. What! I am a walking plant then?

Par. Doubtleſs. Thy ſtomach, which thou filleſt with groſs food, repreſents the roots that ſuck the juices in the earth which makes them grow. Flowers reſpire and perſpire as thou doſt, they feed and diſcharge their ſuperfluities as thou doſt; they viſibly unite together and make love.

Mat. My flowers make love! Oh, no! that won't do.

Par. Yes, thou fool, that has eyes and can't ſee.

Mat. Into what, maſter?

Par. Lay down thy ſpade, draw near, and learn to reverence philoſophy.

Mat. I do not underſtand a word;—I ought to reverence?

Par. Look on the calix of that tulip; the top of the ſtamina, or rather the little male flower that leans amorouſly towards the female flower, and endeavours to dart its duſt. Thou wilt every where ſee the eagerneſs of the male flower to find out the one of the other ſex: if thou haſt an inclination to ſee this amuſement, ſqueeze dextrouſly and ſuddenly a cloſe male flower, and thou wilt ſee ſpout from it a ſmoaky duſt that will cover the piſtil. Palm trees incline towards and embrace each other, notwithſtanding every obſtacle; they ſqueeſe and compaſs one another forcibly: thus flowers come by the ſame principle thou art come into the world.

There is an uniform ſyſtem in generation; and minerals, which are ſo hard, or rather appear ſo, experience in themſelves a perpetual action; every thing is animated and alive in this matter which you think lies dormant. Stones, marbles, are produced exactly like man, all by the help of a matrix, ſtrings, cuticles, and placenta.

Mat. Lord! my head is diſtracted with all thoſe hard names. What, my ſpade is come into the world juſt as I did?

Par. Yes, and the iron in the mine is expanded by the ſame laws that have expanded thy body. Fire, water, and earth, are ſprung from particular atoms; they are all gifted like thee with the faculty of reproducing themſelves. The innumerable number of vortices, of ſuns, of habitable earths, a ſyſtem which I explained to thee the laſt time.—

Mat. Oh! I remember it well; I did nothing but dream all night of ſtars bigger than the village.

Par. Be ſure, then, remember my leſſons. All this I ſay, (no thou wilt not believe it yet) all this may formerly have been contained in a grain whoſe bigneſs would ſcarce equal a pea.

Mat. Say a bean, at leaſt, my dear maſter.

Par. No.—The milky way I ſhowed thee with my teleſcope is a groupe of little worlds that are only come out of the ſhell about ſixty or eighty years ago. Planets produce planets, and the greateſt globe has had an embrio like the ſmalleſt fly, or the ſmalleſt inſect, the

ſport

ſport of the winds. The winds ſcatter the univerſal ſeeds of being.—

Mat. And make the apricots fall.

Par. What's that to the purpoſe? Do not interrupt me.—It ſeems Venus has lately produced a ſattellite; our earth formerly brought forth the moon, a nation called Egyptians, have the certificate of its birth, which has ſince been loſt. But as the earth is not yet worn out with age, it may very poſſibly procreate a ſecond moon.

Mat. And who will make good to us the expence of lanterns which we have lately purcha.ed ſo dear? Will they return us our money again, ſir?

Par. Money is never returned, let what will happen, my honeſt fellow.

Mat. In that caſe, you would do better to exert yourſelf in recovering it than in racking your brains with planets which get children.

Par. Why will the magnitude of this globe hinder thee from ſeeing and acknowledging what thou every day perceiveſt in the beings which ſurround thee? Thou canſt not conceive that every thing in nature unfolds itſelf as well as in the confined ſpace of thy garden; that the ſun generates other ſuns as the ſeed of the ſalading generates ſalad? Even thyſelf would ſuffice if the entire race of mankind were deſtroyed to renovate their exiſtence.

Mat. What, I alone?

Par. Yes; I mean with thy fat wife.

Mat. Very well—let it be ſo, for goodneſs ſake.

Par. Thou art a world in miniature, having in thyſelf every thing neceſſary for its re-production; and the univerſe is a great living being, ſubject to the ſame laws which direct thee. In the mean time, it is only more or leſs of matter; and what thou calleſt great or ſmall, is no more than an illuſion of thy eyes. From the moment thou haſt exiſtence thou art as great as the greateſt thing in the world. There is no ſtandard to meaſure thee by, thou art both totality and part.

Mat. Devil take me if I underſtand a ſingle word of all you ſay!

Par. Liſten to me, however.—Sometimes a vortex ſickens, diſſolves, and decays, like a peach thou wouldſt pick up; ſometimes it is in the vigour of youth. Its duration is ſome millions of years, and thine is eighty or a hundred; that is all the difference. But no reaſon why this vortex had not a beginning, as I told thee, by an egg, as well as thee.

Mat. What! was my beginning in an egg;

Par. Yes; that is thy origin. It is common to all beings. The ſize is nothing!—There muſt have been a beginning, whether it is the ſun or a gnat.

Mat. (pauſing) I began by being ſhut up in a ſhell! I have before now heard ſome of your companions, when walking with you, ſay ſo. But I am not of that opinion, I muſt tell you. I do not like the notion of being a priſoner in a ſhell. I am afraid of having a

beak; I prefer the opinion of thoſe who are for breaking all thoſe eggs, and leave me a round, unpointed viſage.

Par. No bad reaſon. I very well knew I ſhould make ſomething of thee. Thou prefereſt the ſyſtem of organical particles of matter!

Mat. What is that, pray?

Par. They are ſmall, ſimilar, and material points, which form a noſe, an eye, an arm, a foot, a finger, a toe, and gather together through affinity.

Mat. Through affinity! what does that mean?—I do not underſtand it.

Par. Didſt thou never play at priſon bars?

Mat. Yes, when I was a ſchool boy; and ſince too, at the village feaſt.

Par. Well, at this play thou knoweſt the comers take their ſtations and diſlodge thoſe who come after them. Thus, then, the briſk eye and vigilant noſe drives away all the heavy eyes and lazy noſes. They place themſelves wonderfully in order in their mould when they are not double and of equal ſtrength; for then there is a great ſtruggle, and the reſult is the production of a monſter with two heads and four arms. But moſt commonly thoſe particles of matter, as polite as the moſt civilized perſons, who will not intrude themſelves in a chair already taken up, place themſelves on one ſide, or retire if there is no room; they take poſſeſſion under a form ſimilar to that they had when they floated in the individual

individual that furniſhed them, they frame themſelves on this individual.

Mat. But if all thoſe little beings are alive, why do they ſacrifice themſelves to form only one and the ſame animal? if they have life, let them play their gambols by themſelves; if they are dead, being reunited, they can do nothing of themſelves. Moreover, when placed, ſomething will be neceſſary to unite them. There muſt be cement with ſtones which form a building. Then where is the cement of your organized particles? I confeſs I cannot comprehend it.

Par. Since thou wilt not believe in the production of ſeveral ſmall, diſtinct, and ſimilar beings, made to compoſe man, wouldſt thou rather admit, that the primitive parts of matter ſhould have ſentiment and intelligence? It coſts nothing in the ſuppoſition; and, in proportion of their maſs and their power, they co-ordain together from the ideas they have had.

Mat. This is all Hebrew to me, and to you alſo, perhaps.

Par. Well, wouldſt thou rather have a ſucceſſive progreſſion by exaltation of the ſeed?

Mat. I ſhall not get a child the more with all thoſe fine words.

Par. Then wouldſt thou prefer the human brain, which gradually forms the reſt of the machine?

Mat. I do not concern myſelf much about what is ſaid on that ſubject.

Par.

Par. Let us try one more ſyſtem to ſatisfy thee. — What doſt thou think of the entire man being originally abridged to an incomprehenſible ſmallneſs, and that, in proportion to the contraction he experiences, he tends to dilate himſelf, and actually does dilate with the greateſt ſpring, when the compreſſive power ceaſes to act?

Mat. Stop a little; I underſtand this ſomething better; but it is not yet quite clear enough.

Par. Well, then, thou muſt be ſatisfied with the *ſpermatic animalcule*, that are every where in the atmoſphere, that we ſwallow, more eſpecially when we are hungry, and which are afterwards ſo friendly to the philoſophy of love. Thou knoweſt how to diſtinguiſh celery from another plant?

Mat. When you talk of celery, I know what that means. — But I will prepare you a ſallad this night to cool your blood; for, with your good leave, my dear maſter, you are a little mad or ſo.

Par. How, when I argue with thee?

Mat. All you have ſaid to me is certainly only to be laughed at. — If I knew how to write as well as read, I could ſoon ſtrike out a dozen ſyſtems like yours.

Par. Who, thou?

Mat. Yes me. We can give things what meaning we pleaſe. It is ſo with nature; ſhe ſays nothing to any one, and ſtill your learned gentlemen will make her ſpeak. — Why the ſecret to deſtroy dormice that eat our fruits,

is,

is, by many degrees, more uſeful than gueſſing how we came into the world; for we know nothing of the matter, either coming or going out of it. I kill no goats out of curioſity; I deſtroy as many caterpillars as I can, becauſe they really are our enemies; if we were to let them go on we ſhould not have a pear left. Tell me now, why your academicians do not employ themſelves in finding out a way to deſtroy this curſed breed, inſtead of gazing all night at ſtars that fly from them in the morning? Is not the peach one eats better than the world one can ſcarcely ſee at the end of a glaſs? For you have filled my head with all thoſe fooleries, and we ſee worlds above us now as thick as apples in Normandy.

Par. You ſee, then, there is ſome pleaſure in contemplating the univerſe in its full extent; thou breatheſt more freely when thou lookeſt up to heaven; and ſay to thyſelf, there are gardeners above there juſt like me, who dig the earth and plant vegetables.

Mat. Zooks! I wiſh I was in a planet in ſummer, where it would rain only half an hour every day.—What joy it is to ſee a fine ſmall rain now and then!—That would be charming, and every thing would be the better for it in our garden; we ſhould not be obliged, then, to be always fatiguing ourſelves drawing water; which hinders us alſo from muſing on your fine ſyſtems.

Par.

Par. You enter now, Maſter Maturin, on a very great ſubject. What, do you complain of phyſical evil and moral evil?

Mat. What is all that, I pray you, ſir. — We have never heard of thoſe diſorders, do you ſee; they may be fit for your city libertines.

Par. Thy miſtake makes me ſmile, although it is not yet ſo great.—Well, my honeſt Maturin, ſome other time I will explain to thee how every thing is connected in the origin of things; I will ſhow thee the concatination of beings.

Mat. The concatination of beings! — But would it not be better to enjoy what we have than to be raving on ſuch flighty matters?— I'll tell you what, when I embrace my wife, I hold a moſt charming truth, I will not ſeek any other. There is one thing, however, I would be glad to know, and after that another; why does the Lord of the manor deſpiſe me ſo much as he paſſes along, and why are we ſo many months without rain.—If I could come at the knowledge of this, I think I ſhould know enough.

Par. My honeſt fellow, that Lord, with all his pride, has a gloomy countenance, has he not?

Mat. Yes, truly, he never ſmiles.

Par. He is not pleaſed with himſelf, and, therefore, ſwells with pride. — Believe me, thou art worth more than he, by thy utility in life, and, above all, by the goodneſs of thy heart.

Mat.

Mat. Come, now, I love you when you ſpeak to me ſo. Yes, I feel I am better than he; for if I was as rich, I think I would do a great deal of good; and he gives all the neighbourhood a deal of trouble, what with his hunting, which tears up all our ground, and his footmen, who corrupt all our girls. That ſhoot ſhould have remained in its primitive nothingneſs as well as thoſe of dormice and caterpillars.

Par. Thou ſhalt know another time why his breed is come into the world.

Mat. No matter why; it is the means to deſtroy them I would wiſh to find out.

Par. At our next converſation I will explain every thing to thee.—At preſent I muſt go meet a comet that is coming to pay us a viſit.

Mat. And I will go pick a ſallad.—But now I think on't, maſter, ought I to be afraid of this ſame comet? They ſay the tails of thoſe ladies are apt to bring inundations upon us.—Do endeavour to make her ſhew us her face.

Par. There is not the leaſt appearance, my honeſt fellow, that it can do us any harm; but if it ſhould approach a little too near the earth, make yourſelf eaſy before hand, it would be only the buſineſs of a moment. An univerſal earthquake of a minute or ſo, and all would be over.—Thou wouldſt periſh with all the emperors, potentates, and philoſophers of the world.

Mat.

Mat. A fine conſolation, truly! But is it not ſtill putting an end to us? I value my life as much as they do theirs.—I beg, ſir, you will remove my fears about this comet; otherwiſe I ſhall have no heart to work.

Par. Do not be frightened; the road thoſe planets travel in is ſo broad there is no danger of their joſtling one another.

Mat. So beſt; for if they ſhould take a fancy to make love to one another, as you was ſaying a while ago, and ſhould draw near each other in a little gameſome ſport, like my flowers, what would become of us?

Par. Poh, thoſe majeſtic planets, in their vaſt and magnificent rotation, ſend each other tokens of tenderneſs at immenſe, not to ſay immeſurable, diſtances.

Mat. Very good. I am much obliged to their majeſties; but I would not be a planet, becauſe at my wife's upriſing we ſhall come to a right underſtanding together; we won't make love as your planets do.

Par. Well, thy thick head is more uſeful to her than all the ſuns and planets in the world, which are incapable of thought.

Mat. Well, ſir, you have ſtunned this poor head. You will tell me the reſt by and by before we go to bed. Supper is almoſt ready, and you will not have a deſert unleſs I leave you.—Adieu.

Par. Think of my ſtrawberries.

Mat. (going) Thank God, I think more of them than of all your worlds.

ON FORTUNE AND GLORY.

A Viſion.

MORPHEUS had touched my eyelids with his wand; gloomy care and uneaſineſs had fled far from me. Every thing, even love, was enwrapped with my heart in the ſoft charms of repoſe, when ſuddenly a croud of fantoms ſeized my imagination; but it ſoon unravelled a regular ſyſtem in this tumultuous ſcene, and this is the true picture my memory has preſerved of it.—I imagined myſelf in a temple, filled with an immenſe concourſe of people; on every ſide I cou'd hear theſe words: "She is coming—Here ſhe is.—No—Yes—it is ſhe—No." They were all in motion. They came, they went, they joſtled each other. Men and women, young and old, magiſtrates and warriors, tradeſmen, citizens, ſtrangers, all in confuſion and buſtle. All on a ſudden they gave a great ſhout. I turned my head and ſaw a naked woman, with a bandage over her eyes; ſhe ſtood with one foot on a wheel that turned round with inconceivable rapidity; underneath was ſeen this inſcription: *To the Sovereign of the Univerſe.* All decency was immediately baniſhed; they ran againſt each other without any reſpect to perſons, and, forced to give way to the enormous impulſe, I was dragged along with

with the crowd. They roared out, "to me, to me, to your moſt faithful ſervant, your ſlave; Oh, goddeſs, look on me! I cringe, I flatter, I ſerve theſe ten years."—Every countenance then exhibited eagerneſs, harſhneſs, and anxiety. They trampled on thoſe that fell, without mercy. However, pieces of gold ſhowered down from all quarters; it was ſufficient to gather one to be rich; it multiplied in the hand of the poſſeſſor; but none was ſatisfied with only one. Some complained of the ſeverity of the goddeſs, others ſeemed to have collected more violent deſires as ſoon as they had obtained favour; but ſhe, without taking notice of their praiſes, reproaches, or clamours, went on ſcattering as ſhe turned her various gifts to this eager crowd, the greateſt part of which were deceitful. One thought he gathered a treaſure, he took up only a taſte for chimeras and prodigality. Another, in building himſelf a palace, prepared the poiſon his greedy heir intended for him. In the continual flux and reflux that preſſed upon me, my only wiſh was to ſave my frail exiſtence. Whilſt a mad joy burſt on my right, tears of rage flowed on my left. Neither beauty, morals, nor genius, attracted the attention of the blind goddeſs. The ſtrongeſt, the moſt artful, or rather the moſt deceitful, ran away with her preſents. Every one held up in his hand a piece of paper containing his demands; they were all petitions. I read ſeveral of them; the firſt ſaid, "I am poſſeſſed of only one hundred thouſand livres a year;

a year, Oh, goddeſs! How can I live? I ſpend that in china and baboons: Oh, thou, who art the only bleſſing of the age, grant I may oppreſs a province, and my affairs will go well."

Another: "Oh, goddeſs, is it fit a man of my rank and family ſhould be here among theſe wretches? Is it not your buſineſs to anticipate my deſires? Of what uſe are laws, only to confirm my peaceable and ſlothful enjoyment of an opulence which is ſuitable to my grandeur, to laviſh on thoſe who know how to flatter my whims?"—That of a young girl was worded thus: "A lover, Oh, goddeſs! if even he ſhould not be my huſband; or a huſband, if even he ſhould not be my lover!"—That of a poet: "Thou who nurſeſt the god Plutus in thy lap, and careſſeſt him familiarly, I do not require thou ſhouldſt ſolicit him in my favour; only grant your faithful companion perſuaſion, and the little winged rogue, Love, who never leaves you, to accompany me; that I may find favour with the players and courtezans, whoſe inſolent ignorance no longer knows any bounds; that my piece may be acted and applauded, and two or three of my brethren burſt with envy. Oh, Fortune! thou more than any other goddeſs preſideſt at new repreſentations, let the benign influence of thy ſtar ſhine on me in that dreadful night."

Another: "I am juſt arrived, Oh, goddeſs! from the borders of the Garonne, in the moſt flouriſhing city in the world, the moſt intriguing,

ing, the moſt buſy, where all manner of means are uſed to obtain riches and preferment, where the moſt glaring vices are faſhionable; and what is ſtill better, the art of making them pleaſing and eſtimable: I am poſſeſſed of the moſt conſummate impudence; I am the greateſt of liars and braggarts; I have ſet off my faint merit with all imaginable addreſs; but, alas! I am yet unſucceſsful. Oh, goddeſs! is the race of fools extinct; are there no longer any dupes in this immenſe city? or if there are ſtill ſome men of underſtanding who can diſcover a knave at the firſt glance, by what fatality have I always fell in their way? Am I then to be the firſt of my generation, and of my country, to whom impudence has been uſeleſs?"

Another again: "My protector trifles with me for theſe fifteen years, Oh, dear goddeſs! I deſpiſe him; yet I do not miſs a ſingle audience, where I feed him with the moſt fulſome flattery; I take upon me the moſt mortifying and burdenſome commiſſions; I dedicate my books to him; I dine at his table, when there is room; I make myſelf as low as he thinks he is high; what am I then to do? I have neither wife, daughter, niece, or couſin. Oh, goddeſs, create a female relation from my rib, that the barbarian may be ſoftened."

The laſt ſaid: "I would gladly exchange my honour, my reputation, and my probity, for a little money; but I cannot find any one who will take the burden off me. Truly, if things

things remain ſo, I ſhall be forced to keep my reputation, my honour, and probity."

All theſe petitions, raiſed by ſo many hands, were equally fooliſh, low, and extravagant; they were full of overſtrained complaints, chimerical wiſhes, and ſtrange ſchemes. Suddenly, a man, very richly dreſſed, ſaid, as he went out of the croud. "Heark'e, you ſimple gentry, I have done my buſineſs, follow me; be my ſycophants; I keep open houſe for my amuſement; whoever has a mind to come to dinner, ſhall be welcome, whether he diverts me or not, do you underſtand?" He was immediately ſurrounded; being curious, I followed the crowd, and we went to Mirmons. It was a palace, where taſte vied with magnificence; the workmanſhip of the furniture was exquiſite, in which the greateſt luxurioufneſs was diſplayed. On the one hand, Genius exhibited on the canvas every thing tender and majeſtic; on the other, groteſque works exhibited their tricks and other modern inventions. The number of ſlaves equalled the capriciouſneſs of the maſter: intoxicated with his opulence, he eſteemed himſelf a citizen of the firſt rank; frequently mentioned the meanneſs of his birth; but, who would have thought it, it was from a ſentiment of pride! —"What a fortune have I acquired! ſaid he; that rarely happens but to thoſe, who, like me, have the knack of raiſing themſelves.—Your blockheads ſtand gaping and ſtaring; whilſt a man, who knows the world, breaks through and overleaps all obſtacles. He is envied;

envied; that is a tribute due to merit."—Replies a flattering paraſite, "Your good taſte, the elegance of your houſe, and the delicacy of your table, are every where the topic of converſation; every one applauds thoſe ſuperior talents which diſtinguiſh you from the reſt of mankind; your happineſs is complete, therefore enjoy it. The goddeſs having raiſed the corner of her bandage, perceived you in the crowd, and has rewarded your extraordinary merit."

Elated with thoſe adulations, he ſpoke to every thing, and piqued himſelf not only on a taſte for the fine arts, but being alſo a cognoſcenti.—"I ſhould certainly have excelled, replied he, in a peremptory tone, if I had given any application to them; but I choſe the moſt ſubſtantial part, and have no reaſon to complain. Now I can open another field; when one has diſcovered the moſt delicate and ingenious methods of acquiring riches, one muſt be aukward indeed, not to find the road to Parnaſſus."

Every one unanimouſly agreed, it depended only on himſelf to be a poet, muſician, painter, engraver, architect, tranſlator, comedian, indeed every thing he wiſhed to excel in, as perfectly as he was an excellent financier.

I retired; but being again carried away by my invincible curioſity, returned to the temple. I made a ſtop at the portico, deſirous to obſerve at a diſtance the ſhocking buſtle they were all engaged in. The appearance of a man, of a moſt noble and open countenance,

in a plain dreſs, attracted my attention: he did not ſeem inclined to mix with the crowd; on the contrary, he leaned againſt a column, and viewed thoſe ſhameful ſtruggles with a dejected eye; he exclaimed by intervals, in a melancholy tone, "What a deſpicable race of beings! what a multitude devoted to the vileſt ſlavery! thoſe wretches acknowledge no divinity but Fortune. Obſerve their eagerneſs; their furious paſſions! they were never ſo active for virtue and glory. Even the miniſters of the Moſt High abandon their quiet retreats, and philoſophers the elevated ſpeculations of their cloſets; wiſdom is deſpiſed; and riches are preferred to merit and talents. Every good withers, is defaced, and portends approaching ruin. The mind of man has neither ſtrength, capability, nor vigour; the moral life of ſtates fall to decay, and is extinguiſhed."—The Pontiff of the Temple of Fortune, his brows adorned with his tiara, who was then walking to and fro, heard thoſe words. He was dreſſed moſt ſumptuouſly; his fingers loaded with rings, his robes ſparkled with diamonds. He replied to the ſtranger, in that frivolous tone ſo ſuitable to his exterior,—"It is a great pity, is it not, Mr. Patriot? but it is ſo; mankind are weak, extravagant, ridiculous, unhappy; they are born ſo. Examine men ſeparately, you'll find their underſtanding obſcured by a thouſand errors: they ſet out by deceiving themſelves as ſoon as they begin to think; and why? becauſe they have found the natural order of things reverſed.

verſed. The pledge of all advantages is found to be in a certain yellowiſh metal; they purſue it greedily as the barter for all manner of pleaſures—Man will be abſolutely happy—According to your ſyſtem, he does not know in what happineſs conſiſts—Agreed; he conſiders it only as embelliſhing his retreat, to diffuſe plenty, and all the conveniencies of life in it, to enjoy all the ſenſations that nature, obedient to the power of gold, crowds upon him. —He is, I own, unreaſonable to think thus; he is wrong to indulge ſuch feelings, to love voluptuouſneſs; let us pity his unfortunate taſte."—"What" anſwered the other, "a little matter will ſatisfy him; his wants are limited; he has but one ſtomach, and but a moment to live, and can he be a ſtranger to moderation, to temperance, to equity? ſhall he obey all the capricious ſenſations the ſallies of a heated imagination inſpire him; ſhall he ſacrifice, if neceſſary, the whole univerſe for the agreeable tickling of a fibre? No, ſo heinous and ſo cruel a piece of injuſtice will only be countenanced by his accompliees. If my arm cannot ſubdue thoſe gigantic figures of pride and inhumanity, my voice ſhall curſe them. Wretched Fortune, be for ever accurſed!"—"She is ſuperior to the murmurs of men," coolly replied the Pontiff; "it is neceſſary the ſpring that ſets the moral world in motion, ſhould have all the play on which depends its ſtrength, its duration, and its ſplendor. It is neceſſary that ſociety, which is nothing more than a perpetual fermentation, not to fall into

a ſtate of inaction, ſhould experience this ſmart ſhock which communicates itſelf to all its members, and gives them heat and life. This inequality, which to you ſeems ſo abſurd, is the active principle of beings; it is the vileſt paſſions which fructify the rich picture of the univerſe. Among the infinite combination of beings who have exiſtence, there ſhould be ſome of all ſorts. The hideous animal, bloated with livid poiſon, has its rank; groveling in the mud, it cannot be the proud eagle ſoaring in the ſky."—"You will never convince me it is neceſſary millions of men ſhould crawl in miſerable obſcurity, to ſupport the ſcandalous luxury of the favourites of your unworthy Goddeſs. Blind barbarians! who do not even enjoy what they plunder from indigence, thoſe cruel men will never be countenanced by awful morality, affecting, eternal morality, which ever will condemn them, and revenge the wrongs committed on the poor by thoſe tyrants, who in a ſhort time muſt return to duſt and infamy. But if gold and ſilver are really the ſource of happineſs, why are they not the reward of genius, virtue, honour, and probity? Why is poverty and obſcurity the portion of good men, and men of merit?"—"Oh! have they not, by your own confeſſion, received more precious gifts? Can they, ought they, have all? And in the real ſtate of things, are you not happy that eager men ſhould ſcour the ſeas, and expoſe themſelves to innumerable perils, in ſearch of treaſures in a new world to enrich

enrich their country? Don't you yourſelf enjoy a ſhare of thoſe riches; don't you enjoy them as much as they? They have heaped up gold; but you count for nothing the dangers they have been expoſed to. Would they have taken the trouble, would they have fatigued themſelves in the uncertain hope of repoſe, were they not actuated by a ſupernatural blindneſs? A Crito takes upon him the office of Commiſſary in time of war; he devotes himſelf voluntarily to public execration, for the pleaſure of building a palace: another is a financier, treaſurer and manager of the public money, at the hazard of feeling one day the weight of Themis ſword on his head; and all thoſe cares, thoſe perplexities, to gain an envied, deſpiſed, and too often dangerous, opulence. I think the philoſopher ought even to be obliged to them; for indeed the State has had great occaſion for their activity, in caſes of neceſſity; the State would be undone, if our dependance then was on peaceable and moderate men. Remove the means of raiſing fortunes, patriotiſm is a ſenſeleſs word; emulation and induſtry are at an end. Opulence muſt then ſhare in the politic order, being in itſelf a ſhade of the univerſal order. The field is open to all, and the boldeſt efforts are generally the moſt ſucceſsful; thoſe exceſſes would be blamable in the theory of an empire perfectly poliſhed; but where does it exiſt? Can dead matter be ſtirred without a lever? Have not nations occaſion for a leaven, which, being poiſonous in itſelf, extends their ſphere, aſſiſts circulation, and gives them

a kind of life and motion? and if the good it produces is mixed with evil, where is the order of things where those oppoſite elements do not meet? In the figurative, as in the phyſical, nothing prepares the corruption of things more than this peaceable ſtate, called equality, and which announces the death of the republic."—"Your ideas and reaſons of government and policy and mine do not agree: but I know a thing anterior to government, called juſtice, honour, and probity; for you will acknowledge cupidity eaſily breaks the ties thoſe virtues impoſe on mankind, and the example of thoſe who are plunged in luxury is contagious. What, then, will become of thoſe ſacred props of human nature? Thoſe virtues will ſhine more ſplendidly, if even there were none to admire them but the crowd of malcontents! Inhuman avarice ſometimes jeſts, but it is always meanly. If it be allowable to procure one's ſelf neceſſaries, it is ſordid and culpable to be over anxious for ſuperfluities, unleſs it be to diſperſe them immediately. Thoſe who cauſe the people's miſeries, deſerve their contempt. One has only to attend to the voice of the nation to hear their decree. The firſt duty of man is to know how to ſet bounds to his deſires.——The impulſes of the heart of man are like thoſe of nature; they are ſtrong and rapid; and the better to hit the mark, ſometimes go beyond it. Weak and ridiculous virtue, reaſon ſtill weaker! You never had the fortitude to reſiſt the ſeducing attractions of riches; on their approach, your

pomp

pomp vaniſhes, deſire returns with more vehemence to its old courſe; they were in ſuſpence, becauſe there was not any thing to determine their propenſity, but it would be unnatural to return to their ſource; moreover, the reciprocal cupidity of men mutually ſerves them as weight and counterpoiſe: and if it is broken, it is ſoon repaired. All mortals are equal in the preſence of Fortune, therefore ſhe diſtributes her gifts at random. Of two brave men, one ſhall mount the throne, the other the ſcaffold: ſhe ſees them with equal indifference reign, or die in torture. If men of virtue, men of genius, would court her ſmiles, ſhe would undoubtedly reward their aſſiduity; but one muſt always have ſome ſmall pretenſions to her favour: it is more agreeable to exclaim againſt her, than to bow down to this goddeſs, the queen of the human ſpecies, who has a right to treat them at her pleaſure."—"What! are you a ſtranger even to the haughtineſs attendant on Virtue? Know, then, ſhe never ſtoops to aſk; bold ſolicitations are meanneſſes that inſult her. Satisfied with her mediocrity, ſhe never appears in a profane court; her happineſs conſiſts in fulfilling her duties; they are much dearer to her than the acquiſition of riches; ſhe cheriſhes that tranquillity which accompanies moderate deſires; ſhe knows how to enjoy, but ſhe alſo knows how to bear the privation of enjoyment, without murmuring. If the rewards Fortune grants were proportioned to the time given, the cares and ſolici-

tude employed, and above all, the real ſervices rendered our country; I ſhould then be the firſt to bend the knee to this righteous divinity."—"I perceive the idea of chimerical perfection is predominant in you: I again repeat it, Nature gives us deſires without bounds."—"If it is ſo, it is our buſineſs to rectify the diſorders of Nature."—"Can we?"—"I believe ſo."—"But is not Fortune at leaſt a means to induce, and from that prerogative only ought ſhe not to be cheriſhed by the Philoſopher?"—"He who knows no other inducement but gold, will never lay an obligation: the moſt indigent mortals are thoſe who render the moſt eſſential ſervices to their fellow creatures. The heart is hardened, when it finds itſelf independent of general calamities: it is like a man in port, viewing a veſſel toſſed about in a ſtorm; to him it is but a mere view. I will be poor from inclination, to preſerve my virtue and ſenſibility with greater certainty."—"I perceive we do not underſtand each other."—"I perceive it with grief. Senſeleſs mortals! replied the ſage, raiſing his voice, is it poſſible you cannot draw any thing from your own fund, find nothing in reflection, in fortitude of mind, in the love of virtue, to make you happy? Happineſs is in ourſelves, in good and lawful actions, which our hearts acknowledge with pleaſure. Muſt you inceſſantly pay your addreſſes to this fickle goddeſs, ſo changeable, ſo capricious, who rules with blind deſpotiſm, and only ſmiles on you to hurry you into the abyſs of folly

folly and imprudence!"—The Pontiff ſmiled at thoſe words, and taking him by the hand, wanted to put a diamond ring of great value on his finger. The Sage drew back his hand, but not in anger, and ſaid, ſmiling, "What are you about; thoſe baubles are made for children; amuſe them with diamonds, variegated ſtones, and party-coloured ribbands; they muſt be diverted, to prevent them from caſting a ſerious look on thoſe trifles which dazzle and deceive them. I do not want gold or ſilver. Stern virtue, ſteadineſs of mind, deep ſtudy, which elevates the life of man into thought, come to my aid, and poſſeſs my ſoul! let me make this moment that is given me, and which ſlides away in the depths of eternity, uſeful! let it not be loſt to me; let me be entirely alive; let me dive into thoſe juſt, elevated ideas which are fit to fortify the ſoul againſt the inevitable misfortunes of life! Thoſe are the only valuable treaſures which I ardently wiſh to enjoy. Yet to acknowledge the favour you intended me, follow me, and I will ſhew you where I preſide."

I followed them in great emotion. The tone, the deportment, the generous wrath of this Sage, had ſtruck me: he introduced us into a majeſtic temple, which ſhone with luſtre. There was no crowd; the vivified marble every where preſented ſtatues of ſeveral great men; it bore the characters and fire of their minds. The expreſſion was inimitable; the chiſel had animated it; they had been little known in their life-time, but after death

ſhouts of admiration had wafted their names to this awful dome; a multitude of lamps hung in this new empirium, and their ſplendor was to be endleſs. In the middle, I ſaw an immenſe body, formed of a ſubſtance merely ætherial; it was the image of grateful Poſterity. It knelt before a diadem, a truncheon, and a book. It was Henry's crown, Turenne's ſceptre, and the Spirit of Laws. On the right was the buſt of Socrates, in front that of Richardſon. There were the Solons, the Epaminondaſes, the two Brutuſes, with the Fabii, the Scipios, the Catos, the Antonines. Alſo the heroes who had poſſeſſed true greatneſs of mind, illuſtrious writers, wiſe men of all ages; their exterior plainneſs, their modeſt mien, announced the candour and ſimplicity of their ſouls. They ſaid to Poſterity, "Goddeſs, we never ſought your praiſe, we never wiſhed for your gifts. The only reward of our actions has been the pleaſure we taſted in performing them. To follow virtue, no aid is neceſſary, but the love of virtue."—Poſterity replied, "You, my true friends, will live eternally: My will is, that all mankind may know and revere you. My greateſt pleaſure ſhall be to ſpread abroad your virtues: for ever ſeparated from the lethargic ſleep of death, the daughters of memory will for ever celebrate your great actions." A celeſtial harmony was immediately heard; it began ſoftly in the air; but by a well-managed gradation, ſoon ſwelled the ſonorous dome of the temple, and from thence

ſpread

ſpread all over the univerſe. Every ear was raviſhed with ſo delightful a harmony. I felt the delicious intoxication the Muſes pour into feeling hearts. I exclaimed, Oh, I am in the temple of glory! here are neither conquerors nor ambitious men, or thoſe ſcourges of war which fear has deified; I ſee eminent virtues, extraordinary talents, that are the delight and conſolation of the human race. How baſe are the propenſities of thoſe who deſpiſe glory!

The more thoſe great men were ill treated by fortune, the more reſplendent were their actions. Taſſo and Milton, crowned with the ſame laurels, ſmile at the weak efforts of fate; they trampled under foot their Zoiluſes. The Pontiff of the Temple of Fortune caſt down his eyes with confuſion. Thoſe radiant fronts had ſo mild, ſo natural, ſo powerful an authority over hearts, they attracted love and reſpect in ſo forcible a manner, the moſt vicious minds dreaded their contempt. The Sage raiſed his voice, which reſounded majeſtically under this elevated dome, and ſaid, "Glory does not ſpring from pride, ambition, pomp, power, or intrigue; if one proſtrates himſelf before the idol of power, his ſhow of reſpect is forced and tranſitory; there muſt be diſtinguiſhed virtues, acknowledged talents, to obtain this public approbation, which rewards deſervedly; it is it diſcharges the debt man can no more pay. Glory does not conſiſt in eterniſing ſyllables, but in leaving behind a great example. She ſhuns the forward purſuer, and delights in honouring the

plain modeſt man, who daily diſcloſes his virtues in the performance of his duties: you will alſo find here the brave and generous Phocion, who, after commanding numerous armies, was a prey to age and indigence under his laurels; he died poor, he died deſerted: what end more glorious! Again, look upon Ariſtides, that excellently juſt man; he conſtantly perſevered in his duty; he was baniſhed; he did not give way to the whims of the people, or the allurements of the magiſtrates. The fate reſerved for virtue awaited him. View, Catinat, his warlike heroiſm, his calm philoſophy; he was accuſtomed to ſay in his retreat, "I have ſerved my country with zeal and courage; when ſhe thought my ſervices uſeleſs, I began to live for myſelf; the moſt ardent wiſhes of my heart are hers." This great man, in his unexpected diſgrace, had nothing to reproach himſelf. His enemies, who attacked him by the darkeſt and moſt ſiniſter methods, plumed themſelves in his obſcurity. Virtue, and that equanimity which virtue alone inſpires, were his only defence. A little lower, ſee Fenelon, who, in the vortex of wild and impetuous paſſions, recovered by his moderation that peace which the jealous fury of his adverſaries wanted to deprive him of. Such are the men who merit the admiration of future ages. One would wiſh to reſemble them; they will hereafter form great minds yet unborn.

Now that the Luculluſes, the Craſſii, the Financiers, enjoy their fortunes; that they collect

collect around them all the ſenſual pleaſures which affluence procures; that they are encircled in diſſipation; let them have their eaſe, their conveniencies, their ſuperfluities: be it ſo; ſuch is their lot. No one of a liberal mind will, I believe, envy their guilty opulence. But let an everlaſting bar ſeparate them from thoſe who have had honour in view, for food and end of all their labours; never let them be on a line with the magiſtrate who protects the laws; the warrior, whoſe ſmalleſt effort is to dare death; the illuſtrious writer, who adds to the ideas of his own age, and thoſe of the human race. Where would be the reward of diſintereſted and patriotic virtue, if the venal man and the hero were put on a level! Let not the ſtain impreſſed on the hands that collect the public taxes, be waſhed away by rivers of gold; never let them enjoy honourable diſtinctions; let them enjoy every thing but the portion of great men."

The Pontiff of Fortune, humbled, overcome, felt the force of theſe words, to which he could not reply:—"What, then, are the pleaſures annexed to this ſame glory you boaſt of ſo much?"—"That is the ſecret of great minds, replied the Pontiff of the Temple of Glory; thoſe who adore her are happy by her: Fortune is exhauſted and weakened by ſharing herſelf; glory is a patrimony as extenſive as inexhauſtible; the Conqueror's crown does no injury to the palms gathered by another conqueror. There are men on earth,

earth, whoſe very name flatter my ear; I await them here, to receive them, to embrace them, and to extend with them the empire of reflection, reaſon, and virtue." At theſe words, a divine flame ſparkled in his eyes; I viewed him more attentively; what a ſtrange contraſt did thoſe two perſons preſent! The Pontiff of the Temple of Fortune was Bourvalais; that of the Temple of Glory was Corneille.

ANATOMY.

LET us enter this amphitheatre without ſhuddering, where man, before he deſcends to the grave, pays a laſt tribute to admiration, and again evinces the glory of the Creator. The man is no more, and yet his beauty ſtill ſubſiſts: the pure and ſacred flame that animated this body, now motionleſs, has left on it the ſtamp of its divine eſſence; the devouring inſects wait until the decree of deſtruction is repeated; and the interval between death and corruption, teſtifies with how much reluctance nature diſcompoſes its moſt magnificent work.

Hence, pale grave-digger, more greedy than thy tombs! Await, before thou dareſt ſeize on thy prey, till all the features of this maſterpiece are defaced. Let not thy rude hand hide in the boſom of the earth what the aſtoniſhed eye may diſcover with rapture in this

this labyrinth, where every glance will meet a prodigy.

Let us go in, my friends, let us enter without dread, ſince death is repoſe, and the ſoul, in ſpringing towards immortality, is the firſt to ſmile on what it has caſt off. The mind that comprehends the power and goodneſs of the Supreme Being, bleſſes death as well as life; and under his all-powerful and extenſive hand, what matters it where the thinking principle acts, which is indiſtructable as its author! He is great, he is good; terror inſults him; it belongs to the vile ſlave. And thou, young fair one, to whom I devote this article, it is for thee I colour thoſe funeral objects! Thou couldſt not bear the ſight of this cold and inanimate body, but through the magic of the pencil. I trace out to thy imagination what thy delicate eye would turn from. Draw near; it is a young man ſtretched out on this black marble: approach, he is no longer to be dreaded; his eye, which caught as thou paſſed along the aſſemblage of all thy graces, is cloſed; his ear will no longer hear thy enchanting voice; this heart, which perhaps thou haſt rent, has found a fence againſt thy charms. If thy beauty has always made thee inflexible, do not be ſo haughty at this moment; death, you ſee, ſaves him from thy charms, and ſubdues love. Ah, my friends! you have ſeen the active ſuppleneſs of his motion, whilſt he ſported lightly on earth; you would have ſhuddered to have hurt the delicate texture of his ſkin; a drop of blood from

from his veins would have frightened you into paleneſs. Now caſt down and extended, the ſmooth and poliſhed exterior of this body is the leaſt object of attention. The inſenſibility of marble overſpreads this body, whoſe every fibre was ſuſceptible of pleaſure or pain.—Pain no longer has power over him. Draw near, young artiſt, get the better of your ſecret horror; take the ſcapel, I hold the light. Let the living man contemplate himſelf in the dead one. Steady your hand; turn down the ſheet that covers the wonderful ſprings of the human machine, that my curious eye may dive into the aſtoniſhing mechaniſm. Others will go to pray in vaſt and gloomy incloſures, built of ſtone by the hand of man; but I, before the ſanctuary where dwelt the pure breath of the Divinity, will proſtrate myſelf and adore.

The eye is puzzled in the choice! Where ſhall I begin my examination of this ſurpriſing machine? It is opened, and I perceive that alembic, the principle of health and ſtrength. It is there the food diſſolves, is reſolved, is metamorphoſed into a nutritive liquor, white as milk, it paſſes through different channels, where it undergoes a new metamorphoſe. All liquids with which the body is moiſtened, receive in thoſe different laboratories their degree of perfection; for there is formed, is purified, is ſubtilized, that nervous humour, that precious balm, which imbibes the nerves, and preſerves them in that degree of flexibility, from

from whence reſults that wonderful ſenſibility, motive of all the operations of the ſoul.

But let us get up to the moſt noble part, where reſides the underſtanding. Under an impenetrable arch is a marrowy ſubſtance, traverſed by innumerable, almoſt imperceptible veſſels. It is a labyrinth compoſed of filaments which croſs each other *ad infinitum.* The ſeat of the ſoul is as inexplicable as its eſſence; and as it is in this maze thoughts are formed, and ideas are preſerved, the character of man, almoſt always inexplicable, ſeems to partake of the nature of the place where reſides the depth of reflection. The phyſical is as compounded as the moral.

All the nerves, in which alone the principle of ſenſibility reſides, reunite at this ſubſtance which lengthens itſelf into the vertebre, from which it divides itſelf into a multitude of interwoven branches; it forms the origin of this admirable texture diſperſed over the whole animal; ſo that the leaſt ſhock which any one part ſuffers is communicated to the whole.

The ſoul, ſtanding in need of perpetual information, has cloſe beſide her two ready and faithful overſeers, the ſight and the hearing. The globe of the eye moving, turns, in every ſenſe, with the aid of ſix muſcles which facilitate its motion. It is a true teleſcope; the light collects in the center which reunites its rays. They croſs a lenticular cryſtal, and go to delineate the object on a kind of very ſlender net work. The ſoul perceives and forms a judge-

a judgement of the picture. Three different humours moiſten this precious organ, which, without them, would be inflamed and worn out by the conſtant rubbing its own preſervation requires, obliged, as it is, perpetually to examine all the objects that ſurround it.

The ear, a cartilaginous funnel, receives the ſhaking air, and carries it by the ſinuoſity of a ſhell reſembling that of a ſnail, on a membrane properly called a drum. Underneath, a ſmall nerve, of exquiſite ſenſibility, gives the membrane more or leſs tenſneſs. It is there Gluck's melody and Piccini's harmony repair to enchant the ſoul; the auditory nerve tranſmits all thoſe ſounds which flow from the inſtruments, and would be fruitleſſly loſt in air.

There are delights leſs perfect, but ſtill luxurious. When the flower blows, when it exhales its perfumes, they paſs through two ducts, ſeparated by a partition, towards a bone perforated by a thouſand holes, where cartilaginous membranes, turned in a ſpiral form, meet. Happy he who, at the foot of the Alps or the Pyrennees, ſnuffs the odour of the aromatic plants, which the mountainous ſoil feeds with its ſweet efficacy!

You who, in preference, delight in the enjoyments of the table, pleaſures which no apprehenſion diſturbs, and which are every day renewed, contemplate this obedient organ, ſource of your delights. Ten muſcles put the tongue in motion in every poſſible direction.—It is never ſlow or refractory.—It lays

lays hold of the food, extracts the fineſt juices; its quick motions are inſenſible and ſtrong; it carries under the teeth what ſhould be ground; it preſſes againſt the palate, that which only wants to be ſlightly bruiſed; it reaches the moſt reliſhing things the ſkilful hand of the cook has blended; it diſtinguiſhes the mixtures, and taſtes their efficacy; it moiſtens only, as much as is requiſite, the penetrating ſucculency of the meats. This ſucculency that rouzes all the nervous tufts, and thoſe ſmall nipples, thoſe glands, thoſe ſalival veſſels, put in action, furniſh the ſaponaceous fluid that diſſolves aliment, reduces it to a liquid paſte, and prolongs the pleaſure for a conſiderable time. The ſtomach has often ſaid, *enough*; let the tongue forbear, and enjoy, by mere ſuction, pleaſures which might give her the name of indefatigable.

The pouch that receives the food is faſtened with ſtrong ligaments. It has often occaſion for them to reſiſt the exceſſes of intemperance. It is furniſhed interiorly with ſmall glands or ſpunges, from whence flows a diſſolving liquor. There, by fermentation and trituration, is performed the aſtoniſhing metamorphoſis, which, of many blended ſubſtances, forms at length but one. Sanguification is performed in the lungs; being carried into the heart, the blood is purified; carried into the brain, it is ſubtilized again; and, by a laſt and more wonderful depuration, at length forms that incomprehenſible matter which reproduces man. It is the ſubtile part of the aliments

ments which compoſe thoſe different juices: but the eye, in vain, endeavours even with the aid of the microſcope to ſearch into the ſecrets of nature; there it finds nothing but deceitful appearances, ever deſtroyed by new obſervations.

In order to facilitate, in all its courſes, the flowing of matter more or leſs perfect, the liver converts into bile a part of our aliment; the bile ſerves to lubricate the inteſtines, and is alſo uſeful in the laſt concoction, at the ſame time that it aſſiſts in diſcharging the different ſecretions.

The inteſtines form a meander, and in their windings are a prodigious length; they are ſupported in their poſition by the meſentery. Endowed with a multitude of veins, nerves, attracting fibres, they alſo pump up a deal of chyle before they perform their laſt office.

Let not falſe delicacy bluſh to obſerve the mechaniſm of the operation that expels from the body a matter which retained longer would diſturb the animal œconomy, and cauſe the greateſt ravages by remaining in the paſſages where it lately flowed mildly, balſamic and kind. Let us admire all the objects of nature; there are none deſpicable in her ſight; no one is more noble than another; ſhe has employed the ſame care and attention for every thing that compoſes the human body. All things are equally neceſſary, if not for life, at leaſt for health and ſtrength, without which life is a burden; and when one ſees that heap of inteſtines, after a thouſand windings,

dings, terminated in that opening folded like a purſe, which opens and draws together by the aſſiſtance of muſcles which perform the office of ſtrings, one is aſtoniſhed at the attention of nature and the magnificent prodigality ſhe diſplays in objects our ignorance does not diſtinguiſh, or marks, with contempt, the child of our trifling and frivolous ideas.

There are objects interdicted and inacceſſible to my pencil. If I could paint all, I would analize the ſixth ſenſe, ſo diſtinct from the others. I would unveil the throne where this lively and tranſient pleaſure, to which man is hardly equal, is ſeated; but the voluptuouſneſs of a ſenſible being, real voluptuouſneſs, dwell in the heart; and the merely phyſical emotion, ſeparated from the tranſports of ſentiment, is too trifling a matter, or debaſes man too much to merit our attention.

Let us ſpeak of that univerſal ſenſe, the feeling which ſo often makes up for the others. Diſperſed over all parts of the body, its power is univerſal. But what is the vehicle of this exquiſite ſenſibility? It is a web of ſmall filaments which ſerves as ſtrings, and which, croſſing the ſkin in every ſenſe, produce the whole of all the parts when in motion. One is never diſturbed without ſuffering; for beſides the web of ſkin which covers all the fleſh from head to foot, it is re-covered itſelf with another web a great deal finer; and the epidermis has yet a more delicate feeling, being formed of little hollow paſſa-

ges, perpetually moiſtened with a fluid proper to them. When the hand ſoftly ſqueezes the hand of the beloved object, it is the little nervous tufts that ſhudder under this ſoft voluptuous touch; and the lover readily conceives it is in embracement entire voluptuouſneſs reſides.

But what is moſt aſtoniſhing, is, in the intervals of thoſe webs are planted an innumerable quantity of bulbous ſubſtances reſembling thoſe of flowers. It is the ſtems of thoſe bulbs that is called hair. Some, more humid, grow long as the hair of the head. They are real vegetables that have hollow roots to ſuck humidity; the ſap circulates in thoſe ſmall pipes; what, then, muſt be the extreme fineneſs of thoſe nutritive tubes of a downy hair!

Even the ſkin is no more than a double ſieve, which admits the air on one ſide, and aids the colours of ſurrounding objects, and on the other has the means of diſcharge for the blood and extraneous humours. Hence, the torrent of perſpiration that flows and never ceaſes for a moment. When interrupted, it is the cauſe of all diſorders, and health is not reſtored until this flowing is perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. Thus, beſides the membraneous bag that receives the lees of the blood, it alſo makes its way through the ſkin when in violent agitation; and what we call ſweat is nothing more than the watry and ſerous parts of the red humour which flows ſo rapidly in our veins.

The

The conſtant action kept up by the motion of the heart, a muſcle endowed with prodigious ſtrength, cauſes the fluid to circulate from the head to the feet at leaſt ſixty times in a minute. Death only puts a ſtop to this motion, which puts the whole mechaniſm of the machine in motion. The ſlighteſt hurt done this organ puts an end to life; and it is by contemplating the fragility of thoſe veſſels which cauſe reſpiration, that life ſeems a miracle, and imagination can ſcarce conceive ſo frail a being can exiſt a hundred years, which contains within itſelf the principles of its diſſolution ſtill more than that of its regeneration. Yet it is this weak being, inceſſantly tottering on the borders of the grave, who has violently dragged the iron from the mine, to ſhorten, in a ſenſeleſs manner, the duration of life, who has bruiſed ſaltpetre to add wings to death and ſharper points to grief.

Grief! Oh! how forcibly it acts on this nervous center, on this *plexus*, the ſeat of ſenſibility! How all the emotions of the ſoul reply to thoſe muſcular rays called the diaphragm, when fear or uneaſineſs agitate the mind! How does the leaſt word ſtrike on thoſe tendinous fibres, ſuſceptible of all the emotions the mind can ſuffer! It is from thence, doubtleſs, proceeds that ſudden redneſs which enflames the face, and that frightful paleneſs which covers it. It is there are produced thoſe ſoft or bitter, plentiful or ſcarce, tears; thoſe tender or cruel tears, which dilate or compreſs, flatter or devour. When the

the jealous or inſulted man furiouſly raiſes the vengeful ſteel, from thence the dreadful ſtorm proceeds that drives him on to crime; but, by a contrary effort, pity and compaſſion ſtop the uplifted arm; and in thoſe oppoſite and ſorrowful moments the man ſuffers and ſometimes expires.

But what is that ſpungy ſubſtance, ſo cloſely united to the diaphragm? It receives the outward air, warms it if too cold, and inceſſantly refreſhes the blood enflamed by the rapidity of its courſe, in mixing freſh air with it; this ſubſtance conſtantly receives air by a kind of valve placed at the bottom of the mouth. Sixty-five muſcles dilate and contract the organ that reſpires and diſtributes the air. Tones are produced by the extenſion or contraction of the fibres of the glottis; and Ferrien has demonſtrated, that voice is the reſult of a wind and corded inſtrument. This organ is peculiarly appropriated to man, diſtinguiſhes him, and the animal does not partake his privilege; it ſeems to belong to him as the thinking being, excluſively gifted with ſpeech. Even death does not perfectly deſtroy the action of this organ; for a bellows, introduced into the tracheal artery, will bring forth ſighs, groans, the ſounds of the deceaſed's voice.

Do not be terrified, my friends, this body is no longer his; it is a ſtranger. He received all from nature, he has returned all again. Thus we ſhall be one day or other. No humiliating terrors; let us enjoy our underſtanding

ding and our judgement. Let us purſue our examination of this wonderful machine. Let us run over the univerſe, where infinite, and to us unknown, ways atteſt with what majeſtic materials our being is compoſed. Such a collection of prodigies, for a character that ſeems ſo ſhort, announces, that this tranſitory life is not the performance, and that we only ſee the curtain. Let us deſtroy the veil as much as we can; every thing under the eye of man belongs to his deepeſt diſquiſition. In vain does nature work, with the greateſt care, on objects infinitely ſmall, to conceal them as it were from the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny. We have already diſcovered many of her ſecrets; and the time will come when more ſkilful hands, more ingenious and experienced eyes, more laborious attention, and, above all, chance, will bring the light of new diſcoveries. By anatomizing each other, we ſhall learn to know ourſelves. Our bodies will not contain a fibre that will not be known; we ſhall bequeath our knowledge to our deſcendants, and they will excel us, as we have excelled our fathers. Go on, young artiſt, and as a proof of my love for ſo uſeful an art, remember, from this moment I bequeath my body to your amphitheatre.

How the anatomiſt pants with admiration, how overjoyed when he follows the ramification of all thoſe veſſels that correſpond with each other! The leaſt little nerve that has not yet been diſcovered fills him with as much rapture as the diſcovery of an inflamed comet

in the plains of Ether to the eager eye of the aſtronomer. Let every one perform his part, the one with the ſcapel, the other with the teleſcope. Let every one ſoar to expand the dominion of the Creator. Where ends this immenſe profound? What are we, and what an univerſe! My ſight is wearied, my imagination exhauſted, my head turns, and I am forced to return to objects within my comprehenſion, leſs fatiguing to the meaſure of my underſtanding.

Now let us obſerve the oſſified building, which is the baſe or ſupport of all the parts of the human frame; they are hollow, and the ſap which circulates is an emanation of the brain. The marrow deſcends, and is formed into an oil which ſerves to maintain ſolidity and ſuppleneſs. This particular circulation ſeems diſinclined to retain its own produce: it cannot exceed certain bounderies; for a membrane, called the perioſteum, does not leave the leaſt opening. This membrane adheres cloſely to the bones; it is a cloſe web which ſuffers nothing of the medullary ſubſtance to eſcape. It ſeems to nouriſh the bones, to receive its nouriſhment from them; and when the wretch ſuffers amputation, it is when they come to this ſenſible membrane his torture extorts his groans.

You have, at times, been ſurpriſed at the number of attitudes the human body can writhe itſelf into; you may have obſerved the hams of thoſe rope-dancers, the incredible ſtrength of their ſprings, and the frightful

ful gracefulneſs of their motions, the aſtoniſhing equilibrium they preſerve on a fixed and narrow ſpot; obſerve in what manner thoſe feats of activity are performed; it is by the aſſiſtance of thoſe joints, ſome fixed, others immovable, fit to turn in every ſhape, by the aid of thoſe muſcles, true levers, of different forms, length and breadth, the body lowers, bends, extends. Thoſe rotundities are pullies, theſe ſupporters are pins. The eternal geometrician's hand is ſtamped in the length, be it more or leſs, of the tendon; lengthen it, ſhorten it, place it at the leaſt diſtance; a line lower, and the gracefulneſs, the motion, and the ſtrength diſappear;—ſo much aſtoniſhing and exact preciſion is required. It is ſaid the head can form only a ſemicircle; that being capable of lowering itſelf to ſuch a degree, it can throw itſelf back to the ſame degree. I can ſee the ligaments which permit ſuch an effort, and wiſely refuſe ſuch another; and thoſe daring tumblers, by diſplaying all the motions of the vertebre, give me a lively idea of a ſkeleton; all the ſprings are full in my eye; but, however aſtoniſhing it may be, I yet know an attitude they cannot bound.

All the void ſpace of this building is filled with a ſoft ſubſtance, itſelf ſupported by an innumerable multitude of animated joints, which, under the appellation of muſcles and tendons, contribute to give each part a particular direction and motion, at the ſame time they aſſiſt in the general motion, the circu-

lation proper to each object, though diſtinct, aids the univerſal circulation; and the number of veins and arteries, by their variety of intermixture, ſurpaſſes all imagination. One tegument only covers the veins, a double tegument infolds the arteries, and the blood and lymph flow in thoſe two channels, diſtinct ſubſtances, though perpetually mingling. The fibres, which often do not equal the ſize of a large hair, are the threads ſpread in all parts, which, on the leaſt inclination, obey and cauſe the part confided to them to obey.

Who would not be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the extreme minuteneſs and delicacy of this multitude of imperceptible fibres and veſſels! They are, moreover, endued with amazing elaſticity. See the porter, whoſe head and neck is burdened with a weight four times greater than his body; he walks obedient to the laws of equilibrium; he bears up a long time againſt ſo great a weight, but intemperance and exceſs cauſe more havock in the machine than the repeated efforts which conquered phyſical reſiſtance. Organization is truly aſtoniſhing! The ſagacity of a Winſlow, during the whole life of man, has not been able to diſcover the tenth part of them; this body is under the icy hand of death, and its ſtructure fills the anatomiſt with ſurpriſe and admiration. What, then, is this ſame body while animated with the breath of life, while a ſubtile and unknown fluid gives an elaſticity to all its parts which diſplay all its beauties,

beauties, while his eye glows with a ſoft flame, grace accompanies his motions, the ſmile exhibits the ſoul on his lips, whilſt inflamed with love, he reproduces himſelf in the boſom of voluptuouſneſs.

Now, having overcome the dread raiſed by the image of death, I have commanded my pen to trace this picture, and to baniſh the lived colours, the hours of night fly with the ſound of the bell; all is calm, every thing around me is at reſt; the ſtars glitter in the firmament, the earth exhales an odoriferous incenſe. Oh, nature, if with one hand thou bringeſt deſtruction, thou repaireſt with the other. Life and death conſtitute both ends of the chain with which thou encloſeſt every being, thy hiſtorian tells us the individual dies, and the ſpecies ſubſiſts immortal. At this inſtant, chaſte Hymen and tender love ſubdue the feeling heart. I enjoy the pleaſures my fellow creatures taſte. The tranſports of the young bride, the ecſtaſy of her happy bridegroom, give a ſmiling aſpect to the univerſe, and blot out the gloomy teints on which my eye has too long dwelt.

Reſtoring love, ſpread life and joy, ſentiment and felicity, perpetuate the beneficent and glorious race of thoſe who contribute to the honour and happineſs of mankind. Perhaps, at this inſtant, a new Pergoleſi is conceived by a lively Italian; another, Newton in the womb of a chaſte Engliſhwoman; a Rubens will be brought to light by a modeſt Fleming; and a La Fontaine and a Fenelon

will be regenerated at Paris to enchant us by an improvement in our tongue. Oh, nature! after genius do not forget beauty; return us an Heloiſe, the model of lovers; return us an object no leſs ſcarce, the Ninon, who diſcovered how to deprive love of its thorns, and re-eſtabliſh the fine and delicate ſhades that can exiſt between ſavage laws and a neglect of decency. Finiſh, Oh, nature, thoſe charming beings which pleaſure ſketches. Let none but ſuch minds eſcape; but if in ſome remote corner of the north, in the midſt of rude and ſevere climes, ſome warlike Prince ſhould beget a Charles the XIIth, a new Attila, mow them down in the flower of their age; let them fall, that thoſe ſons of Kings and their brutal paſſions may not diſturb the peace and harmony the ſciences and arts begin to ſpread over the face of the earth. Inſtead of living for the miſery of human nature, let them be incloſed like embrios in a phial, for the inſpection of the curious. I would rather ſee them thus, than behold their tombs loaded with trophies, murdering inſtruments, and revered only by weakneſs and folly.

AGAINST THE HOMER,

Tranſlated into French.

I AM of opinion, the modern fairy tales are full as good as the antient tales, and thoſe of Homer in particular; that the divinities of the

the Iliad, who ſlide inſtead of walking, who mount and deſcend on clouds, who viſibly fight the battles of their favourite warriors over their heads, and, notwithſtanding, now and then receive a wound of the lance which draws their divine and roſe-coloured blood, are not a whit better than thoſe powerful beings, who, with their wand in hand, fly through the immenſity of air more expeditiouſly than all the gods and goddeſſes of Olympus.

If prodigies of imagination and the marvellous are in queſtion, the honour certainly belongs to the fairy tales. Homer makes Golden Tripods march to the counſel of the gods, makes his horſes ſpeak, &c. Thoſe are trifles! The other's imagination is far more excellent. Who can read the *Green Serpent* without admiration?—his addreſs and eloquence equal that of Ulyſſes. Nothing is left us to wiſh but the erection of an academy, to comment emphatically on the beauties of this tale; it might vie with Homer, and this aſſertion would no longer appear a paradox; for it is agreed to give this appellation to every novel truth which has not yet received its paſſport.

The moral of the Iliad is much praiſed; but one muſt have the penetrating eye of Horace to ſee it; for his Jupiter, his Juno, his Venus, his Mercury, as well as the reſt of his gods, are always at variance, are, in general, unjuſt, miſchievous, licentious.—The magicians of our tales have undoubtedly

more dignity in their wrath, more reſolution in adverſity, and more magnanimity in the diſtribution of their favours.

Such blaſphemies will revolt, all the mad enthuſiaſts of antiquity.

Being curious to collect, to read, and to compare once for all the tranſlations of this famous Iliad, on which ſo much praiſe has been laviſhed, I have the misfortune to think this poem diſtitute of plan or connection, diveſted of unity and intereſt, full of verboſe, deſcriptions, and monotony in the turn of the ſpeeches and recital of battles; and thoſe gods who always conclude in the ſame form, and all thoſe heroes with long laboured ſpeeches before they come to action, and thoſe perpetual repetitions to tell us when it is night or day, and the minute anatomy of the different kinds of wounds; all this tedious recital inclines me to rank this poem among the middling romances.

We don't even ſee the taking of Troy, which is the conſtant ſubject, and the real utility of this long work evades ſpeculation, unleſs it is to prove the diſcord of Princes brings on dreadful conſequences; a truth their people feel without the aſſiſtance of poetry.

We are in poſſeſſion of twenty romances in our own language, better done, more intereſting, more replete with morality, truth and moving relations, or, at leaſt, that ſpeak more feelingly to our minds.

It is undoubtedly the fault of our tranſlators. In the Greek language, the Iliad is cer-

certainly an admirable poem, aſtoniſhing, divine; I have no doubt of it. It is ſublime in the language of antiquity:—Well, let the ancients return to admire it with all thoſe who naturalize themſelves Grecians;—for my part, it has been tediouſly tireſome to me in French and Latin, and I have only been ſupported in the reading by curioſity to contemplate the morals of thoſe diſtant ages. In this point of view, one reads a foreign narration which engages us, and has its merit like an antique picture. If a drawing of Zeuxis ſhould be diſcovered, and could have been preſerved, it would be a great curioſity; but, at the ſame time, is not to be put in competition with the pallet of a Rubens or a La Sueur. During my examination of this production, ſeveral ideas occurred to me, which every one will judge of as they think proper. I ſhall never be perſuaded the entire Iliad was compoſed by the ſame author. It even ſeems to me impoſſible, both by the execution of the poem, and the hiſtory of the times. They probably collect *rhapſodies*, made at different periods. A more happy, or more ingenious rhapſody, like thoſe of our rhimers, might have gratified Homer with ſubjects by different hands; ſcattered pieces which he reunited and retouched to his own mind. The place of Homer's birth is uncertain, as alſo the age he lived in. It was not until about three hundred years after his death his poetic works were collected.—They were in detached pieces. Plutarch ſays, Lycurgus was the

firſt who collected them in Aſia. Who knows what happened in this lapſe of time, a time of barbariſm! It is ſaid Homer went about chaunting his verſes in the manner of our *bards*. Where is the probability he ſhould have compoſed ſo extenſive a poem, only to recite ſcraps of it on his itinerary expeditions? Did he chaunt his Iliad all at one time, or did he drag with him a company of ſubaltern ſtrollers to retail it to thoſe who fell in his way? This is a palpable contradiction.

It appears to me there are two epochs in this poem, that it could not be compoſed at the ſame time. The buckler of Achilles exhibits the perfection of arts and ſciences, and as one may ſay, the reſult of knowledge, of a people greatly civilized. The groſs language, the brutal and ſanguinary acts of the heroes of the Iliad, their manner of living, pots, cookery, their greedy penury for the moſt trifling profit, all ſhow, on the other hand, the infancy of ſociety. We are apt to think we read the language of a rude and uncultivated poet, and again the ſoft-flowing verſe of one acquainted with the moſt refined arts. The ſuperb chariots, with wheels of gold, the magnificent vaſes, the purple carpets, are contraſted with princeſſes who are waſherwomen, and heroes who turn the ſpit. He deſcribes old Neſtor as the model of wiſdom, and the moſt reſpectable of his heroes; and this wiſe man, with his boaſted eloquence, tells his ſoldiers: *My honeſt fellows, I believe none of you would chuſe to return home, without*

firſt

firſt having lain with the wife of ſome Trojan.— This ſhameful ſpeech is put into the mouth of an old man, inſpired by Minerva, the moſt chaſte of goddeſſes. His Achilles, whoſe majeſtic wrath puniſhes the Grecian heroes, by his inaction, after having pardoned the hoary head of Priam, and even relenting over this unhappy father, ſtruck with the idea of his own aged parent, ſells, as I may ſay, to this old man, who kiſſed his murdering hands, the body of his ſon Hector, by meanly accepting the preſents brought him. This ſon of Thetis, this demi-god, whoſe noble valour diſdained to ſpill vulgar blood, coolly cuts the throats of twelve Trojans on the tomb of Patroclus; and we dare not fathom the principle of his grief or his friendſhip. In a word, he only ſerves his country to revenge the death of Patroclus.

Agamemnon, as brutal, with his own hand kills Adraſtus, who had ſurrendered to Menelaüs, who wiſhed to ſpare him; and he endures the reproaches of this haughty chief, who is repreſented as the model of heroiſm. Things ſo unlike cannot proceed from the ſame brain.

How, again, can we reconcile the inſtances where Homer piouſly adores his gods, with others where he ridicules them? Did he believe in a Juno, who he inflames with a celeſtial jealous wrath; a Jupiter, who ſhakes Olympus with knitting his brows, while he laughs at lame Vulcan? This unfortunate god had received from his brutal and inhuman fa-

ther ſuch a kick in the hip, that he was lamed for the remainder of his eternal days. Thus Homer by turns adores and deſpiſes his gods; and inſtead of raiſing man's imagination, which by his art he could effect, he follows the greateſt extravagancies of paganiſm, if even he was not the principal inſtitutor of them.

Did he receive this doſe of genius and this rare talent for verſification, only to confirm the ridiculouſneſs of vulgar opinion? Do not great minds rather endeavour to deſtroy error? Did he create this burleſque mythology, or was he himſelf in illuſion? His manner in general is grave and ſerious; and in this jumble of folly, one is aſtoniſhed at the manner in which he debaſes the ſublime idea of the Divinity, at a time when Orpheus left us that fine hymn, whoſe fragments we ſtill admire; and Plato expreſſly ſays Homer was in Tartarus for having ſpoke ill of the gods.

What! this pretended great genius, before whom all ages have lain proſtrate, had not the power to elevate itſelf to ſomething more noble, more perfect, than received fictions! But he has ſtill added to thoſe which were faſhionable. The majeſtic Jupiter beats and fondles his wife; and the groteſque mixture of the moſt ridiculous fables exhibit in proud Olympus the vileſt and moſt inordinate paſſions. Probably, Homer has abuſed the Pagan mythology; but if even he had literally followed it, he would ſtill be culpable; becauſe the man truly formed to inſtruct the world,

world, ought to diſſipate groſs darkneſs, and form his poem on a philoſophical plan, commonly adapted to the reſt of mankind. He follows the enlightened flambeau, that makes falſhood vaniſh, as ſoon as it is brought forward by the hand of Genius; but the chanter or fabricator of thoſe extravagant falſehoods could not alone invent and attribute to his gods ſo many manifeſt contradictions. There muſt have been many heads employed in framing ſuch nonſenſe, to finiſh the edifice of this confuſed ſyſtem, in which one cannot avoid diſcovering the traces and mixture of other worſhips.

The world is pretty generally agreed in acknowledging ſeveral chanters of the Trojan war—an enterprize undertaken for the raviſhment of a woman; and yet in thoſe days, women were ſlaves, always ſacrificed to public intereſt; witneſs the immolated Iphigenia, although daughter to the General. As there was no regiſtry kept of all the chanters, and the journal of the learned did not then exiſt, the name of only one chanter or poet may have ſwallowed up the others, in the ſame manner as the name of Hercules was prevalent, when they attributed to him the labours of the great men his predeceſſors and cotemporaries. This poem having gone through the ordeal of all ages, may have received modifications, which palpably appear, and which viſibly atteſt its having paſſed through ſeveral hands. Sometimes, it is fiery, rapid, as in the fourth book; at others, tedious, diffuſe,

fuſe, and languid; here, the ſame repetition diſguſts; there, an uniform fall. There are verſes repeated, which atteſt the tacks of the digeſtor.

The rape of Helen proves moreover what kind of perſons thoſe Kings were at the Trojan war, as alſo the kind of guard the King of the Moloſſians had. The good man Priam, to all appearance, was a plain Baron; but ſince then, fancy has made him a proud and opulent King. But it is very neceſſary to remark, the morals of the poem contradict in every verſe the deſcriptive genius of the poet, and the arts are conſtantly in oppoſition to the cuſtoms. Can any one ever believe the fine buckler of Achilles, of ſuch exquiſite workmanſhip, where the whole aſtronomical ſyſtem was ſo wonderfully engraved, could be penetrable to arrows? Who is there ſo blind who cannot here perceive a frame made on purpoſe to receive the recent diſcoveries? And who can withſtand the temptation of viewing this as an interpolation! We think we perceive diſtinctly what we ſtill ſee among us, one poet appears after others, who takes the firſt comer for his hero, (Theſeus for example) will load him with gold and ſilver, (as our Racine, who was French taylor to all the ancient Kings), whilſt Theſeus, who was nothing more than a poor knight errant, whoſe whole fortune conſiſted in a ſword given him by his father, and a pair of ſhoes hid under a great ſtone, which he was obliged to raiſe before he could poſſeſs this great inheritance,

and

and who made uſe of this ſword as a knife to cut his meat, that is, a large ox, properly quartered for firſt and laſt courſe.

Thus, all thoſe ornaments laviſhed in the Iliad, and which teſtify a kind of tranſlation, evidently ſhow a mixture of poſterior images, united to thoſe of antiquity. The groundwork is not diſguiſed; one can diſcover the ſtamp of the character and cuſtoms under the foreign ſtrata, as we may call them, which have not been able to deface the traces of a former generation.

This poem, then, has been totally, or in part compoſed, in the rude and obſcure times that Theſeus lived; ſince, it has been retouched, or rather repaired, in the enlightened days of Greece. This is plauſible. Theſeus and Gideon were nearly cotemporaries; every thing was then divided in little nations, little kings: every thing deſcribes man, at that period, almoſt in a ſtate of nature; and nothing ſhews us the ſplendor of Priam's kingdom, the majeſty of Agamemnon, king of kings, the grand fleets, the accumulated riches, the marble palaces; in a word, thoſe arts which had not exiſtence, &c. Eſchinus cites ſome Greek verſes of Homer, as taken from the Iliad, and thoſe verſes are no longer to be found in our text; a certain proof the text has been changed, mutilated, altered, corrected. Add to this the difference of dialect acknowledged by all thoſe who underſtand the language.

In Homer, the Xanthus is a rapid river that ſweeps away in its majeſtic courſe helmets, cuiraſſes, and the arms of the heroes. View it; you will find it a ſmall dried-up rivulet; you may ſtep over it, as Cæſar did when he ſought it, as a modern poet has well expreſſed it: *And unknowing, he paſſed the Xanthus.* Priam's palace was doubtleſs in uniſon with this ſo-boaſted river, and the deſcription of thoſe ſumptuous arts are viſibly borrowed, either from ſome neighbouring people who are unknown to us, or from poſterior times, which is ſtill more probable.

There are undoubtedly ſome ſtrong, grand, and majeſtic imagery in this poem; but the gods ſpoil all: bravery and courage are eclipſed under the uſeleſs and fatiguing preſence of thoſe perpetual movers, like unto the machinery of our operas. Heroes are no more than warlike automatons, who have neither will nor arms. Hector flies on foot before Achilles at leaſt three leagues, being forced by the aſcendancy of an inimical divinity; he turns again like a puppet, when by the protection of another goddeſs he finds himſelf two to one. The wrath of Achilles is idle, impotent, and unreaſonable; he ſculks nine years in his tent: there lies his armour, nine years inactivity, for depriving him of Briſeis: pretty employment for a hero ſprung from a goddeſs! His ſilent wrath is idle, and his obſtinacy is celebrated more than his valour.

In fine, no one model of virtue in this long romance. Battles upon battles; aſſemblies of

the gods, which terminate in nothing, and then again aſſemblies. A particular deſcription of all the wounds; a long liſt of the killed and wounded; a faithful nomenclature of genealogies; a marked indifference for the effuſion of human blood; and divinities contemplating and animating the ſlaughter; which is the predominant characteriſtic; generous forgiveneſs, humanity, diſintereſted beneficence, are qualities totally unknown. Nervous, robuſt, and ſupple arms are ſeen heaving large pieces of rocks; and narrow, rough, ſanguinary minds, who neither know how to repreſs vengeance, pride, or avidity, contend with each other for wretched plunder, like the warlike companions of Clovis. When an arrow has whiz'd, has pierced the buckler and the cuiraſs, another bow is bent, whizes in return, and a divinity never fails to fly with the javelin, or ſharpen it with a celeſtial hand, according to the occaſion.

All nations have, however, uſed this imagery; but they appertain more to barbarous than civilized people. The poetry of the northern people has the greateſt conformity with the ground of Homer's poetry, which ſhakes the heavens for the motion of a mere mortal.—Homer has been made a gigantic genius; and nothing more is to be done than to heap hyperbolical figures one over another, and make heaven and earth dance at every ſtroke of a lance the combatants give each other. I will agree this is very amuſing to the puerile imagination of men. Battles are the province of heroes;

heroes; but it is the poet who makes them ſuch unmerciful declaimers, and who for a nothing brings down all the gods from Olympus. In the Erſe poetry, we ſee nothing alſo but gods inhabiting trees, rocks, and deſert ſhores. All their ſimiles are taken from the lofty pine, from the green colour of the ocean, the floating clouds, &c. but there is not, in all Homer, ſo ſublime a ſpeech as that of Logan, chief of a ſavage clan of America. Our maſters, perhaps, in eloquence, without taſte, without dictionary, and without academy, are ſtill concealed in the foreſts of the new world.

But to return. This heap of fables that might be pleaſing to the Greeks, this impenetrable mythology, whoſe ingenuity they were probably well acquainted with, is not formed to produce the ſame enthuſiaſm among us. All thoſe fanatical preachers were quacks, or dupes to their own illuſions, or who wiſhed to enhance the frail merit of underſtanding a dead and almoſt uſeleſs language, or wiſhing always to admire, never knew how to compare their writers. How much more uniform, more moving, and more diverſified, is Taſſo! With how much art he gradually intereſts us, mixes his colours, and unites the marvellous of his time with the auguſt truths of his religion!

But I ſhall be told, Behold the crowd of admirers! But don't we know, that ſuch a book, on account of its antiquity, will have more or leſs favour? Commentators and tranſlators drop in, and compare with the original, and

and by a ſentiment of pride, examples of which are ſo numerous and laughable, imagine they partake the honours given to the work they have disfigured.

Mention the illuſtrious Moliere in preſence of his commentator, he ſhall look down, and a modeſt bluſh ſhall cover his face. Literary ſuperſtition, pretty much like another, admires beyond meaſure, and without choice, what it has in its infancy been told to admire; it is more common now than one thinks.

We have ſeen the exceſſes Madamoiſelle Dacier fell into in the laſt age, and her pedantic fury againſt the philoſophical good ſenſe of her adverſaries. About a hundred years ago, ſhe wept for the death of Pindarus, and ſhe neither underſtood Pindar nor Homer; witneſs her prolix tranſlation, where every ſpark of poetic fire is extinct. In a word, we have ſeen a *Serenus Sammonicus*, phyſician and preceptor to the young *Gordien*, ſuch an enthuſiaſt of Homer, that he publicly ordered, for the cure of the quartan fever, the patient to lay his head on the fourth book of the Iliad, on account of the heat of action with which this book is replete, and which he ſaid was capable to cure by melting the humours. We ſhall be apt to laugh at Serenus; but have we not reaſon to laugh at him alſo who finds in Homer a collection of politics, natural hiſtory, and morality, pretty much like other enthuſiaſts, who would find the Trinity in Plato. The hiſtory of literary prejudices would be no leſs amuſing, extenſive, or curious,

rious, than that of political errors; and the liſt of parole admirers is immenſe, for it is full as numerous as that of fools.

As to the Odyſſey, it is of a milder nature; plain colouring, a ſimplicity of conduct, and contrived more intereſtingly. The moving author of this poem was never that of the bluſtering Iliad. It is as if one day Oſſian and Geſſner were to be coupled, and we ſhould then be told they were one and the ſame.

Not but in the Odyſſey may be found ſome of thoſe tales to lull one to ſleep, which are appendages of all barbarous ages, whether they are antient traditions disfigured, or new coined from whimſical imaginations. All thoſe groteſque fables eſcape the mire of ages to circulate even among poliſhed nations; becauſe the poetic genius amuſes itſelf ſometimes in good humour, to decorate them, whether to pleaſe the people, or whether through the neceſſity of following antient and conſecrated rites. One fable ſhall ſucceed, while another miſcarries, pretty much like a fine ſubject for tragedy, which has never been treated among us, while others, leſs ſucceſsful, have met with a Racine to keep them in vogue yet ſome ages under the national livery. We might draw a parallel between Polyphemus and Bluebeard, Circe and Meluſine, Ajax and Peter of Provence, &c. But I ſhall reſerve to myſelf this ſolemn diſſertation: it would be a kind of irreligion not to bow down to a poem admired upwards of three

three thouſand years; that about one hundred and ſixty people in all Europe know how to read in the original, and that ſo many profeſſors, mounted in their chairs, dreſſed in their doctoral robes, have pronounced ſublime before their ſcholars.

I will now appeal to the conſcience of thoſe who read this, and firſt aſk them if they have read Homer in the original; if they have read him through, without being wearied; if they have read him with great pleaſure; and thoſe who will be honeſt enough will own, as I imagine, that Homer has few beauties; his ſlumbers long and frequent, and notwithſtanding his fifteen hundred commentators and tranſlators, he is a monotoniſt, verboſe, and a ſurfeiting deſcriber.

When I put this queſtion to the conſcience of my readers, it is becauſe many people reſemble the Neapolitan gentleman, who drew his ſword fourteen times to prove Arioſto the firſt poet in the world, and who acknowledged, when he was run through the body, and dying, he had never read him.

Perhaps in thirty ages, after the deſtruction of our arts, of our books, and the Journal of Bouillon, a romance of our days, little read or deſpiſed, eſcaping univerſal ruin, may obtain the honour of ſublimity; and the crowd of commentators, with gaping mouths, will pronounce it to poſſeſs every beauty: the firſt learned man will give to the work the name that has ſurvived, and perhaps ſeveral volumes will be filled with the life of a poor author,

who

who would have had ſome difficulty to obtain a place in a modern bill of mortality. Who knows even if they would not go ſo far as to confound commentator and author, and if for example, they might not attribute Moliere's comedies to M. Brett? For indeed his name is for ever tacked to the works of the author of the *Miſantropiſt*. Such a miſtake might very poſſibly happen. In ſuch a future academy, ſituated in a corner of North America, ſome learned academician, if there were any, would perhaps aſſert, in a language which we ſhould certainly not underſtand, that M. Brett, in the eighteenth century compoſed the Tartuffe and Gazette of France.

In the mean time, let who will, can, or may admire, the characters of the Iliad. As the tranſlations have made me yawn, and there is no diſputing with wearineſs, I am authoriſed to declare for myſelf, that I do not feel an agreeable ſenſation on reading the tranſlation of Homer. Every man's opinion is his own, and is independent. This divine Homer tires me; I feel modern works, as judges, by excellence of the *ſublime and beautiful*, feel the Iliad. I do not mean to judge of others' delights; but my Homer ſhall be Richardſon; my Theocritus, Geſſner; my Theophraſtus, Fielding; and I ſhall lament to ſee puerile academies, repetative admirers, diabolical commentators, blindly proclaiming this Greek language, which has ſo few works, and even them for the moſt part uſeleſs; whilſt in the midſt of this fruitleſs and barren curioſity, we

forget the images, the portraits, the truly grand and uſeful ideas, the moral and political books which ſurround us, and which, adapted to ſpeak to us in the moſt forcible language, find us almoſt inſenſible in a proportionable degree, as it importts us to dive into them, and come at a thorough knowledge of them.

Let us have a tranſlator capable to make us reliſh the Iliad. Pope's Engliſh Homer, by the aſſent of many, is ſuperior to the Grecian; becauſe Pope, as one may ſay, has made a new poem of it, by the original turn he has given the particulars, by curtailing them, and by a multiplicity of fine and delicate alluſions he has introduced; thanks to the energy, the liberty, and daring pliancy of his language.

Romance for romance, I would rather read a modern one than the old romance of the Iliad, which is to me tedious. It may be an admirable production in its own tongue, I grant it; but in French, whether in proſe or in verſe, it has much diſpleaſed me.

Every epic poem ſhould begin, as every one knows, by theſe words, *I ſing*; a tale has a great reſemblance to an epic poem; then here is the beginning of a tale that has juſt ſtruck me: *There was once a King and a Queen; the King was called* Petaut; *he was a very good kind of man, a little abrupt, a weak mind, and the beſt King in the world.* Here let me be a Homerical commentator for a little while.—How ſimple, how energic, how ſummary, how

how lucid, this opening! Here is a character drawn in the firſt line. The old chanter himſelf has not done better. Let us compare:— *Inſpire me, Goddeſs! and thou, immortal Muſe, ſing the wrath of Achilles, and that inexorable hatred that cauſed ſo many young heroes to periſh, and gave up their mangled members to feed the hungry vultures.* There is more ſimplicity in the opening of the tale, more gracefulneſs and truth.

Why does Homer ſay he is inſpired by a Muſe! What is a Muſe? Is it not certain he himſelf laboured his verſes? Why appear to have wrote under the direction of an imaginary being? How is this Muſe immortal! why ſing anger and hatred!

I could thus purſue an examination of the divine iliad, if I thought it could be any way pleaſing to any of my readers, already fatigued with hearing ſo much of this antient poet, whom he is neither able to read nor judge of.

DISCOURSE

Delivered by M——, *at his reception into the Academy of* ——*.

"WHAT an honour for me, gentlemen, to be admitted into this literary Areopagus, which ſays little, writes ſtill leſs, but thinks a great deal! How much above the academies

* This trifle is the production of a man who only wanted to laugh, and not hurt the feelings of any academician whatever.

of

of Paris, whoſe annual productions fill enormous volumes! at the Louvre they write; in your Lyceum you reflect. The province formerly followed the example of the capital; but it is aſſerted the capital begins to follow that of the province, and feeling that the greateſt glory of an academician is to ruminate twice a week in an elbow-chair after dinner. How honourable is it for you, gentlemen, to ſee thoſe haughty academies, that had diſdained yours, take her to-day for their model! But now I mention the model, how ſhall I ever equal the great man to whom I ſucceed? — [*Here the orator pauſed a moment to receive the juſt applauſe this happy tranſition merited.*] Oh! if I cannot equal him, I will, at leaſt, endeavour to aſſociate in his glory, by ſketching a picture of his life.

"You will not expect a recital of battles, for he deſpiſed glory. Neither will you find in his hiſtory the pompous cares of the magiſtrate, who interprets or alters the laws, and brings about revolutions in his country. He trampled on the grandeur of the world; and when he was called to an office in the corporation, he rejected the offer, not with that feigned modeſty which Cæſar affected when Antony offered him the crown, but with a decided and truly philoſophical frankneſs. *I know nothing of thoſe matters*, he replied. How much good ſenſe is included in thoſe few words! Is not every thing the Greek and Roman philoſophers have ſaid on the cares inſeparable from honours, contained

in this ſimple and laconic anſwer? Every man of taſte will undoubtedly prefer it to thoſe pompous lines of Racine, *Happy the man who, ſatisfied with his humble lot, lives in the obſcure ſtate the gods have placed him.*

"Neither enjoin me the taſk of analyſing his works. His modeſty here excuſes me. He had not the oſtentation of thoſe writers who publiſhed their works, more from motives of being admired than of inſtructing the world. There is no doubt, gentlemen, had he been inclined to take pen in hand, he would have eclipſed Racine, Fenelon, Voltaire, and our greateſt men. He has frequently ſaid ſo to himſelf with that openneſs you all witneſſed; 'but,' added he, 'fame would purſue me: I am a man, I am ſuſceptible of weakneſs, and ſome emotions of pride might impair the ſerenity of my mind.'—'Write,' ſaid a friend to him, 'but be anonymous.' 'I ſhould always be diſcovered,' he replied, 'and reputation would follow me, and diſturb the ſilence of my retreat.' He was ſo immovable in this ſyſtem, that when he was admitted amongſt you, you were obliged to diſpenſe with the uſual diſcourſe; an exception made for him alone, which is as great a proof of your modeſty as of his, as he could not have deviated from the received cuſtom of praiſing you and himſelf alſo. He was great, becauſe he deſpiſed greatneſs. He had talents, but he took care to conceal them. He was a profound thinker, for he always kept his thoughts to himſelf. His mother aſſures us, three days before ſhe gave

gave him birth, ſhe had three dreams, in which ſhe ſaw three crowns of laurel placed on her infant's head by three muſes, who alternately ſuckled him.

"I know the academicians of Paris will reject this fact as fabulous, becauſe their mothers had not ſuch dreams before they were born. But what Heaven does not permit the vulgar, it ſometimes does for great men.

"He was ſent early to college. Here the hiſtory of his life is rather obſcure, and gives riſe to a problem which I will reſolve. Some pretend he ſhone in the claſſes, whilſt others ſay he was always in the laſt form. If the firſt tradition is true, it was becauſe his extraordinary talents already began to unfold. If we adopt the ſecond, it was becauſe he diſdained ſcholaſtic fame, or that nature would ripen this fruit before the bud could even be perceived. However, I know he had made the ſyntax his ſtudy, and deſpiſed the mathematics, aſtronomy, natural philoſophy, ethics, and all thoſe vague ſciences that are to little purpoſe in forming the heart and mind. When he left the college, his mother deſired he would chuſe a calling; nothing pleaſed him.—'What will you do then?' ſaid ſhe.—'I will think of it,' replied the young philoſopher.—'Well, think,' anſwered this illuſtrious woman, the model for mothers.—And, indeed, all his life he was thoughtful. He read little, becauſe there are few good books; and even when he read the beſt, he was accuſtomed to fall aſleep, becauſe he

knew how much ſuperior he was to the authors he moſt delighted in. The ænigmas of the journaliſts were his favourite lectures. How often have you ſeen, gentlemen, this new Œdipus ſeek the meaning of an ænigma with inexpreſſible ſolicitude, beat his head, tear his hair, almoſt in deſpair when he could not ſolve it? It is the only circumſtance of his life where his temper and reſolution have been inconſiſtent. But when he diſcovered this precious treaſure, what joy ſhone on his countenance? That of a King, juſt proclaimed, had nothing ſo grand and ſo majeſtic. It is a debt I here owe to his fame to tell you, he one day made an entire ſacrifice of it. I was ſeeking to unravel an ænigma; he found it, came and whiſpered it to me, gave me leave to father it, and never revealed the ſecret: how different from thoſe indiſcreet authors, who only lend their pen to their friends to claim again two days after the work they had given them!

"In fine, gentlemen, he familiariſed himſelf with the people, humaniſed himſelf to them, mixed with them, and had ſo well imbibed the common ſtyle, that one would be inclined to think it natural to him. An agreeable gueſt,—the goodneſs of his appetite ſtimulated that of others. Recollect, gentlemen, the ſumptuous entertainment he gave you the day of his reception, the rich ſoup, the *petit patées* ſo exquiſite! thoſe..... But I perceive, gentlemen, I renew the grief you feel for his loſs, and I muſt ſtop to deplore with

with you this amazing man, who gave ſuch good dinners and did not expect any in return. Grief ſtops my mouth, and I have ſcarcely fortitude to read the ſentence with which I finiſh. I have propoſed this great man for my model, and I feel in making this diſcourſe I have deviated from the maxim he had laid down for himſelf, never to write; but it is the only time I ſhall ſwerve from his footſteps, and, during the remainder of my days, I promiſe you and the public, I will be his faithful imitator. — One word more, gentlemen, before we ſeparate. — There have been only the two firſt lines of a madrigal found among the papers of this great man; the firſt was wrote about ten years ſince, the ſecond about four; inexorable Death put a ſtop to the two laſt, and the completion of the work. This is the fragment:

Love is an inconſtant child,
Whoſe eyes and playful tricks are wild.

Which of us, gentlemen, would dare put the finiſhing hand to this poſthumous maſterpiece. Let us rather preſerve it in the records of our academy, and avoid imitating the audacious commentators, who dared to fill up the *hiatus* Virgil left in the ſix laſt books of the Eneid.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Eſt Deus in nobis.

WOULDST thou, my friend, thy worth and grandeur know,
What thou to thy immenſity doſt owe?
Reſpect thy being—thy own gifts poſſeſs,
For in thy ſoul is found the pow'r to bleſs;
There Nature placed all treaſure; what is gold?
Go, bid the miſer's hoarded heaps unfold.
Gold is but droſs—Thy heart the richeſt mine,
Exiſtence ſpread from pole to pole is thine;
By this alone;—or elſe obſcure or void,
Were worlds, with all their ſuns to thee deſtroyed:
O'er earth, o'er heav'n, a vaſt, immenſe domain,
Thy thought, thy reaſon, hold th'extended reign.
Theſe on all objects pour their ſteady light,
Nor Nature's veil eludes their piercing ſight.
What gives the ſun with genial heat to warm,
The glittering hoſt of night their pow'r to charm?
To flow'rs their hues, its ſavour to the fruit,
Their concerts to the groves, which elſe were mute.
What but thy ſenſes? monarchs while they ſway,
Theſe creatures of thy pleaſure ſtill obey.
Thy eye paints yonder azure vault above,
Thy ear with melody fills ev'ry grove.
The univerſe, this magic zone, were found,
Nought but a lifeleſs chaos ſpread around;
Thou art the painter of the vaſt deſign,
The canvas nature ſpreads;—to hold the pencil's thine.
Imagination! thy illuſive pow'r,
With pleaſing wonders charms us ev'ry hour:
Thy warmth inſpires, thy glaſs enchants our ſight,
Enhances pleaſure, and creates delight!
Still more I owe to this thy magic reign,
Which from my body ſhakes the cumbrous chain:
Nature! thy faireſt objects far remove
A ſweeter error of my ſenſe I prove:
'Tis not enough that thus its viewleſs flight
The preſent and the future brings to light.
This could ev'n in a dungeon's deepeſt gloom
Still bid new worlds ariſe in early bloom.

O ſacred

O ſacred charm! bright fire! my progreſs trace,
And let the roſe of bliſs my temples grace:
While to its choice my ſoul ſuperbly ſprings,
And leaves to vulgar pride the crowns of Kings.
O ſubtile Memory! thy wond'rous pow'r
Returns th'exiſtence of the former hour;
Gives back the images of empires paſt,
Tells the age preſent what befel the laſt!
By thee the pomp of Nature I behold,
By guilt's ſucceisful arm the thunders roll'd;
I ſigh:—but death the tyrant's pride lays low,
Tranſient his rage! Time ſtrikes the fatal blow.
Time is the avenger! mortals weak muſt own,
'Tis by ſuch blows he clears our race alone.
View next the Judgment's powers, that ſov'reign ſhine,
Condemn, approve:—the crucible divine;
Receives our ſentiments, refines, unites,
Weighs all our wants, in ſcale of equal rights;
Fixes our arts and laws with ſteady hand,
The edifice is rais'd by her command.
Our refuge, when all other hopes remove,
Which both our comforter and judge can prove;
From paſſion's tempeſt 'tis our ſure reſort,
Our *Pharos*, and directs us to the port.
Is the ſoft heart to love and pity warm,
Thoſe tender wants; th'intoxicating charm;
Th'enchanting feelings, anxious, fierce deſire,
Senſations which ſweet pleaſure can inſpire?
How happy the lov'd object then to bleſs,
Ev'n to the height of fond voluptuouſneſs;
Each object with ſweet animation fir'd,
He looks to Heav'n, with gratitude inſpired.
Innocent Friendſhip, animating pure
Pour balm into the wound; yet do not cure!
Leave ſenſibility, his virtues leave,
Whence ſouls humanity's bright tints receive;
And ardent canticles from raptures move!
He was an Atheiſt firſt who knew not love.
Rich in ſuch treaſures, by a choice unwiſe
Our rights ſhall we to Plutus ſacrifice?
Perfidious gold, like ſome proud deſpot's reign,
Will ev'ry day impoſe ſome new-forg'd chain;
Wealth often is a dang'rous burden found,
Deceitful ſhow! that hides a hollow wound;

Where health prevails we hold a ſteadier pace,
With equal motion in life's active race;
The dams once broke, the waters ruſh amain,
Scorning all bounds which ſhould their force reſtrain.
The meads are overflow'd; their force they ſpend!
More pleas'd I view the gentle dews deſcend;
Th'induſtrious bee our beſt inſtructor proves,
Which ſucks, not raviſhes, the ſweets it loves.
But Glory, you will ſay, how greatly bright!
Chuſe a true glaſs to view that Glory right;
Know its true glow from thoſe deceitful fires,
Which hopes like thoſe of children oft inſpires;
Who when they ſee the ſun-beam dancing wide,
In ſplendor o'er the boſom of the tide,
Sink deep in mire to ſeize it while they try;
A phantom too as oft may catch our eye.
True Glory bids thee cheriſh all mankind,
Like thee immortal, for like ends deſigned;
And to regard the loweſt will command,
Since God has form'd them with his awful hand.
Glory is enmity's ſtrong force to tame,
Injuries to forget, to riſe to fame.
When the ſoul ſpringing from all matter vile,
Shall leave this vaſt, this univerſal pile,
Then ſhall it ſmile on gewgaws of the world,
And palaces by time to ruin hurl'd;
Death's empire now; that with their maſters lie,
And whoſe unhappy tale demands a ſigh;
Then mounting to the God of life receives
All that the moſt extenſive genius gives.
Thus of the univerſe the picture trace,
Tall oaks decay, old things to new give place;
But how deceiving are the various arts,
Which the mere force of ſounding words imparts;
Their well-plann'd trifling, elegant diſcourſe!
Such play with infants only can have force;
Virtue our homage ſhould receive alone,
The ravages of Genius we muſt own.
Diſputes with rivals fill our early days,
How do ſuch brave contentions merit praiſe;
'Tis but by theſe for mortals to retreat,
From fear of ſhame that adverſe fate may threat.
But why thus wildly with the winds engage,
When prudence better can repreſs their rage.

How

How I deſpiſe the man who e'er can deign
To flatter the baſe, inſolent, and vain!
More praiſe to old Diogenes I owe,
Embracing ſtatues in the depth of ſnow.
I pity him that, full of weakneſs found,
Each trifle ſtill can trouble and can wound;
Who flies misfortune, and thinks only he,
Of all the world, ſhould paſs from ſufferings free.
No miſanthrope auſterely would I riſe,
Break civil bands or tulelary ties;
Nor bid the patriot take the Stoic's road,
Nor rank th'inſenſate man a demi-god;
For well I know great Nature's ties and force,
From whence our pleaſures draw their pureſt ſource;
I know his heart ſo ſoften'd to revere,
That bids for others woes to ſhed the tear.
Even thus the plant that ſenſitive we name,
Seems to expand her breaſt at pity's claim.
Its beauties faded, at one touch depart,
And tell th'unfeeling man "he has no heart."
Paſs ſome ſhort time, and age brings on the hours,
Which ſtrew beneath our feet youth's wither'd flowers;
Then, by degrees, ſhall ſenſe and reaſon fail,
Let us prevent the effects, ere they prevail.
Leſs bright the ſetting than the riſing ſun,
Departing gleams of glory yet puts on!
Baniſh thoſe tears from weakneſs you derive,
And dare in converſe with yourſelves to live.
The * Traveller on deſert iſle unbleſt,
Diſcover'd there the talents he poſſeſt.
Be ours like induſtry; let us ſuppoſe
The world but one vaſt deſert to diſcloſe;
This Being, mortal! frail like all the kind,
Cheriſh; but an aſylum elſewhere find.
We are the everlaſting ſport of fate,
Yet gen'rous fortitude what can abate?
What move him maſter of himſelf that reigns,
The heart ſelf conquer'd its own will retains;
Its glory meaſur'd by its worth is known,
It bends for that ſubmiſs to Heav'n alone.
The ſoul diſplays her author's image bright,
And all but God before her ſink in night.

* Robinſon.

LAST LETTER

Of the Romance of Julia, or the new Heloiſa *.

St. PREUX to WOLMAR,

After the Death of Julia.

"OH Wolmar, what a ſtab you have given me! the ſtroke of death would have been more welcome.—I no longer exiſt; I am inſenſible to every thing, even to grief!—My heart is torn from me, or is rather annihilated. The earth ſinks under me; every object flies from me like a ſhadow; and my ſtupid wandering ſoul has taken its reſidence in the tomb that incloſes Julia!—Divine Julia, I breathe beſide, I watch over thy cold inanimate corſe as over a ſacred truſt left to my care.—I am ſilent; I revere the ſilence which ſurrounds thee.—I meditate in the ſhadow of death; my piercing eye ſees through the dreadful ſhrowd that covers thee.—Oh, Julia! thou art ſtill the ſame, thy ſoul ſtill animates thy eyes; death has not frozen thy viſage; devouring reptiles dare not approach thee, they reſpect thee, thy mouth opens.—*My dear friend, fulfil thy duty.*—What ſounds! what a mournful affecting voice! where am I? the illuſion is gone; her tongue is frozen; the luſtre of her eyes is extinct; death has ſhut

* The peruſal of Rouſſeau's Romance gave birth to the idea of this letter. It was written in 1764.

up

up in this coffin the body that was lately the temple of virtue. — I would fly hence; but cannot — this frightful, yet adorable, image nouriſhes and rends my heart. What, Julia, art thou no more? — Oh, Wolmar, I excuſe thy errors. — What Power governs this univerſe? Adorable woman, thou art no more! Where art thou? Ah! thy beſt place was amongſt us. — Who could have ſeparated thee from thoſe thou lovedſt, from thoſe who owed their happineſs to thee? And where is thine, ſeparated from thy huſband, thy children, thy friend, and may I dare ſay from me? A haughty contempt animates me, a ſudden indignation ariſes in my breaſt; while I meditate on this world, where ſuch ſtrange diſorders reign, I diſcover in my heart a kind of ſentiment of dignity and greatneſs of ſoul, a ſort of ſublime ſuperiority, that makes me deſpiſe life and exiſtence, and, at the ſame time, makes me ſhed tears for the unhappy ſtate of mortals, and demonſtrates to me I only want power to make them happy. I am not mad — this cruel event aſtoniſhes, ſurpaſſes, and confounds my ideas; my eye is dry, the bitter ſmile is on my lip; it is not fate has ſtruck this dreadful blow, it was too well concerted; it is —— Oh, Wolmar, ſhall I end? And thou, incomprehenſible Being, too great to be irritated with the vain deſpair of a mortal, whoſe heart thou haſt pierced, have Mercy! Julia is in thy boſom; I adore thee, but — Oh, God! why didſt thou take her from us! or why, when the blow was ſtruck, didſt thou not

vouchſafe to ſtrike all together? One ſingle moment has overturned all our projects; it is not then permitted man to raiſe his own felicity; and when virtue begins to make us happy, Death comes to deſtroy the fortunate plan of our lives. My friend, we never more ſhall ſee, we never more ſhall be happy with that ſoul which animated ours, that loving heart that attracted our hearts, that ſublime mind whoſe ſtrength and meekneſs conſoled us in our misfortunes and raiſed us above ourſelves! I was indebted to her for all, virtue, temper, happineſs; I am no longer any thing. I was a man, now my heart is become inſenſible; I have loſt all, even to my good opinion of myſelf: involved in the ſhades of night, I can only ſee the horrors of the preſent moment; the paſt is a dream, and the future a gulph of bitterneſs in which I am immerſed.

"Oh, Wolmar! thy letter in one inſtant has filled my heart with all a heart can ſuffer. I experienced but one ſhock; but what a cruel one! my heart is pierced with it, and almoſt annihilated. I conceive the horror of my loſs in its full extent, but I have not ſtrength to feel my ſorrow. It is you, unfortunate Wolmar, it is you who drink up the very dregs of this bitter cup. You received her laſt breath; you fulfilled the deareſt and moſt ſorrowful duties; you died a thouſand deaths; you live! why did I not experience thoſe deſirable torments! I ſhould be no more, or I ſhould be conſoled.

"Oh,

"Oh, Julia, I cannot reconcile myſelf to the idea of thy death. Ah! ſince you was to have died, why did I not ſee thee expiring? My lips would have preſſed thy trembling hands; my cares would have retarded the fatal ſtroke. I would have collected thy tears, thy ſighs, thy woes; and I would have ſacrificed to thee my ſorrows; I would have ſeen thy laſt brilliant glance; I would have carried thy ſoul away, and my voice ſhould have conſoled thy worthy friend. Now more to be pitied than ſhe, I can neither give nor receive conſolation; nothing can give me the fortitude neceſſary to fulfil thy laſt will; I die without being any way uſeful to thee; I expire without having done any thing for thee. Wolmar, thou ſublime man, thou who madeſt me virtuous by thy noble confidence, thou poſſeſſedſt the treaſure to which my exiſtence was attached, and I loved thee! I lived near Julia and was happy! If thou waſt her huſband, I was more, I was her chaſte lover; thy generoſity made my happineſs; it was, perhaps, ſuperior to thine. Oh, dear Wolmar! I reſerved this acknowledgement for thy reward.

"But that is trifling:—how ſhall I return what I owe thee?—I have loſt all, and have an immenſe debt to diſcharge; I cannot ſupport life, and you command me to live.—— Cruel man, what a ſacrifice do you require! Do not be a tyrant, do not abuſe the right you have over me.—Muſt I return to life? live over again, to ſigh and deteſt the light? —No—but you will have it ſo,—is that enough?

enough? Clara joins her voice with thine; Clara, who was Julia's friend, Clara, whom I loved, (ſince there is but one word to expreſs ſuch different affections) but whom I loved as being a part of Julia, whom I love ſtill as being her precious remains, Clara!—Oh, Wolmar, even her voice is ineffectual.

"Adieu; detain me no longer. I will deſcend to the ſilent grave: that is my only aſylum. Do not accuſe me of ingratitude; think on my ſorrows, and then pronounce. Thou wouldſt only have with thee a gloomy man, whoſe heart is dead and out of his mind. Let me die in peace.

"Thou expecteſt me, Oh, divine Julia! ſuffer cold death to unite me to thee. After a life mingled with ſuch emotions, I ſhall quietly ſleep a ſound ſleep near her who has rent my heart in a thouſand places, near her who has intoxicated it with a thouſand delights. Alas! the grief that conſumed me during a tempeſtuous life; the moment I loſt thee, when I ſaw thee in the arms of another; that moment was a hundred times leſs dreadful than the gloomy reſt, the horrible calm than accompanies me. Happy the moment when a perfect inſenſibility ſhall terminate all my pains.

"I deſcend into thy tomb, Oh Julia!—What holy awe penetrates me? Who ſtops me? I dare not proceed in this dreadful ſanctuary.—I remember Julia was a mother! ſhe ariſes ſplendidly from her grave.—Oh, Julia,

I proſ-

I proſtrate myſelf at thy feet; I dare not raiſe my timid eyes to thee.

"What do I ſee! awful and tender mother! thou preſenteſt thy children to me, thou batheſt them with thy tears, thou placeſt them in my arms; thy mild and ſublime voice calls to me in a reproaching tone, *My dear friend, fulfil thy duty.*—Yes, I will fulfil it; I will reverence thy choice and thy confidence—thy children were dearer to thee than thyſelf.—I loved them as I loved thee; thou haſt loſt thy life for one of them! — Come, dear cruel child, to my arms; every inſtant thou wilt rend my heart;—no matter, give me back to ſenſibility by the ſentiment of grief. I am overcome; I muſt live miſerable.

"Yes, Julia, thou wilt have it ſo, and I obey thee, even whilſt I ardently wiſh to rejoin thee. Thou haſt not diſappeared; thou commandeſt, and I will obey thy laws. Thou art ſtill living, thou art ever preſent to me, I can always love thee with that pure flame with which I burned for thee; I ſtill can pleaſe thee? and if even thou wert nothing, I would adore thy ſhade.

"Come, beloved children, pure blood of Julia, our ſouls are congenial, you belong to me. Julia's virtues ſhall be our model; from Heaven ſhe will watch over us, and the rectitude of our actions will be the moſt worthy homage we can offer her. Let us never forget her, beloved children! When I preſs you to my arms, I will recal Julia to my

my mind: I will have no other reward for my toils.

Oh, my dear Wolmar! I fly to thee. Julia has ſpoken. I conſent to bear the burden of this life: I devote my days to thee and thy children; happy to ſerve them! Dear Wolmar, let us acknowledge a Supreme Being, who rules all; he has his views; let us ſubmit to his terrible, but hidden, decrees. The day will come that will enlighten what perplexes us. Let us acknowledge a Godhead. Alas! if blind Fate governed the world, ſhould we have a right to weep, to be moved to pity, and to hope?"

LETTER

From Ovid in Exile to a Friend.

"YOU wiſh me to endeavour to ſooth my melancholy days with the comforts of ſtudy; you adviſe me not to let my talents be loſt in inactivity. I approve your advice, my friend; but the talk is not ſo eaſy. Poetry requires ſprightlineſs. The mind muſt be at peace for productions. I am far from enjoying it. For ever toſt about in ſtorms, there is no lot ſo ſorrowful as mine. Do you require Priam ſhould be playful on his children's tomb, and that Niobe, deprived of her's, ſhould lead off a dance of joy? Baniſhed and alone in the deſerts of Scythia, ſhould

ſhould I write verſes or rather ſhed tears? If you were to endue me with a heart as hard as Socrates's accuſers, all my conſtancy would ſink under the weight of my misfortunes. My calamities ſurpaſs human fortitude The old man, who was reputed wiſe by the voice of Apollo, would not have had reſolution to write if he had experienced my misfortunes. I muſt have forgot my country; I muſt have even forgot you, my friends, and all ſenſibility. Moreover, my fears would never leave me in ſuch a ſtate of tranquillity as to collect my thoughts. — A hoſt of enemies ſurround my reſidence, and inceſſantly beſiege me; to which I muſt add, that age has weakened my genius, and long inaction waſted my ſtrength. Vainly a field is naturally fertile; if the plough does not ſometimes renew it, it will produce nothing but weeds and brambles. The courſer that has long been idle, will be leſs active for the race, and will ſee his competitors get before him. The ſhip that lies long in harbour, goes to decay and falls to pieces;—ſo with me, I deſpair of becoming what I have been, and recovering my feeble talents. I have loſt my ſtrength; long ſufferings deſtroy genius. Often, however, as to-day, I endeavour to bend words to the meaſure of verſe; yet I have not compoſed any other poems but thoſe thou ſeeſt. They partake of the misfortunes of their author and the place where he is baniſhed. I know glory gives vigour to genius, and the love of fame fertiliſes it. There was a time when I myſelf was attracted by

by the ſplendor of a name; now I am too unhappy to think of glory; and wiſh, if poſſible, to be unknown to the whole world. You will tell me, perhaps, my firſt verſes were ſucceſsful, and I ought to purſue my ſucceſs? Pardon me, ye Muſes! but ye are the firſt cauſe of my exile. The inventor of the brazen bull was the firſt who made the painful trial, and I alſo am puniſhed for my talents. Should I then have any thing to do with verſes? When one has been ſhipwrecked, is it not natural to dread the ſeas! and if even, always allured by inclination, I ſhould abandon myſelf to a talent that has been ſo fatal to me, am I in a place fit to inſpire me? I have not a ſingle book; I cannot make myſelf underſtood by any one, and no one cares to liſten to me. All is barbariſm, the country and the language. Nothing proceeds from the mouths of the Getæ but ſavage and frightful ſounds, like the howlings of ferocious animals; I begin even to think I have forgot the Roman language.

I have learned to articulate ſome Getic and Sarmatian words; and I will honeſtly confeſs, my Muſe cannot help ſketching ſome verſes. I write, and when the work is finiſhed, I throw it into the fire. The fruits of my labour are transformed into aſhes. Wiſhing to decline verſification, and not being able to refrain, I follow my propenſity, and abandon the work to the flames. It is only by chance or by accident theſe ſcraps come to your hands. Ah! would to Heaven the fire had

had deſtroyed, as well as the work, the talent which has cauſed my loſs and ſufferings.

WRITING.

OH, powerful Writing! thou doſt not yet ſufficiently attract our admiration. By what mechaniſm do words, traced on paper, and whoſe influence, at the firſt glance, ſeems ſo trifling, make ſuch deep, ſuch durable impreſſions? The ideas of reality are tranſitory, but the deſcription, by the lively touches it receives from words, affects more. This power of rapidly combining ideas with the aſſiſtance of characters, has really ſomething aſtoniſhing and ſupernatural; objects which never were within the comprehenſion of the ſenſes, become ſenſible, and ſo far engage us, as to be really troubleſome and dreadful. Words ſtrike the imagination more forcibly than even the thing itſelf.

It is ſurely difficult to conceive how words, the ſame as the tone of voice, put on the tone of tenderneſs, anger, fear, toleration, contempt, pride, diſdain; how a dead, inanimate character becomes an eloquent, expreſſive language, which cauſes tears to flow, which animates, which affects, and kills.

By a quick and rapid ſympathy, we ſeize the fire kindled in another's imagination.—Demoſthenes inflamed his republic, and hurried her, contrary to her true intereſt, into a fatal war. Perhaps alſo, words, in their primitive origin,

origin, and when they had not received all the particular acceptations of a civiliſed ſociety, had more energy and power; ſuch words deſcribed plainly, and thoſe who heard them, had no idea of ſubmitting them to be analyſed by a dull critic.

The ſtill barbarous nations have certainly a more nervous preciſion, a more ſteady heat; they are nearer nature. Words in the infancy of a language have more brevity, and expreſs more things at once; but now we confound, lengthen, *ad libitum*. When a people are civiliſed, words take rank as men; ſome are for the nobility, others for the vulgar; and this inequality proceeds, as the other, from caprice, chance, and the ſtrange courſe of events.

It would be curious enough to remount to the primitive language of every nation, to find the vocabulary of each people the production of their own ſoil; to obſerve the moſt uſual expreſſions of ſuch nations applicable to philoſophical objects; to find out the emigrations of words which have travelled with their conquerors; to catch an idiom, whether ſtrong or weak, which has aroſe in a country where the bluſtering phænomena of nature exhibit themſelves, or the ſmiling plains where they repoſe; in effect, to find again the ſound, the accent, the expreſſion, which denotes every particular object, we ſhould then ſee what abſtruſe ideas have perverted; we then ſhould ſee the primitive connections which governed ſenſible Beings and ourſelves.

The

The learned Count de Gebelin ſays, *Aſk what was the origin of ſpeech, and it is aſking, when man began to hear, to ſee, to walk.* The Abbé de Condillac, in his *Eſſay on the origin of Human Knowledge*, has obſerved, after the Sacred writings, that, coming from the hand of God, Adam and Eve were, by an extraordinary aſſiſtance, endued with reflection and a communication of thought: but afterwards, writing as a philoſopher, he ſeeks to find how it could happen by natural means; then we evidently ſee that ſpeech was acquired, and not given to man, as the Count de Gebelin aſſures us, without any proof.

What an incredible difference between the ſtyle of two men, born the ſame year, inhabitants of the ſame town, ſpeaking the ſame tongue, viewing the ſame objects! How can one avoid ſeeing the ſtyle is the ſtamp of the mind, and that it cannot be learned, nor can be imitated? I open the works of ****; they are black characters, traced on white paper. I read, I ſee tragedies in hemiſtich and in rhyme; orations, diſſertations, proſe, great and ſhort verſes, &c. In ſpite of me, my mind is abſent, wandering; I forget I am reading; a revery overpowers me; I gape, and throw aſide the ſuper-excellent man of taſte. I take up a volume of Rouſſeau's new Heloiſa, it is ſtill black on paper; but ſuddenly my attention is engaged; I am animated, I grow warm, I am inflamed, I am agitated with a thouſand different ſenſations; I fancy myſelf in the groves of Clarens; I ſee, I hear the actors;

actors; I read over one volume; and when I am told there are ſix, my heart beats with joy and ſatisfaction, and I would wiſh to prolong for ever ſuch charming reading.

WRITERS.

EVERY writer is particularly bound in a moſt ſolemn manner, and before every other obligation, to do juſtice. The infringement of juſtice is an injury done to human nature; for this reaſon, every author, worthy of the name, is ſenſibly affected with any wrong done to his equal: he is the avenger of the public cauſe; and the oppreſſion that falls on his neighbour ought to become perſonally his; he cannot excuſe himſelf from oppoſing it.

Whilſt envy, wickedneſs, ignorance, attack writers, they deſpiſe their efforts, which muſt be vain, becauſe nothing can counterbalance univerſal fame: the ſuperiority of their minds point out to them the approbation of ſenſible men now exiſting and to be born; and the reward they expect for their labours is in the improvement of projects for the public good.

Can we, then, too much revere thoſe ſuperior men who enlarge our underſtanding, who eſtabliſh the moral code of nations, and the civil virtues of individuals? A poem, a drama, a romance, which draws virtue in lively colours, models the reader inſenſibly

on

on the virtuous characters he repreſents; they intereſt him, and the author inculcates the moral, without ſpeaking of it; by a ſkilful hidden operation, he exhibits certain qualities of the mind covered with an imagery that makes us adopt them. He compels us to love thoſe generous actions; and the man who ſpurns at reflection, whoſe mind is ſoured with dogmatical leſſons, is charmed with the natural pencil which improves to the beſt advantage the ſenſibility of the human heart, to inſtruct it in what ſtern perſonal intereſt commonly repels.

We muſt carefully examine our mind, which is the ſanctuary where reſide our thoughts and ideas. Science is only uſeful to conduct us to morality, which is neceſſary for us, to morality, which teaches us to be mild, patient, temperate, and which ſpeaking of our equals, inſtructs us in our duty to them. A philoſopher, who meditates alone, who ſcrutiniſes different objects, and examines them calmly with all their connections, is likely to be nearer the truth, than an aſſembly of men who diſcuſs, deliberate, and argue.

A rich or happy man would not perhaps do well to commence writer, not only becauſe he would riſk his repoſe and peaceable enjoyments,* but perhaps becauſe he would not be ſufficiently exaſperated againſt the wicked,

* When a man devotes himſelf to the painful office of a writer, he muſt, firſt of all, ſound the fortitude of his mind; he muſt be confident he is able to ſupport all incidental attacks with reſolution.

that

that is to ſay, the diſturbers of public order; he would be in a ſituation too apt to tolerate many abuſes that would affect him but ſlightly, intrenched, as one may ſay, in the circle of his opulence; in a word, he would find himſelf too much diſpoſed to pardon ſeveral, and varniſh over by reaſoning many political vices of our modern governments.

How could he find out a remedy to the evils with which we are burdened, when he would be at ſuch a diſtance from the ſuffering claſs? A writer muſt have the misfortune to be diſcontented with every thing that is done wrong in his country, that he may write in a manly ſtyle to rouſe attention; his ſtyle muſt be emphatic, as it is to ſtrike the ears of the obdurate and haughty. Orator of the greater number, that is to ſay, the crowd of unfortunate Beings, Melancholy, the mother of Pity, muſt preſide over his gloomy pen to make it the more affecting.

Fontenelle has ſaid of himſelf, that he never by any chance had thrown the leaſt ridicule on the ſmalleſt virtue. That is truly reſpectable; but he had only fulfilled half the taſk of a man of letters. It is more and more obligatory to redouble our exertions againſt every thing that debaſes humanity; to brand all deſpotiſm; inceſſantly to attack tyranny under its various forms; to devote one's ſelf for the common cauſe; to poſſeſs that abſtruſe ſentiment which ſo rapidly extends; to viſit the meaneſt citizen; and, in fine, to become his advocate in the face of pride and power.

Who

Who muſt ward the blows intended againſt the multitude, but the eloquent voice of the juſt and ſenſible man! Who will attack blind and inſolent power with reproaches, cries, and ſighs, if it is not the writer! He muſt borrow the keen and plaintive tone of the oppreſſed, he muſt make the diſtant and formidable thunder of poſterity roll over the oppreſſor's head, and he ſhould know, notwithſtanding the audaciouſneſs ſome politicians have affected, there are few public men who do not dread the judgement of the public.—This courage will be called enthuſiaſm; but is not enthuſiaſm to talents the ſame as colouring to a picture? Without it, there is no ſacrifice offered to truth; no inſpiration, none of thoſe permanent and victorious enticements that impel the writer to compoſe thoſe works which are laſting monuments for future ages.

Happy then, the man who knows the enthuſiaſm of his art! who, while error has its heroes and martyrs, is inflamed for truth, and enjoys, in the contemplation of her chaſte attractions, the ſacrifices he has made to her! Truth has lovers who prefer her to all! Hear an Engliſhman talk of liberty: in a manly tone he will tell you he would purchaſe it at the expence of his life. Read Fenelon, when he talks of virtue; how he inſinuates it into our ſouls! The author who abandons himſelf to the impulſe of his ſoul, has an idiom which reſounds, not to the ear, but the mind of the reader, and that is eloquence.

If a man were paſſionately fond of a conqueror, idolized him, and imagined it to be a glorious action to expire under his command, ah! let us forgive the generous mind, greedy of uſeful knowledge; the tranſports it enjoys while it penetrates the ſanctuary where truth is hidden, and lifts the veil that covers her.

FABLE I.

The DYING FATHER and his TWO SONS.

A WORTHY father, and a man of ſenſe,
Drew near that hour the Fates for all diſpenſe;
Two children's moans around his couch he heard,
And both he view'd with tendereſt regard.
Mean while a project had poſſeſs'd his head:
Apart he call'd the younger to his bed:
"My child, here take this private key," he ſaid,
"In yonder cloſet a rich purſe is laid;
There thou wilt find a plenteous ſtore of coin;
Thou haſt good ſenſe—that I for thee deſign."
The ſon, ſurpris'd, cry'd, "What you would beſtow
Conſcience forbids—to wrong a brother ſo."
"Take it, without more words," the ſire replied,
"I know how Fate will on his lot decide;
Go! 'tis not him I fear to ſuffer need;
He is a *blockhead*, and will ſure ſucceed."

[This Fable is imitated from the German.]

FABLE II.

The FARTHING and the GUINEA.

A FARTHING, (ſince it muſt be called by name)
A glitt'ring Guinea of great ſhew and fame,

Both

Both fallen from one pocket, were eſpy'd
Upon the graſs, while lying ſide by ſide:
"What doſt thou near me?" ſtraight the Guinea ſaid,
In a proud tone that arrogance diſplay'd;
"Haſt thou been known in circles where I ſhine?
By greatneſs ſcorn'd, the beggar's lot is thine!"
The humble Coin reply'd, "I'm ſmall, you ſee,
But the unhappy ſtill draw good from me;
And oft' thoſe humbler ſort whom you contemn,
Change me for that which makes a part of them;
To horrid treaſon I'm not privy made,
Nor lend to crimes nor ſordid actions aid;
And rather would my company impart
To rags, than the void head, or treach'rous heart.
At gaming-tables ne'er do I appear,
To countenance the fooliſh av'rice there;
But in the preſence oft' of God I dwell;
In the poor's box at church I find a cell.
Beſides, to bear the impreſſion is my fate,
That makes us both ſo uſeful to the State."
A paſſenger prevented the reply:
He took the gold ſo brilliant in his eye,
Nor did he leave the farthing on the ground;
What did he! Shall I tell the fate each found?
The former on a courteſan he ſpent,
The latter to relieve the needy went.

FABLE III.

The CUCKOO and the SWALLOW.

ONCE a young Cuckoo met a Swallow, come
From diſtant lands, where he was wont to roam;
"So, you continual traveller, you're here,
(He cries) pray with ſome news now feaſt my ear,
Tidings on which I may for truth depend,
For, pleaſing all, I've ev'ry where ſome friend.
You'll anſwer me, dear neighbour, where you've been,
As various countries you no doubt have ſeen;
How think they in the other hemiſphere,
Diſcourſe they of the winged warblers there?
Is Philomel's ſweet voice as potent found,
And in Japan as much as here renown'd?

Oh, I can ne'er imagine ſuch a thing."
" Excuſe me—juſt as ſweetly does ſhe ſing;
The chearful harbinger of ſpring ſhe proves,
The lovely pride of all the verdant groves,
The winged ſongſtreſs, whoſe melodious ſtrain
Charms moſt where deep embow'ring ſhades obtain."—
" And the Tom-tit?"——" He has his merit due;
That black neck, and his ſhape ſo pretty too,
Have gain'd him friends juſt to his heart's deſire,
While his fine plumage numbers will admire."—
" But what ſay they of ME?"—" My friend, 'tis true
They never ſpoke one ſyllable of YOU."
" Inſenſate! They would drive me to deſpair.
But *my own name* to ſound ſhall be my care."

Thus the conceited fop his *vengeance* takes,
While of *himſelf* his tuſſome tale he makes.

FABLE IV.

The MAN and the THORN.

BENEATH a thorn of lofty height,
A man lay for a cat in wait,
And thus concealed, he ſought to gain,
Her ermine robe; but ſought in vain.
She was juſt caught; but ruin near,
Strengthen'd her efforts to get clear.
Puſs'd; the man in anger ſtood,
His hand was cover'd o'er with blood,
Drawn by the many-pointed thorn:
Now reaſon by his rage o'erborne,
He vows to root up and deſtroy
The plant that work'd him ſuch annoy.
But tardineſs calls—to the next day
Vengeance deferr'd, he goes away;
Yet in his hand the hedging bill
Recalls th' offence to mem'ry ſtill.
At length, upon a certain morn,
He haſtes in fury to the thorn.
Oh, Heav'ns! it flow'rs! with what ſurpriſe
He finds the grateful odours riſe;

Here

Ambroſial ſcents, which as they bloom,
Gives love the tribute of perfume.
Here he ſurveys the beauteous roſe,
Which with unrival'd beauty blows;
Feſtoons of flow'rs their ſweets diſpenſe,
A balm reviving to the ſenſe.
While he pays homage to their birth,
His bill falls uſeleſs to the earth:
The thorn, ſo hated and deſpis'd,
His garden's choiceſt plant is priz'd.

For ſlight offence we ſhould not bear
Hatred, nor be in wrath ſevere;
In little time it will be found
Reflection's ſtrength will cure the wound:
Forget the injury, and then
Your wonted peace revives again,

FABLE V.

The APE and the OYSTER.

A Gaſcoon's Ape, in manners like himſelf,
Viewing an Oyſter, cry'd, "Poor worthleſs elf,
Canſt tell me by what means 'tis I muſt ſee
Of what vile ſpecies Heav'n created thee:
Think'ſt thou, or art poſſeſs'd of feeling, friend?
I deem that thou to neither canſt pretend.
Or where could Leibnitz, in his wiſdom, place
A ſtupid creature of thy doubtful race.
But 'twixt inſtinct and reaſon I remain
A link that joins the univerſal chain."
Fir'd with the boaſting of the ape gaſcoon,
The Oyſter anſwer'd thus, "Hold, vile buffoon!
Or puff'd up ſo, repair to Nicolet,
To fools thy machine-dignity repeat;
While, though the object of a boaſter's ſcorn,
Serene upon the wings of genius borne,
To regions of philoſophy I ſoar.
Of Epimenides ſome deem'd of yore
(Fools!) that completely forty years he ſlept:—
Abderus thought himſelf he wiſely kept

From uſe of mortal eyes, and choſe to doom
Himſelf to live within a ſilent tomb. [wel,
The mind works moſt where ſenſe the leaſt intrudes: Fare-
To contemplate, I'll ſhut me in my ſhell."

On the SHORTNESS of LIFE.

WHY muſt our lives be of ſo ſhort duration? why don't we live two or three thouſand years? this is what we daily hear.

Almoſt all mankind complain of the ſhortneſs of life. If it was in their option to extend their length of days as far as they would wiſh, thoſe who would reſolve on death at the end of two or three thouſand years, would be more ſcarce than the ſuicides of our days.

Senſeleſs men! have you well thought on the reſult of ſo long a life? If God were to grant your inconſiderate wiſhes, it would be neceſſary he ſhould enlarge the globe, or deprive us of the power of re-production. But our globe is not capable of being enlarged, without overthrowing our planetary ſyſtem, and producing its conſequent ruin.

The bodies heaped on each other, in broad and deep holes, after a battle, convey but a faint idea of the confuſion we ſhould be in on this ſorrowful planet, if no one was to die for fifteen hundred years only, or that the common life of man was to be of that number of years, and that he had the power of generation during ſeven-eighths of that long life, as is commonly ſeen in the preſent ſyſtem. This is evident from the following calculation.

The

The circumference of one of the grand circles of our ſphere being 7,200 marine leagues of 2,850 fathoms, and of 20 to the degree, its diameter will be 2,291 $\frac{52}{71}$ leagues; its ſurface 16,501,183,77[illegible] leagues, which being reduced into ſquare feet, gives 4,825,110,925,-148,450. If we only deduct one half, ſuppoſed to be occupied by the ſea, the lakes, and rivers, there will remain 2,412,555,462,574,-225.

Now, let us ſuppoſe this half to be inhabited by a thouſand millions of men; if this number was only to increaſe yearly only one hundredth, it would be ſo great at the end of 1,476, that it would, within a trifle, fill the whole habitable ſurface of the earth, giving each man the ſpace of a ſquare foot; for $\frac{100}{100}$ elevated to its 1476th power, and multiplied by 1,000,000,000, produces the number 2,385,936,508,196,722. If we add to this number the product of one year more, it will then give 2,413,835,873,278,689, which will exceed that of the ſquare feet the habitable part of our globe contains.

If inſtead of the hundredth, we ſuppoſe the number of men to increaſe a five-and-twentieth, which would not be exorbitant in a ſuppoſition of ſo long a life, were it even a great deal ſhorter, at the end of 374 years, this thouſand millions of men would amount to 2,346,681,621,621,621, a number almoſt equal to that of ſquare feet contained in the habitable part of the earth. If we add one year more of ſuch an increaſe, we then ſhall

have 2,440,548,886,486,485, a greater number than that of ſquare feet the water leaves uncovered on the ſurface of the earth.

This number, great as it is, is nothing in compariſon of that which would be produced by ſuch an increaſe continued for 1500 years: imagination ſtarts at it. Then would mankind be heaped on each other, were they no bigger than lemons. Here is the number calculated according to the logarithms of eight decimals; 35,481,257,359,813,084,-135,514,018,691,588,785, a number above two hundred times greater than that of 162,-628,999,125,937,863,623,442,432,000,000, which gives the cubical points of matter contained on the entire maſs of our globe. It muſt be obſerved a cubic inch contains 2,985,984 of thoſe points.

What muſt we conclude from thence? that every thing is wiſely arranged; that all things, even thoſe we dread ſo much, as death for example, are ordained for our good; that the Almighty, to leave us more at liberty, and give us elbow-room, has willed there ſhould be diſeaſes, phyſicians, military men, executioners, and a thouſand other deſtructive methods, of which we are ſo filly as to complain, without reflecting that all this is neceſſary to prune the great tree of human nature, to give it air, and to huſband its ſap by retrenching its ſuperfluous branches, which would ſoon cauſe it to periſh without this precaution.

(This article is of M. L'Abbé Paſquet.)

ABDI-

ABDICATION.

HAS Supreme Greatneſs ſecret attractions we are unacquainted with? Every one enjoys it in idea, and grieves at not being ſeated on a throne. Is it an illuſion of the mind? Is there any real enjoyment attached to the exerciſe of royalty? I ſee monarchs who cannot reſt on the throne, nor can deſcend from it; unhappy in governing, and oftener unhappy to find themſelves too well obeyed, and always dreading not to be enough ſo. What is there, then, ſo ſweet in a crown? Why does a private life ſeem ſo dreadful to one who has experienced royalty?

The pleaſure of commanding and directing vaſt operations, muſt give the mind a certain elevation, and flatter it in its utmoſt extent.—To which we may add, a king knows all he wants to know, he may gratify his inexhauſtible curioſity, that all arts are at his command, that he gives to juſtice a vigour which renders it the image of eternal juſtice. How glorious are theſe prerogatives! How reat is ſuch a man among his fellow creatures! Other men can only offer impotent wiſhes for the public good; but the monarch, when he wills, deſtroys abuſes from one end of his kingdom to the other, and tears them up by the roots.

From hence, then, I conceive thoſe political duties which embrace great objects, al-

ways intereſting, fill the ſoul, nouriſh it, habituate it to profound and majeſtic points of view, and, conſequently, fill it with a delight unknown to us, who are without power.

Charles the Vth having abdicated the crown with every neceſſary formality, is aſtoniſhed and afflicted at his arrival at Burgos, no longer ſeeing the numerous and officious court that ſurrounded him while he ſwayed the ſceptre. The monarch knew little of mankind and his rank; he, perhaps, had perſuaded himſelf, all thoſe honours were addreſſed as much to the perſon as to the prince.

The throne was inſupportable to Charles the Vth, to Chriſtina, to Philip the Vth, to Victor Amadeus; they wiſhed to deſcend from it, and they repented they could be neither kings nor ſubjects.

What condition of human life would a man then wiſh to perſonate unto the end of his life? The warrior, the magiſtrate, the trader, the writer, even deviate from their courſe to ſeek repoſe; but if nature condemned a prince to live an hundred years or more, he muſt then reign at the age of one hundred and ten over a ſixth generation. — Every other man can change his condition, his cares, and occupations, kings alone are condemned to remain tied down to the uniform circle of homage and reſpect.

To be inſuperably fixed to one central point, and not be able to quit one's ſtation, ſeems to me one of the greateſt inconveniencies of

of royalty. If a crowd of enjoyments belong to kings, how many others are forbidden them! There muſt be a ſtrong head to ſupport this elevation, the work of Policy and not of Nature, to an advanced age.

But if the toils of kings are great, if they are perpetually tied down to the courſe of public events, what delights may not their labours give them in return! Important occupations become pleaſures to minds that have the ſentiment of order and harmony.

When one thinks he can diffuſe comfort for the whole life of a man, a family, a people; that each ſtroke of his pen may be an act of univerſal benevolence, more particularly in this age, when the authority of ſovereigns is ſtrengthened, when their perſons are ſecure, and they are, without oppoſition, depoſitaries of the public power; then, it muſt be confeſſed, kings taſte the moſt delicious enjoyments of a reaſonable Being. The power of curbing the wicked and relieving the weak, to ſoften a part of the evils Nature impoſes, and then to ſmile on their work, has a ſomething with it that inſpires a religious reſpect. What other employment offers, at once, ſuch utility and ſuch recompence?

Monarchs, aſſiſted by philoſophy, can now be gods amongſt mortals; and we weak individuals, deprived of ſtrength and power, ſcarcely ſeem to be ranked among men.

It was Socrates who firſt ſaid, that philoſophy ſhould rule kings; I muſt ſtill revert to that man; he has explained the political ænigma.

Whilſt philoſophers are not kings, or kings are not philoſophers; whilſt philoſophy and the ſceptre, inſtead of acting in concert, are ſeparated from each other, public happineſs can never exiſt.

CONVERSATION.

SOME men, in converſation, are animated, and diſplay the happieſt thoughts; thoughts which are ſometimes more delicate and applicable to circumſtances and events than thoſe we ſee in print. The incident, the *a propos* ſtamps expreſſion, and charms us with its conciſeneſs and originality. Should they write, they are abſolutely deficient in art and method, and they prove, to the ſurpriſe of thoſe who know them, that they only know how to ſpeak. On the other hand, ſuch an author is dry, heavy, or at a loſs in converſation. Such was Corneille, ſuch was Richardſon, ſuch was La Fontaine; and it has been ſaid of more than one man of genius, after he has been heard:—What, is that he?

Talents are divided; they are very rarely united in the ſame degree. To write and to ſpeak are two diſtinct endowments, and this double advantage may very poſſibly not belong to the ſame man.

Authors,

Authors, whoſe works are read and eſteemed, are certainly men of wit; but is it ſo clearly demonſtrated, they are thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the moſt ſpirit and eloquence? Sometimes we meet thoſe unexpected characters who aſtoniſh us, characters who ſurpriſe us the more as they are very wide of the current ideas; they ſeem as if they belonged to another world; their manner of viewing objects, their diction have no reſemblance to what we know; it is not the ſtyle of literary men, it is their own; it moves us, it ſtrikes us, it makes us think; we aſk ourſelves, how we come to be ſo much agitated by the converſation of ſo wild and uncultivated a man; he neither adopts the words nor uſual turns of phraſe. His idiom is novel, and yet it affects us.

Tyranniſed over by cuſtom, we return the day after to our accuſtomed habit, to the factitious taſte, to the ſhreds of faſhion, to the *routine*, or elſe our favourite author, whom we have once praiſed, and will ever praiſe, not to appear inconſiſtent.

We credit more the books than the ſentiment of our admiration: we know not how to preſerve, to ripen, to propagate it; we forget the moſt forcible, the neweſt, the trueſt ideas, becauſe we have not the talent of graſping them, and treaſuring them up, as Montaigne ſays. "Such a one is a wonder," ſays Montaigne again, "in whom his wife or valet never obſerved any thing remarkable. None but

but the thinking perſon can diſtinguiſh the great from the vulgar man."

To illuſtrate this reflection, a man of wit is always attended to, whilſt the man of genius dies unnoticed. A language is ſometimes formed unintelligible to thoſe who know not how to ſtudy it; two or three men then take in his ideas, and the reſt deſpiſe what they are incapable of comprehending.

I believe there are ſome people of ſo lively and deep an underſtanding, that, diſguſted with not being able to make themſelves underſtood, they converſe with themſelves, until they find the man with whom they can communicate.

The converſation of a man of learning is better than a book, becauſe a book can never anſwer one objection.

It is an eaſy matter to diſcover a writer who has the ſtyle of converſation from the retired man who is only acquainted with calm and ſolitary reading. One improves much better in a free and open converſation.

Party ſpirit has no longer admittance in diſputation. One muſt know how to ſay, *I was in an error.*

MILTON.

MILTON has depicted an ideal world. He ſeems to ſay to you, "Will you come wth me and ſee the world I have created?

If

If you conſent, you muſt give yourſelf up to me, and you ſhall ſee the moſt wonderful of ſights; but if you put on the armour of cold reaſon againſt my poetry, do not place yourſelf in the chariot which is to tranſport you into an unknown region; ſtay where you are.

LACONIC STYLE.

PHILIP King of Macedon wrote to the Lacedemonians, that if he once entered Lacedemonia he would ravage their country. The Lacedemonians, in reply to this letter, wrote only this word, *If.*

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

I AM juſt returned from the repreſentation of Voltaire's Brutus. In this piece one is intereſted for Brutus's ſon; but this ſon meditated a parricide, by endeavouring to replace Tarquin on the throne; which was to be done by deſtroying the two conſuls. Why, then, does M. De Voltaire intereſt us for two unnatural ſons, two bad citizens, who preferred a tyrant to liberty?

BATTLES.

I HAVE never been in a battle; but after reading hiſtory attentively, in my cloſet I ſee the campaigns of the moſt famous generals. I read the particulars of actions, and I draw a ſecret induction of the frequent pannics, where often they fly on both ſides.

When a man perceives death diſtinctly, he then ceaſes to be a ſoldier; he muſt be abſent, ranked, encouraged, ſurrounded, drawn on, carried away, by example.

All officers agree, that in the heat of action there is no thought of death. In vain does it fly from rank to rank, they ſee without ſeeing; the whole mind is employed on a foreign object; a hare that ſhould run through the ranks would make ten thouſand men laugh while expoſed to the fire of cannon.

But the moment one voice is raiſed and cries out, *we are undone, we are cut off, we are betrayed*, then, in ſpite of diſcipline, the bravery of commanders, and the preſence of Kings, they all diſband in an inſtant; the ſoldier's eye is fixed on the ſpectre death; and thoſe men, whoſe trade is to bid it defiance, cannot ſupport a diſtinct view of it; they fly ſhamefully. To make them conquer, they muſt be amuſed, and the end they are to obtain concealed from them.

Every one knows the plain ſpeech of the Mufti, who, ſeeing the Ottoman troops beaten

beaten and running away, uttered thoſe fine words: *Since the ſoldiers of the ſublime Sultan will fight no longer, peace muſt be made!*

Whoever is acquainted with the genius and ſprings of antient government, ought to be much ſurpriſed when he ſees in our modern governments forced recruits. They think they make a man a ſoldier by putting a firelock on his ſhoulder; yet, perhaps, without the flame of patriotiſm, and the opinion of a juſt war, the prince may have armies but not warriors. Such troops will be devoid of ſpirit, of ſpring to their actions, and will be mere machines.

But the ſoldiers of a free people, who engage in war voluntarily, that never fly from their colours, are thoſe that decide victories. A man muſt love his country to ſpill his blood for it; he muſt feel the advantages of the government under which he lives, to conquer it.

What impelled the Antients to conqueſt? A viſible national intereſt. Thoſe heroes ſprung forward in battle, deſpiſing death, having nothing but honour in view; the wounded ſoldier comforted the dying one; they embraced each other; they mutually ſucked their wounds. Fathers did not lament the loſs of their children; even mothers rejoiced to have been the happy means of giving ſoldiers to their country.

Great deeds were formerly accompliſhed with handfuls of men; now innumerable armies melt away, periſh, are diſperſed, becauſe that ardent patriotiſm which alone works

works prodigies is wanting. Our tactics, our generals, our diſcipline, form a kind of maſs of our armies, which, like a rock, remains immovable after it is launched.

The contentions of Europeans have made no alteration in the affairs of Europe; not one king, a captive, or dethroned; no kingdom ſubverted, or overleaping its boundaries; none of that ſhaking of thrones, whoſe wonderful craſh would rouſe and aſtoniſh us. The uniformity of battles gives a kind of monotony to our gazettes; nothing changed but the names. Peace or war, every thing has much the ſame appearance; ſtates preſerve their ſituation after thoſe terrible and ſanguinary ſtruggles; why, then, ſo many battles, ſince there are no longer revolutions.

It will be ſaid, let me ruin my neighbour, provided I have a crown piece left more than he, I ſhall think myſelf conqueror.—What a glorious victory! It is as if one was to ſtrip a man ſtark naked at the expence of every thing but the ſhirt to one's back, only to have the pleaſure of ſeeing him in that diſtreſs.

When ſhall we ſee in our gazettes new events capable to engage our curioſity? With what rapture ſhould I learn the diſcovery of ſome new poliſhed nation concealed in North America, which could ſuddenly aſtoniſh us with the diſcovery of ſome new art of their own invention!

What a ſurpriſe for us Europeans, who think ourſelves the moſt forward in arts and ſciences, to find out a cultivated nation who ſhould

ſhould ſurpaſs us in underſtanding and happineſs, a nation formed to make us ſuddenly alter to the moſt forcible ideas imprinted in our minds. The South-Sea voyages have already given our moraliſts room for reflection. How many ſubjects of compariſon! What a fund of inſtruction and knowledge!

The hiſtory of thoſe unconnected people would be more proper for obſervation than that of all antient and modern nations. Totally ſeparated from the reſt of the world, every thing there would ſtrike us. But it is time alone that realiſes conjectures, and leads to tranſcendant diſcoveries.

ON DUELLING.

IT is true the antients were accuſtomed to duelling. What is a duel in our ideas? I think it muſt be defined, a premeditated combat between fellow citizens, or even among ſtrangers, not in a ſtate of warfare. Single combats between warriors of different nations, ſuch as David and Goliath, Hector and Achilles, Æneas and Turnus, the Horatii and Curiatii, &c. are not properly duels. Here I ſee men of public character, approved by their own nation, in whom the intereſt of the people they repreſented is confided.

To

To find an example of a duel between fellow citizens, we muſt go back almoſt to fabulous times, to the duel of Eteocles and Polynices, which has not an hiſtorical foundation. The heroes of the Iliad, even thoſe of the ſame time, abuſe each other, but do not fight. Ajax did not cherish the deſign of attacking Ulyſſes until he was mad.

Perhaps it will not be prejudicial to morality to have it well eſtabliſhed, that in the truly heroic times the rage of duelling was unknown.

It is a modern frenzy, grounded on a wretched point of honour, that no one has ever yet been able to explain or define, which changes a man to a brutal egotiſt, and makes him arrogantly aſſume reaſon and the majeſty of law.

If it is to revenge an affront, what injury can authoriſe the effuſion of blood, and where is the real injury the laws do not provide for? As to thoſe chimerical inſults, ſo far diſtant from true honour, madneſs only can put life and a frivolous opinion in the ſame ſcale.

But the ſtruggle may be a rivalſhip which jealouſy raiſes between two men enamoured with the ſame beauty; in that caſe we muſt refer to the deciſion which natural reaſon dictates to *Harlequin Savage*. The more one reflects, the more we find it anſwers all. The deepeſt philoſopher could not have ſaid more.

ELEMEN-

ELEMENTARY BOOKS.

THE ſolid advantages of each ſcience are in their elements, moſt commonly ſimple and eaſy. Would you wiſh to go farther? Their utility decreaſes as ſoon as curioſity interferes.

Maſters ſhould be eſtabliſhed every where to teach reading, writing, cyphering; this is all that is neceſſary to the inferior ranks of mankind.

Every man ſhould know how to write, read, and caſt accounts, to be able to have a correſpondence with the age; if he knows not how to read, he will be a weak ſubject for the preſent generation; he will become a wicked and a dangerous one.

All elementary books are uſeful, and it is not always an eaſy matter to delineate clear notions within the reach of common underſtandings. In academies nothing is ſpoken of but wit, genius, imagination; and good ſenſe, man's true prerogative, which ſhould be the better ſoul of all his actions, has not a word ſaid about it; and yet it is more ſcarce than wit.

It is good ſenſe has made the uſeful books, on the daily practice of arts and trades, on manufactures, on grammar, geography, phyſic, on what is neceſſary for every one to know. Wit might have deſtroyed a crowd of popular works, by endeavouring to do better.

Good

Good ſenſe, as with a blind man's ſtaff, proceeds ſtep by ſtep: but each ſtep is ſecure. Good ſenſe waits until experience has generaliſed and confirmed the rule; it only propoſes things practicable; it ſtops at the means univerſally adopted; rendering it eaſy, with the tongue or the pen, to bring men and arts to perfection; it preſcribes us to cure immediately what is curable, to apply a ſpeedy remedy inſtead of creating a remote ſpeculation; it moves more ſlow, it improves rather that invents.

Genius, carried away by its natural vivacity, in ſpreading around its brightneſs, envelopes itſelf in ſmoke. It is after the appearance of the man of Genius that the proper underſtanding becomes neceſſary to rectify the errors which have a ſort of ſplendour when blended in a vaſt ſyſtem.

We cannot too often repeat ancient truths, in order to bind them with the new ones; an idea totally new would, undoubtedly, be abſolutely unintelligible to mankind; what ſhould we know without elementary books, which have opened the door to ſcience for us? Now we deſpiſe the key, and yet the key is all.

When our deſcendants ſhall one day rebuild the edifice of human knowledge, a philoſophy unknown to us, a new policy, a moral incorporated with that policy, will have deſtroyed thoſe books where we think to find tranſcendant truths: there will remain, perhaps, of ſo many volumes thrown aſide, only thoſe elementary books, which, depending on their

their ſolid baſis, will be conſidered as the ſupporters of the magnificent columns of the reconſtructed temple.

It is ſaid, that among the Chineſe, books replete with moral, political, oeconomical maxims, are in every one's hands, and contribute as much as the laws to the tranquillity of the State.

It were to be wiſhed there were ſuch books in France for the people; the one is too ingenious, the other too academic; this is not enough refined, that other ſhockingly prolix.

Our men of fine talents have not yet found the method to make a good *elementary book*; they have not even thought of it. Who would venture to delineate a courſe of morality, united with ſentiment, for a people who do not even deſerve the contempt of a philoſopher? But why ſhould not one have the laudable ambition of being at leaſt read and underſtood by the greater number, like the orators and philoſophers of old? Would not their applauſes be as eſtimable as thoſe of an academic hall, by a few perſons prepoſſeſſed to admiration by the countenances and the ton of the aſſembly?

Would the ſecret of an univerſal idiom be more difficult to attain than the ſecret of an academic idiom, which pleaſes the ſmaller number?

What is man?—He is a Being that is weak by nature, and whoſe duty is, not to fall. Thus begins *The Catechiſm of the Social Man.* By the Abbé Duval Pyrau, printed in our time, with

with approbation of the cenſors, and the King's privilege.

STIRRUPS.

WHO could have thought ſo eaſy an invention as ſtirrups ſhould be unknown to the Romans, and that they ſhould for ſix hundred years have rode on horſes, and not have thought on ſo ſimple a thing? Caius Gracchus, who exhibited a genius formed for the public good, had cauſed to be fixed, at proper diſtances, ſtones on the roads, to aſſiſt travellers in mounting their horſes; no one even ſuſpected it could be done otherwiſe. An inventive genius is then ſcarce even in trifling objects; and we ſhould keep our homage for this inventive faculty, ſo extraordinary among the crowd of imitators.

The firſt who carved a wooden head, ſimilar perhaps in rudeneſs to thoſe uſed by our barbers, made an effort of genius more aſtoniſhing probably than the fineſt works of our modern ſculptors. Nothing is ſo rare as invention, and in invention alone does Genius conſiſt.

We have loſt the name of him who invented a wheel. He made a complicated machine, which now appears to us very ſimple; but the axle-

axle-tree was to be found. All the machines we uſe are only a collection of wheels.

MODESTY.

WHAT is more reſpectable, or more ſacred, than true modeſty! Who will dare bring a bluſh on the cheek of chaſte beauty, ignorant of the myſteries of which ſhe has not even an idea! Who will dare to blemiſh the carnation of a chaſte countenance and a pure mind; break the ſeal of virtue, and corrupt a peaceful heart, that ſhame has not yet affected! Even the depraved man feels his ſchemes die away; he reſtrains the emotions of his impoiſoned tongue, and his bold hand; he is diſarmed by the glance where modeſt aſſurance ſhines; he turns aſide, as the moſt brutal wretch would turn the wheel of his carriage when it threatened to cruſh an infant ſtretched on the road.

Manlius gave his wife too amorous a kiſs in preſence of their daughter, and Cato the cenſor juſtly reprehended Manlius.

Painters and poets prepare your colouring, Albanus and Geſſner lend me your pencil for a moment! You who read me, be happy with the bleſſing of innocence. Call back your earlier years; once more view that new and ſenſible heart you thought loſt. Behold

with approbation of the cenſors, and the King's privilege.

STIRRUPS.

WHO could have thought ſo eaſy an invention as ſtirrups ſhould be unknown to the Romans, and that they ſhould for ſix hundred years have rode on horſes, and n thave thought on ſo ſimple a thing? Caius Gracchus, who exhibited a genius formed for the public good, had cauſed to be fixed, at proper diſtances, ſtones on the roads, to aſſiſt travellers in mounting their horſes; no one even ſuſpected it could be done otherwiſe. An inventive genius is then ſcarce even in trifling objects; and we ſhould keep our homage for this inventive faculty, ſo extraordinary among the crowd of imitators.

The firſt who carved a wooden head, ſimilar perhaps in rudeneſs to thoſe uſed by our barbers, made an effort of genius more aſtoniſhing probably than the fineſt works of our modern ſculptors. Nothing is ſo rare as invention, and in invention alone doth Genius conſiſt.

We have loſt the name of him who invented a wheel. He made a complicated machine, which now appears to us very ſimple; but the axle-

axle-tree was to be found. All the machines we uſe are only a collection of wheels.

MODESTY.

WHAT is more reſpectable, or more ſacred, than true modeſty! Who will dare bring a bluſh on the cheek of chaſte beauty, ignorant of the myſteries of which ſhe has not even an idea! Who will dare to blemiſh the carnation of a chaſte countenance and a pure mind; break the ſeal of virtue, and corrupt a peaceful heart, that ſhame has not yet affected! Even the depraved man feels his ſchemes die away; he reſtrains the emotions of his impoiſoned tongue, and his bold hand; he is diſarmed by the glance where modeſt aſſurance ſhines; he turns aſide, as the moſt brutal wretch would turn the wheel of his carriage when it threatened to cruſh an infant ſtretched on the road.

Manlius gave his wife too amorous a kiſs in preſence of their daughter, and Cato the cenſor juſtly reprehended Manlius.

Painters and poets prepare your colouring, Albanus and Geſſner lend me your pencil for a moment! You who read me, be happy with the bleſſing of innocence. Call back your earlier years; once more view that new and ſenſible heart you thought loſt. Behold

that young man, with a modeſt inflamed eye, contemplating the beauty who has wounded his heart; his head, gently reclined, has an air of ecſtaſy; his humid, half-cloſed eyelids; his eyes, with a gentle motion, run over the enchanting object from head to foot; he admires the folds of her gown almoſt as much as he does her face; ſhe opens her lips, he breathes ſhort; a ſigh, ſcarcely heard, eſcapes from his; every motion of his adorable object determines his. He is ſtruck dumb, as if by the hand of a Divinity; yet all his motions are graceful, rapid, animated.

When he ſits beſide her, his arms hang negligently; he is in a manner annihilated, and his whole ſoul is enwrapped in her looks; a kind of interior languid tenderneſs manifeſts itſelf even in his ſilence; that his ſilence is more eloquent than his tongue; he feels it too imperfect for his thoughts, which he wiſhes could be defined.

One would imagine his ſenſibility wound up to the higheſt pitch; but it receives an addition from the degree of complacence in the adored object. When ſhe caſts a look on him, he becomes a new man, he has ſomething celeſtial about him. He would no longer be of mortal race, if there did not ſtill ſeem a ſomething left to deſire; he is at the ſame inſtant intoxicated and tender, vehement and ſubmiſſive, exulting and pliant; and however affecting the beauty of the beloved object, however enhanced by the triumph excited by pride and joy, in knowing herſelf the object of his adoration,

ration, the young man who ſighs at her feet is more charming than ſhe; but the moſt ſtriking part of the picture is, that the moſt auſtere modeſty may contemplate the repreſentation of their chaſte endearments.

TACITUS.

WHAT the pen can do by engraving ideas, is yet unknown to us. A man ſhall write ten volumes, and yet ſay nothing that will leave an impreſſion on our minds, ſo as to read him again. Tacitus only writes two lines, and thoſe two lines make us reflect for ſeveral days.

Let us fancy a Tacitus, who ſhould write during three ages on different ſubjects, with ſuch a genius formed to combine the moſt diſtant coherences; we ſhould ſoon ſee libraries vaniſh, whoſe books would be no longer diſtinguiſhed from the walls. A pen equal to his, whoſe every word would raiſe ſeveral ideas, would cauſe many volumes to diſappear, which our ſhort ſight ſtill pry into.

The writer who has made us conceive the empire one man could have over the whole, is no more. To know how to read him now-a-days, is perhaps no leſs a rare merit, than knowing how to write.

The mechaniſm of Tacitus, his ſtyle, is truly original. With him the ellipſis is very frequent; as he bounds from one object to another, he rarely touches more than the predominant points; his delicacies muſt be underſtood; he ſuppreſſes the intermediate ideas; his is an abſtruſe mind, that ſeems to have many points of ſenſibility at once.

It is certainly the impulſe of a writer's mind that determines his language. The motion and meaſure of the expreſſion form, as one may ſay, the action that diſcovers the ſentiment more or leſs lively.

Tacitus, with bold preciſion, obſerves the unalterable order of ideas. It has been imagined his ſtyle was perpetually abrupt, but it is for want of well underſtanding him: by the help of conjunctions he manages great things; and when he perceives many connections, he chains by grammatical links, his phraſes all depending one on the other, although governed by the primitive idea. His conſtructions are of the boldeſt capacity; and when he probes the inmoſt receſſes of the tyrants' heart, he imitates the ſinuoſities of their character, and his penetrating pen dives into the hidden receſs where their crimes lie concealed.

The ſtyle of this great writer appears complex only becauſe it is rich, rapid, vehement; that he at once gives philoſophical and moral impulſes; that he expoſes the fibrous motives of human actions. Anatomiſe him, and you will conſtantly find him endowed with an

an eaſy and rapid energy. How natural is his diſorder—how genuine his wit! His tongue moulds itſelf to his vigorous conceptions; and one would be inclined to think he borrows the veil of policy, whilſt the writer, as the laſt ſtroke of his pencil, leaves the reader to form or finiſh a reflection.

I will not here examine whether he gives the conduct of the Emperors the artifices of his own perceptions, and if mounted on the throne, he would not have been, if he had a mind, even as great a diſſembler as Tiberius. He will have every action to proceed from a direct cauſe; he grants ſcarcely any thing to impulſe; from hence it will reſult, a great deal of wit is neceſſary to be a bad emperor.

He ſaw clearly into the utmoſt receſſes of the human heart; but he treats every thing as a politician; he always aſcribes the depth of his own genius to characters who could not make ſuch curious obſervations: one would imagine he looked upon nature and fortune as nothing, as he does not ſeem to entertain any idea of their power. He turns plain and common actions into ſubtile and complicated meaſures; he forgets that diſpoſition ſways our actions, and that in all the emotions of crowned heads, temper has a ſhare. But it will be ſomewhat dangerous that a Prince ſhould read, underſtand, and perfectly comprehend Tacitus; it is the buſineſs of a private man to ſift this author, and dive into his profound conceptions.

ROMAN EMPERORS.

WHAT kind of beings were thoſe privileged mortals, to whom the world conſented to ſurrender ſuch an immenſity of power? How is it poſſible, after theſe Brutuſes and Catos, one man alone ſhould be abſolute maſter over the whole human race?

Thoſe Emperors had *only two arms like other men*, as Corneille ſays, yet they reached to the end of the world; all power belonged to them, and they abuſed it with impunity.

But how could men be ſubjected more than a week to a Caligula, a Nero, a Domitian, to all thoſe monſters who ſported with the lives and exiſtence of men? Were not the executioners themſelves cut off by other executioners? Ought not the blood they ſpilt to inform them how eaſy it would be to ſhed their own! Was there in this formidable power any magical ſtrength that impaired the human mind? And how did this enormous power conſolidate itſelf by its exceſs!

Boundleſs power or authority irritates men's paſſions, which are ſo active of themſelves; they riſe to ſuch a degree of fury, of folly, and extravagance, that a man literally becomes a devourer of his own ſpecies.

What is moſt incomprehenſible is, that thoſe Emperors were applauded in their life time. When a people are entirely corrupted, the adulation offered to the throne becomes pliant, ingenious,

ingenious, and witty. Thus is flattery in its zenith, praiſe is delicate, and well prepared.

The Emperors who impoſed the tax *pro hauſtu acris*, were right in collecting it, ſince the people were ſo complaiſant to pay it.—There is a time when the ſlave is more guilty than the deſpot.

Theſe Emperors gave themſelves up to ſuch abominations, as clearly prove to what a degree of depravity deſpotiſm riſes, when the baſeneſs of man has ſurrendered all power to it. It is true, they were an exception among ſovereigns, and ſhould be reduced, in morality and politics, to the ſame claſs as monſters are in philoſophy. But let the favourers of deſpotiſm behold the living pictures of thoſe hideous characters, which terrified human nature.

TRADE.

IF Trade were not the cauſe of long, deſtructive, and inevitable wars, occaſioned by the jealouſy of States, we ſhould have reaſon to deem it a bleſſing; it would then be an univerſal benefit.

It is this ſupplies man with the enjoyments for which he longs. This we cannot well condemn, when we reflect he has a heart that requires ſenſation, an imagination that out-

runs enjoyment, a ſoul that knows how to ſet a value on the blending of luxuries, and is acquainted with their worth.

All nature's productions, in fact, belong to man; pleaſure is his eſſence; no being has been better formed to receive multiplied and delicate ſenſations: he is not formed for ſelf-denial, which makes him moroſe and unſociable; he is more tender, more humane, more chearful when he enjoys a more agreeable exiſtence.

Man bids defiance to dangers, fatigue, and death, only to repoſe for an inſtant in the arms of luxury: ſhe ſympathizes with his exiſtence too ſtrongly to ſuffer him ever to be detached from it; his faculties ſcarcely ſet any bounds to his enjoyments; it would be inhuman then to prohibit him the fruits the ſun has ripened in all quarters of the globe.

But, when the philoſopher ſees numberleſs evils which precede thoſe ſhort-lived enjoyments, the immenſe price they coſt, as they are purchaſed by the effuſion of human blood, with the motives of diſcord which ſubſiſt, and are always increaſing, then he would wiſh to prevent communication with foreign climes, the ſource of ſo many ſanguinary diſpute; he would wiſh to bring man to look upon thoſe riches as envenomed fruits; he would think he made an addition to his happineſs, in ſnatching from him wants, however delightful to the ſenſes, which may be ranked among the factitious ones, as he was not unhappy before he knew

knew them, and will not be more ſo in loſing ſight of them.

It has been a matter of diſcuſſion, whether Trade ſhould receive honour or not. Encouragement and protection are neceſſary to it; but honours ſhould be preſerved for more diſtinguiſhed profeſſions. Glory for artiſts, and profit for merchants! The trader muſt be paid for his trouble, rewarded for his labours, eſteemed where he is eſteemable; but honour is not *his* patrimony.

This kind of glory, which forms a ſupplement, is made to reward the warrior, the magiſtrate, the writer, the inventing artiſt, becauſe their ſalaries are bounded; and if we were to grant glory to the merchant, who is already favoured with the gifts of fortune, the others would not have any incentive for the diſintereſted efforts they have occaſion for in the tempeſtuous career they experience.

OFFICERS.

DOES not the ſoldier expoſe his life as much as the braveſt officer? Does he not engage with the ſame courage? Is he diſtinguiſhed, is he honoured?—No: he has only riſqued his life, the officer has riſqued his life and fortune: glory awaits him; and why? becauſe of the ſecond ſacrifice.

An officer is ſometimes as great a pedant as the profeſſor of a College; he diſplays the technical phraſes of his art, as the other does of the names of his authors; it is allowable to appear in the livery of one's ſtation, but the proclaiming it will be ever ridiculous.

Obſerve a hundred thouſand men on a march; it is impoſſible but there muſt be a Turenne among them; but this man not being in the road of preferment, remains in obſcurity.

Although the new tactics are different from the ancient ones, military men cannot read their hiſtory too often, and ſtudy the inſtructing *manœuvres* of the antient generals; they will learn the art of ſetting a proper value on time, place, and opportunity; but above all, they will form a proper judgement of their antagoniſt; for the genius of the adverſary ſhould be ſtudied more than the ground.

It is a misfortune to the State to have ſo ſubdivided employments, that a military man has now nothing to do but ſtudy deſtruction; the important and daily cares of the adminiſtration of a campaign are beneath him.

Among the antients, the commander was not aſhamed to furniſh the neceſſaries of life to thoſe who were going to battle. The buſineſs of war was not devaſtation only; it took in every thing that could preſerve the legions, and ſpare the effuſion of blood.—Thoſe ſkilful generals took care of the ſoldier entirely.

Diſcipline

Diſcipline is neceſſary, but when too ſevere, it is diſpiriting; it makes the ſoldier a puppet that knows better how to obey than fight; he will not turn his back, but will he know how to charge the enemy?

To all thoſe great moving maſſes there muſt be a ſoul: if they are perpetually paſſive, what will become of them on the day of battle, when the ſoldier ſtands in need of ſupernatural ſtrength?

It is liberty that gives energy, inſpires vigour, and makes the ſoldier do more than is required of him. When a man riſques his life, let him at leaſt have the honour of loſing it as he pleaſes; do not force him to be killed exactly in ſuch a ſpot; let him die a little farther off. The ſoldier will expire without murmuring, and the general will find himſelf the better ſerved.

Why have towns been taken by aſſault? Why has the victorious phalanx been broken? Why has the thundering artillery been attacked and carried?—Becauſe a noble deſperation, an independent tranſport, an inſtant when they bid defiance to rules, combinations, and even the general's orders, overpowered all.—They reſolve to conquer!

What is the reaſon young officers are the moſt ſevere in command? It is becauſe they want experience to know the ſoldier obeys, without murmuring the man who is not capricious in his orders, and who ees that the ſureſt method to form the moſt untractable temper to obedience, is not to require any

thing, but under the ſanction of law; by ſuch means, the officers' authority will not be hated.

The great art of a general is, to be well acquainted with the genius of the nation he commands, in order to uſe them with propriety. The fiery and impetuous Frenchman is capable of executing what the calm courage of a phlegmatic people cannot undertake without raſhneſs. Here is an example extracted from the Life of the brave Chevert:

"The ſiege of Prague was reſolved on. Whilſt Chevert ſilently prepared every thing neceſſary to inſure the ſucceſs of the eſcalade, Maurice covered his deſign, by making two falſe attacks. An intrepid ſoldier was neceſſary, who would not think of the danger, and be the firſt to mount the rampart. M. de Chevert, who knew how to addreſs every one in their own ſtyle, gave this ſtrange, but perſuaſive, inſtruction to the grenadier he choſe to execute his plan:

"Hark'ee!" ſaid he to him in a confident tone, "when thou art on the rampart, advance towards the centinel; he will challenge thee, *Who goes there?* No anſwer. He will challenge thee a ſecond time; be ſure make no anſwer ſtill; he will fire and miſs thee; then ſpring on him, and ſtab him; I will be there to ſupport thee."

What would another have done on ſuch an occaſion? One of the favourite maxims of the great, is, that every thing is poſſible with money, although they attempt nothing without

out experiencing the contrary. This is the only expedient they know to put men in motion; as they themſelves would be nothing without money, they conceive nothing above money. Let us ſuppoſe, in the room of M. De Chevert, a military man, who would not fail to take out of a company of grenadiers, a tried volunteer, to whom he had promiſed and given a purſe.—The ſoldier would go blind to the danger; but the imprudent officer would lay it open by the promiſed reward; and the man who knows none that is an equivalent for life, either miſſes his blow, or riſques the ſucceſs through fear or precipitation, the neceſſary conſequence of evident danger.

We are ſtill deficient in a conſtitutional, national military plan, that is to ſay, a plan calculated on the means, genius, and power of the nation. Who is not ſenſible of the neceſſity of governing a people according to their characteriſtic! Do not thoſe, who will not acknowledge this important truth, riſque leading that part of the nation whoſe rank is honourable, through every degree of deſpair, as well as thoſe of all European nations, who with thoſe two means only, honour and confidence, are ſo eaſily elevated to all manner of prodigies.

COUNTRY CURATES*.

THE heads of the clergy of France are prelates diſtinguiſhed by birth, and who, ſurrounded with the pomp of luxury, peaceably enjoy their opulence: they draw our eyes upon them; but none trouble themſelves about the humble pariſh curate, the poor country paſtor, to whom the apoſtolical labours are confided: let us caſt a look on thoſe men, ſo little known, whoſe perpetual office it is to direct the conſciences of the people, and who, by their ſituation, are at all times capable of ſeconding the benevolent views of adminiſtration.

The pariſh curate in towns has but a very moderate income, and the country one is ſcarcely in poſſeſſion of common neceſſaries; he is moreover a burden on the poor peaſants whom he is called to preſide over. Would it not be good policy to grant them a little more of the comforts of life? A curate's ſuperfluities are always ſcattered on thoſe around him. Being called by his miniſtry to perform acts of charity, a double advantage would reſult from putting him in a way of relieving his pariſhioners himſelf; and their gratitude, jointly with the veneration his character imprints, would add weight to his paſtoral authority.

The State, in rewarding more amply the functions of country curates, would have a

* Under this name of Curates, Pariſh Prieſts are included.

right

right to require from them labours, which would perfectly well agree with the leiſure they enjoy. Being learned themſelves, they would inſtruct others. They are men of letters among rude and ignorant men; they only ſpeak to the aſſembled people; they poſſeſs the kind of eloquence ſuitable to them: what better vehicle could government chuſe to ſpread any new idea, or cauſe a project to be adopted that would ſtand in need of the ſupport of confidence? Who could better prepare the minds, or reconcile them to Adminiſtration, which always appears terrifying at a diſtance; in fine, deſtroy popular reports, whoſe origin or aim is ſeldom known, and which often oppoſe every improvement?

To teach ſound morality, combat ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm, deſtroy prejudices, explain ſome of thoſe phænomena that terrify the ignorant and unhappy villager, give them ſome notion of natural hiſtory and agriculture; what an immenſity of good can a worthy country curate do, if he unites a good mind with an honeſt heart! He will make government be loved; he will ſpread uſeful knowledge; he will form faithful ſubjects and good huſbandmen.

In thoſe enlightened times, when knowledge is encouraged in all places, and every thing tends to univerſal benevolence, country curates ſhould be looked upon as the hereditary comforters of the people; they can make them content with their condition. If

government,

government, like a good pilot, is attentive to the ſlighteſt ſtorms, they muſt have briſk and ſkilful hands to furl the ſails when neceſſary, and ſtand by the rigging. Therefore, the curates, who command, by perſuaſion, the labouring claſs of ſociety, aſſimilated to the ſpirit of public good, may contribute, on more occaſions than one, to the execution of the moſt ſalutary orders. But, I muſt again repeat, it is neceſſary thoſe ſpiritual conductors ſhould be better rewarded for their daily functions, and have a more ample income to render them independent of their flock.

I know ſeveral of theſe good country curates, who, notwithſtanding the extreme mediocrity of their cures, find the way to do infinitely more good, than many even generous, very rich men; their active and induſtrious charity creates a thouſand reſources. Some know how to prepare ſimple remedies for the ſick and relieve them; ſome ſet their faces againſt the illuſions of mountebanks; others devote themſelves to agriculture, and, by their example, bring it to perfection.

In general, their lives are innocent, and their manners decent; little or no ſcandal is among them, becauſe they ſtand in need of the eſteem of their flock; theſe reſpectable men live far from the noiſe and the obſervation of the world; unknown, forgotten, and content in their obſcurity, their lives paſs away in the practice of duties preſcribed by the Goſpel.

How

How happy am I, thus publicly to do juſtice to a ſet of men that I honour, and whom government might employ as the canal to convey the moſt wholeſome ideas! All thoſe functions are truly paternal, and might yet embrace more objects; they only act by perſuaſion; what more happy or more ſpeedy medium could there be between authority and the people!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

Page

INTRODUCTION - - - 3
The Ocean - - - 5
The Laſt Judgement - - 10
Fire - - - 11
Sleep - - - 12
Œconomy - - - - 13
Horace - - - - 14
Conſcience - - - 15
Hymn to Spring - - - 16
The Whale - - - 19
Sailors - - - 20
The Bird - - - 21
The Globe - - - 22
The Firmament - - - 26
Optimity, a Dream - - 28
The Fear of God - - - 50
Ruins - - - 53
The Pope - - - 54
Friendſhip - - - 55
On War, a Viſion - - 58
Self Murder - - - 80
Printing - - - 82
On Love, a Viſion - - 86
Dialogue between a Philoſopher and his Gardener 121
On Fortune and Glory, a Viſion - 140
Anatomy - - - 158
Againſt Homer tranſlated into French 174
A Diſcourſe delivered by M. **** on his Reception into the Academy of ——— 192
Epiſtle to a Friend - - 198
Laſt Letter of the Romance of Julia, or the New Heloiſa - - - 202
Letter from Ovid in Exile to a Friend 208
Writing - - - 211
Writers - - - 214

Fables:

CONTENTS.

Fables: The Dying Father and his two Sons 218
——— The Farthing and Louis d'Or *ibid.*
——— The Cuckow and Swallow - 219
——— The Man and the Thorn - 220
——— The Monkey and the Oyſter - 221
On the Shortneſs of Life - - 222
Abdication - - - 225
Converſation - - 228
Milton - - - 230
Laconic Style - - - 231
The Tragedy of Brutus - - *ibid.*
Battles - - - 232
On Duelling - - - 235
Elementary Books - - 237
Stirrups - - - 240
Modeſty - - - 241
Tacitus - - - 243
Roman Emperors - - 246
Trade - - - - 247
Officers - - - 249
Country Curates - - - 254

LIVRES VENDUS

Par T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street.

ABbregé de Grammaire de Wailly, 12mo.
Les Americaines, par Beaumont, 6 tom. 12mo.
L'Ames des Bourbons, 2 tom.
L'Ami des Enfans, par M. Barquir, 8vo.
Anatomie de Sabbathier, 3 tom. 12mo.
Angola Hiſtoire Indienne, 12mo.
Anecdotes des Reines et Regentes de France, 6 tom. 12mo.
Annals de la Vertu, by Madam la Comteſſe de Genlis, 3 tom. 12mo.
Adele & Théodore, ou Letres ſur L'Education par ditto, 3 tom.
L'Ana 2440, 8vo.
L'Art de Plaire, 18mo.
L'Art de Peter, 12mo.
Bailey's Engliſh and German Dictionary, 8vo.
Barbier de Seville, Comedie, 8vo.
Baretti's Italian Grammar, 8vo.
———— Dictionary, 2 tom. 4to.
Biblia Sacra, 6 tom. 8vo.
Bible, par M. de Voltaire, 2 tom. 8vo.
Cabinet de Phyſique, 2 tom. 8vo.
Candide, par Voltaire, 12mo.
Caracteres de Bruyere, 2 tom. 12mo.
Ditto, 4to. fig.
Catalogue Raiſonnée des Manuſcrits de Geneve, 8vo.
Commentaires ſur L'Eſprit des Loix, 8vo.
Confidence d'une jolie Femme, 2 vol. 12mo.
———— Philoſophique, 8vo.
Contes de la Fontaine, 2 vol. 12mo. fig.
——— Moraux de Beaumont, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— ———— Marmontel, 3 tom. 12mo.
——— Ditto, par Mercier, 2 tom. 12mo.
Les Converſations d'Emillie, 2 vol.
Correſpondence de Montalembert, 2 tom. 12mo.
La Coutume des Anciens Peuples du Monde, 4to. fig.
Cours d'Etude, par Condillac, 16 tom. 12mo.
Diable Boiteux, 2 tom. 12mo.
Dictionnaire des Alimens, 2 vol. 8vo.
———— de la Fable, 12mo.
———— Grammatical, 2 tom. 8vo.

Dictionnaire

Dictionnaire de Le Hiſtorie Naturelle, 9 tom. 8vo.
——— de Sabbathier, 9 vol. 8vo.
Deſcription d'Italie en forme de Dictionnaire, 2 tom. 8vo.
Effets des Paſſions, 8vo.
Elemens de Muſique, 8vo.
Emile, par Rouſſeau. 4 tom. 12mo.
Entrevues de Ganganelli, 12mo.
L'Eſprit par Helvetius, 2 vol. 8vo.
L'Eſprit des Loix, 4 tom. 12mo.
Eſſais ſur les Femmes, par Thomas, 12mo.
—— de Montaigne, 12mo.
Etude de L'Hiſtoire, 12mo.
Fables de la Fontaine, 12mo.
Gil Blas, 4 vol. 12mo.
Grammaire de Reſtaut.
Heloyſe, par Rouſſeau, 3 tom. 12mo.
Hiſtoire d'Agathon, 4 tom. 12mo.
——— Generale, par Mellot, 9 tom. 12mo.
——— de Guzman d'Alfarach, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de la Hollande, par Kerroux, 4 tom. 8vo.
——— de Louis XI. 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Marguerite de Valois, 8vo.
——— du Paraguay, 6 tom. 12mo.
De L'Homme, par Helvetius, 2 tom. 8vo.
Horace de Batteux, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— par Sanadon, 8 tom. 12mo.
La jolie Femme, ou la Femme du Jour, 2 tom. 12mo.
Inſtructions d'un Pere a ſes Enfans, 2 tom. 8vo.
Iſle Inconnue, ou Memoires du Chevalier des Gaſtines, 4 tom. avec fig.
Les Liaiſons Dangereuſes, 4 tom.
Letters de Cateſby, 12mo.
——— d'Emerance à Lucie, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Ninon de l'Enclos, 12mo.
——— Perſanes, 12mo
——— d'une Peruvienne Fr. et Italien, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Quelques Juifes à Voltaire, 3 tom. 12mo.
——— de Madame la Comteſſe de la Riviere, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Stephanie, 4 tom. 12mo.
——— de Savigne, 9 tom. 12mo.
——— Ditto, Vol. IX.
Legiſlation, par Mably, 2 tom. 12mo.
Magazin des Adoleſcentes, 4 tom. 12mo. par Beaumont.

Magazin des Enfans, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— des Jeunes Dames, 4 tom. 12mo.
Malheurs de l'Inconſtance, 2 tom. 12mo.
Marriage de Julie, Comedie, 8vo.
Memoires de Batteville, 12mo.
——— de Berwick, 2 tom. 8vo.
——— de Grammont, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— et Lettres de Maintenon, 16 tom. 12mo.
——— pour ſervir a l'Hiſtorie d'Anne D'Autriche par Madame de Matteville, 6 tom.
——— Militaire, par Guichard, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Noailles, 4 tom. 12mo.
——— de Montpenſier, 8 tom. 12mo.
——— du Baron du Tot ſur les Turks et les Tartars, 4 vol.
——— dun Priſonnier d'Etat.
——— de l'Abbe Terrai, 12mo.
——— Secrets, 10 tom. 12mo.
——— Ditto, 8 tom. 12mo.
——— de Sternheim, 2 tom. 12mo.
Mille et un Jours, 5 tom. 12mo.
——— et une Nuit, 6 tom. 12mo.
Mon Bonnet de Nuit, par M. Mercier, 2 vol.
Morale Evangelique, 9 tom. 8vo.
Moyen de Parvenir, 2 tom.
——— de Plaire, 12mo.
Navigation aux Terres Auſterales, 2 tom. 4to.
Nouveau Newcaſtle, 12mo. fig.
Novelle Clarice, 2 tom. 12mo.
Novum Teſtamentum Græc. a Liuſden, 12mo.
Oeuvres de Madame le Prince de Beaumont, 6 tom. 12mo.
——— de Boileau, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de St. Foix, 6 tom. 12mo.
——— de Goulard, 2 tom. 12mo.
——— de Hamilton, 7 tom. 12mo.
——— de la Harpe, 3 tom. 8vo.
——— de Linguet, 16 tom. 12mo.
——— de Marmontel, 11 tom. 8vo. bel. fig.
——— Mathematique de Bertrand, 2 tom. 4to. fig.
——— de Manteſquieu, 3 tom. 8vo.
——— de Rabelais, 6 tom. 12mo.
——— de St. Real, 8 tom. 12mo.
——— de Scarron, 7 tom. 12mo.

Ope

LIVRES VENDUS.

Opere di Dante, 6 tom. 8vo.
——— di Machiavelli, 8 tom. 12mo.
——— de Metaſtaſio, 6 tom. 12mo.
Les Veillées du Chateau, par Madame la Comteſſe de Genlis, 3 tom.
——————— du Marais, 4 vol.
Payſanne Parvennue, 3 tom. 12mo.
——————— Pervertie, 4 tom.
Portrait des Rois de France, par M. Mercier.
Tragedies de Genlis, Oeuvrage nouveau.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SUBSCRIBERS to the CIRCULATING LIBRARY will be better accommodated by ſubſcribing to HOOKHAM's LIBRARY, New Bond Street, Corner of Bruton Street, than at any other Public Library in ENGLAND; as, excluſive of this very extenſive and valuable Collection of Engliſh, French, and Italian Books, Annual Subſcribers, at Two Guineas, will have Twelve Books at a Time, when in Town, and Twenty in the Country; alſo every Book they deſire in Quarto, Octavo, and Duodecimo, bought for their Uſe, if not in his Catalogue. Annual Subſcribers, at One Guinea, will have Six Books when in Town, and Ten in the Country.—New Plays and Pamphlets, and all the new Publications in general, that may appear either in London or Paris, as ſoon as poſſible. Subſcribers at Twelve Shillings a Year, or Four Shillings a Quarter, will find the greateſt Variety of Entertainment and Improvement, by ſubſcribing as above.

Whereas Subſcribers to Circulating Libraries frequently complain of not having the Books they want; to obviate this, the Proptietor engages to purchaſe a ſufficient Quantity of new Books, and to conſult the Convenience and Pleaſure of the Subſcribers in every reſpect; but, as a quick Circulation is one great means to accompliſh ſo deſirable an object, the Proprietor finds it neceſſary to requeſt an exact Obſervance of the Conditions, particularly thoſe which relate to the loſing and damaging Books, or of keeping them beyond the time allowed.

N. B. All the new French Publications imported as ſoon as printed.

de Gen-

—

ARY will
HAM's
n Street,
as, ex-
ection of
ſcribers,
ne, when
ery Book
, bought
Subſcri-
n Town,
lets, and
ar either
ribers at
rter, will
mprove-

requently
o obviate
nt Quan-
ence and
s a quick
ſirable an
an exact
ſe which
keeping

d as ſoon